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THE
TRAGEDIES
OF
SOPHOCLES,

Translated from the GREEK.

WITH
NOTES
HISTORICAL, MORAL and CRITICAL.

By GEORGE ADAMS, A. B.
Late of St. John's College in Cambridge.

VOL. II.



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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
ANTIGONE.



Dramatis Personæ.

Creon, King of *Thebes*.

Hæmon, his Son.

Tiresias, a Prophet.

Chorus, of antient Men of *Thebes*.

A *Messenger* from the Watch.

Another Messenger.

A *Servant*.

WOMEN.

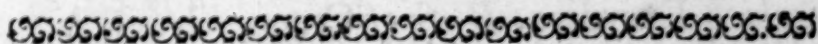
Antigone, } *two Sisters and Daughters of Oe-*
Ismene, } *dipus.*

Eurydice, Wife of *Creon*.

SCENE before *Creon's Palace at Thebes.*



ANTIGONE.



The ARGUMENT.



Antigone, who gives the Title to this Play, was Daughter of Oedipus, and Sister to Eteocles and Polynices. These two Brothers in the Wars between the Argians and Thebans, (Eteocles being for the Thebans, and the other for the Argians) slew each other in a single Combat. Whereupon Creon, King of Thebes decreed, that the Body of Polynices should be exposed above Ground, and that none upon Pain of Death should bury it. Nevertheless his Sister Antigone, not in the least affrighted at this Decree; first covers it with a little Earth; but the Keepers, who were set to watch the Carcase, not discovering her that Time, they were threatened with Death by Creon, unless they

produced the Criminal. But as they kept their Post, Antigone coming finds the Body uncovered, who by her Weeping, her mournful Complaints, and Imprecations against those who uncovered the Body, betrayed her self. Then was she brought before Creon, and immediately sentenced to be shut up alive in a covered Vault, which was accordingly executed, where she hanged her self. Whereupon Hæmon, Son of Creon who had espoused her, seeing her sad Catastrophe, for Grief stabbed himself; for which Eurydice, Wife of Creon, likewise killed her self: And lastly, Creon laments the Loss of his Wife and Son.

This same Subject hath been treated upon by Euripides, but with this Difference from Sophocles, that the former supposeth Hæmon and Antigone to be married, and have a Son named Mæmon.

The Character of Antigone in this Play is much like that of Electra, in this same Poet. For as Chrysothemis is introduced disputing with Electra, and endeavouring to dissuade her from so desperate an Attempt, as the revenging her Father's Death by killing his Murders; so is Ismene here, to dissuade Antigone from burying her Brother, contrary to Creon's Decree; whose mild and gentle Disposition gives the Poet a fair Opportunity to raise the Character of his Heroine, while with the most convincing Arguments she shews the Justice and Piety of the Cause for which she suffered, and

by Consequence greatly moves an Audience to Compassion for her.


This Tragedy is of the Implex Kind, for although there is no Remembrance, yet there is a considerable Change of Fortune, both in the Person of Antigone and Creon; which both shews, that a Change of Fortune, or Peripetitie, and Remembrance, may subsist apart from each other; and that either of them without the other, as well as both in Conjunction, are sufficient to constitute an Implex Tragedy. In the Electra there is a double Remembrance, without an immediate Change of Fortune; here a Change of Fortune without a Remembrance; in the Oedipus Tyrannus they are both together, yet they are all Implex Tragedies.





ACT I. SCENE I.

Antigone, and Ismene.

Ant. Y dear Sister *Ismene*, dost thou know any of those Evils which befell the House of *Oedipus*, which *Jove* will not bring upon us at last? For there is nothing grievous or free from Trouble, nothing is vile or dishonourable, which I have not seen accomplished in mine and your Evils. And now what is this they say again, that the King hath lately published an Edict to the whole City, knowest thou ought of it? Hath the Report yet reached thy Ears? Or are the Evils of our Enemies which are coming on us, kept secret from you alone?

Ism. No Report, *Antigone*, of Friends joyful or sad e'er reached my Ears, since we both were deprived of two Brothers, who died in one Day with their mutual Hands, but that the *Argian* Army is overthrown this Night; I know nothing more, nor am I more fortunate, or more aggrieved.

Ant. I knew it well, and therefore I called you out of the Palace Gates, that from me alone you may hear all.

Ism.

Ism. What is it? You seem to revolve on some deep Thought.

Ant. Why not? Hath not *Creon* thus distinguished our Brothers, preferring one, and dishonouring the other in the Affair of Sepulture? According to Law and Justice, they say, he hath buried *Eteocles* in the Earth, honourably among the Dead below: But the dead Body of *Polynices*, who miserably fell, they say is proclaimed to the Citizens, that none should cover it with a Sepulchre, or weep for it; but all must suffer it^a to lye unlamented, unburied, a sweet Treasure for the Birds, to behold as their Food. These Things, they say, the good *Creon* hath decreed to you and me, (I say me) and all those who knew not the Decree before so plainly as it was decreed, now to come into it, and obey it, not as a Thing of nought; but whosoever neglecteth the Decree, must lie exposed a dead Body, to be viewed by the People in the City. This is the present Case, and you shall soon shew, whether you are generously born, or a base Daughter of good Parents.

^a To lye unlamented.] Among the Ancients, the next great Punishment of the Dead, to that of lying exposed without Burial, was to lye unlamented. This was the Judgment which God threatned against *Jehoiakim* King of *Juda*. *Ezek. xxii. v. 18, 19.* They shall not lament for him saying, ah my Brother, or, ah Sister. They shall not lament for him saying, ah! Lord, or, ah his Glory! He shall be buried with the Burial of an Ass, &c.

Ism.

Ism. But what, ah me! if this be so, should I help you by transgressing the Decree, and burying *Polynices*?

Ant. Consider whether you will take Pains and work along with me, or no

Ism. What a bold Deed is this? Whither do your Thoughts ramble,

Ant. Wilt thou help with thy Hand to bear away the Corpse?

Ism. Dost^b thou think to bury one forbidden the City?

Ant. Thy Brother and mine, if thou wilt not, I will bury; I will not prove a Traiteress to him.

Ism. O miserable Woman while *Creon* forbids it!

Ant. But it is not for him to hinder me from paying my last Offices to my Friend.

Ism. Wo is me! Consider, Sister, how our Father died, hated and inglorious, by Reason of discovered Crimes, pulling out both his Eyes with his own Hand: And then another Affliction, his Mother and Wife likewise, with a Cord lost her Life contumeliously; the Third, two miserable Brothers in one

^b *Dost thou think to bury.*] This Controversy between *Ismene* and her Sister, is admirably adapted to the Poet's Purpose; which is to raise the Character of *Antigone*, by shewing that no Arguments could prevail with her to neglect her Duty to her dead Brother, which makes her the greater Object of Pity, when afterwards we see her miserable Fate.

Day killed each other. And now we alone are left, consider how vilely we perish if we transgress the Sentence, or the Power of Tyrants, given them by Virtue of the Laws; but it is proper to consider this, that we are born Women, who cannot contend with Men; besides, since we are governed by Superiors, we should submit to these Things, and more grievous than these. I therefore asking Pardon from those under the Earth, that I am forced to suffer this, will obey ^c those in Power; for to enterprize Things which exceed our Power, is a great Folly.

Ant. I will neither command you, nor if you would do it, do I think that willingly you would act with me; but let it be as you think fit, I will bury him. This Deed would please me, tho' I died for it. Beloved I'll lye with him, with my Friend, acting pious Deeds by Craft; for longer is the Time in which I must please those below, than those here, for there I shall ever lye: But if it please thee, dishonour those Rites which the Gods do honour.

Is'm. I do not dishonour them; but to do this against the Will of all the Citizens, is very difficult.

^c *Those in Power.*] Gr. τοῖς ἐν τέλει βιβῶσι, those that walk in the End; for a Kingdom is the End or highest Degree of Power.

Ant.

Ant. You may give those Excuses, but I will erect a Sepulchre, and will go to my dear Brother.

Ism. Wo is me! how I fear for thee a Wretch?

Ant. Fear not for me, direct your own Life.

Ism. But you shall shew this Deed to none, secretly conceal it, and so will I.

Ant. Wo is me! speak it out, for I shall hate you much more if you are silent, and declare it not to all the World.

Ism. Thou hast a couragious Heart in a dangerous Enterprize.

Ant. But I know how to please those whom chiefly I should please.

Ism. If you can, why not? But you love Things which are impossible.

Ant. Therefore when I am not able I'll desist.

Ism. But it doth not become you chiefly to seek after Things which are difficult.

Ant. If you will speak thus, you will be odious to me. In Justice you will be odious to the Dead; but let me by my Rashness suffer the bitterest Punishment, for I shall suffer nothing so great, that I shall not die honourably.

Ism. If it seems good to thee go, but know this, in that Attempt thou shewest thy self unwise, tho' pious to thy Brother.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Chorus.

STROPHE I.

Cho. Hail thou most glorious Light that ever shone on seven gated *Thebes*: Thou Eye of the golden Day wast seen passing over the ^d *Dircean* Streams, and didst first repel the fugitive *Argians* with a nimble Flight, who came with all their warlike Preparation, armed with white Bucklers. These *Polynices* brought upon our Land, provoked thereto by a doubtful Strife with his Brother, (^e as an Eagle shrill cries and flies upon the Land, covered with snowy Wings) armed with much Armour, and crested Helmets.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who tho' he stood upon the Tower, and

^d *Dircean Streams.*] *Dirce* was Wife of *Lycus*, King of *Thebes*, who was turned into a Fountain of that Name near *Thebes*, near which this Battle between *Creon* and the *Argians* was fought.

^e *As an Eagle shrill cries.*] The Poet by several metaphorical Expressions compares *Polynices* to an Eagle, calling his Armour Wings, his seven Armies seven Beaks, &c.

hissing

hissing with bloody Spears round the seven gated City, went hence e'er his Cheeks were filled with our Blood, or Pitch and Fire had laid Waste our Towers, such a Fury of Battle attack'd the Eagles Rear, that he became unable to oppose ^f his Adversary the Dragon. *Jove* hates the Boasting of a proud Tongue, and seeing them come with great Violence, with Noise of golden Armour and Pride, cast down

^f *His Adversary the Dragon.*] The Scholiast says, that by the Dragon here, the Poet means the *Thebans*, as being descended of *Draco* the Son of *Mars* and *Tilphosa*, one of the *Erinnys*; and by the Eagle *Polynices*, to represent the Terror of the Battle which was between them: But it is more probable to suppose the Poet meant to shew that Hatred which was between the two Brothers. For *Plutarch* in his Book, *De Invidia & Odio*, says, that between those two Animals there is so prodigious a Hatred, that their Blood when they are killed, mingled together, will not incorporate into each other. *Homer Iliad XII. v. 201.* describes a Battle between them. And *Virgil* likewise *Eneid. XI. v. 751.*

Ἄελλος ὑπὲρ ἰλῆος ἐπ' ἀριστέρα λαὸν ἰέγων.
Φοινήμελα δροάκοντα φέρων ἐνύχειοσι, πέλαιον,
Ζωὸν, ἔτ' ἀπααίροντα, καὶ ἅπα λήθιτο χαρμῆς:
Κόψε γὰρ αὐτὸν ἔχοντα καὶ σῆθος, παρὰ δεξιῶν.

*Utq; volans alte, raptum cum fulva Draconem,
Fert aquila, implicuitq; pedes, atq; unguibus hæsit;
Socius at serpens sinuosa volumina versat,
Arreētisq; horret squamis, & sibilat ore,
Arduus insurgens; illa haud minus urget obunco,
Luctantem rostro, simul æthera verberat alis.*

Capa-

Capaneus with a Thunder-bolt, hasting to
boast of Victory upon the Walls.

STROPHE II.

§ The Leader *Capaneus* being struck, fell
back upon the Earth, who then raging,
breathed fierce Fury against the City with
the Violence of the most terrible Winds;
thus was it on one Side, and great *Mars* ru-
ling the right Wing, and overthrowing their
Ranks, distributed other Evils among others.
The seven Leaders being posted at the seven
Gates, and all engaged in single Combat a-
gainst an equal Number, left their brazen
Arms for *Jupiter* the Vanquisher. Except
the terrible Brothers, who being born of
one Father and one Mother, against each o-
ther arming their victorious Spears, did both
partake the Lot of common Death.

§ *The Leader Capaneus.*] He was Husband to *E-
vadne*, and the fifth Captain against *Thebes*; who, just
as he had mounted the Walls by the Help of the
κλίμακες, or scaling Ladders, of which some will have
him to have been the first Contriver, he was beaten
down and slain with Stones. This gave Occasion to
the Poets, to feign that he was struck down with a
Thunderbolt. *Euripides* introduces *Adrastus* speaking
thus of him, because Persons killed with Lightning
were thought hateful to the Gods, and therefore deni-
ed burial and funeral Rites.

Ἡ χωρὶς, ἱερὸν ὡς νεκρὸν, θάψαι θίλεις;

Shall he apart be bury'd as accurs'd?

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE II.

But glorious Victory came grateful to fam'd *Thebes*. But now forget these Wars, and let us go to all the Temples of the Gods with nightly Choirs; and let *Bacchus*, who reigns in *Thebes*, be our Leader.

But the King of the Land, *Creon*, the Son of *Menæceus*, having received some late Commands of the Gods comes, revolving some serious Thoughts, ^h for he hath called a Council of the Seniors.

^h *He hath called a Council of Seniors.*] The Persons whom *Creon* summoned to attend his Council, consisted of the most antient Men of the City: The Office of the *Chorus* being more proper to the hoary Head, than those of younger Years; viz. to reprove, give Counsel in Affairs of Importance, comfort the sorrowful, &c. This *Sophocles* every where observes, for where his *Chorus* consist of Men, they are always supposed to be the most antient. In *Ajax* they consist of old *Salaminian* Sailors; in *Oedipus Tyrannus*, of old *Theban* Priests and Citizens; in *Oed. Col.* of antient *Athenians*; in the *Philoctetes*, of antient Sailors who followed *Pyrrhus* in his Ship.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Creon, Chorus.

Cre.



Y E honourable Chiefs of *Thebes*,
the Gods with much Tumult
having shoke the Republick,
again have raised it. I have
sent my Messengers for you to come separate
from all the rest, knowing this well, that you
always revered the Power and the Government
of *Laius*; and likewise of *Oedipus* when
he ruled the City, and when he died, that
you still remained in the same firm Faith to-
wards his Children. And since that they have
fallen in one Day by a mutual Fate, striking
and stricken with their own impious Hands,
I possess the Power and Kingdoms by Right
of Affinity to those who fell. ⁱ It is difficult
to learn the Heart, and Thoughts, and Soul
of any Man, before he holds the Reins of
Governments, and administers the Laws;
but whoever ruling a whole City doth not
follow the best Counsels, but out of Fear

ⁱ *It is difficult to learn the Heart.]* This is a Prover-
bial Speech, first spoke by one of the wise Men, *αἰετὸς*
ἄνθρωπος *δεικνύει*. i. e. Power will shew what a Man is.

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shuts

shuts his Mouth, both heretofore was; and now shall be looked upon by me the basest of Men; and whosoever esteems his Friend more than his Countrey, I by no Means call him a Friend. For I (let *Jove* know it, who sees all Things for ever) cannot continue in Silence, seeing a Loss coming upon the Citizens, instead of Safety; nor would I ever accept of an Enemy of my Countrey for a Friend to myself. For I am sensible of this, that our Countrey is that which preserves us all, and failing with it right, we make more Friends; with these Laws I will enlarge the City. And now I have Decrees of Kin to these to proclaim to the Citizens concerning the Children of *Oedipus*, to lay up *Eteocles* in a Sepulchre, who fighting for his City perished, performing the noblest Deeds in War, and cover up all Things with him which are given to the noblest of the Dead: And again, that his Brother, (*Polynices* I say; who coming a fugitive to his Countrey and kindred Gods, would burn them with Fire from the Foundation, would feed upon the common Blood, and reducing them to Slavery, lead them away) should be forbid the City, that any should lay him in a Sepulchre; nor lament for him, but that he be suffered to lie unburied, and to be beheld as a Carcase miserably preyed upon, and torn by Dogs and Fowls of the Air. Such is my Sentence, nor shall the wicked ever have of me the Honour of the Just; but whosoever

is benevolent to this City, in Death and Life he shall be alike honoured of me.

Cho. These Things therefore please thee, O *Creon*, Son of *Mentæceus*, concerning him who was an Enemy to this City, and the other who was its Friend; it is every Way in your Power to establish Laws concerning the Dead, and as many of us as live.

Cre. Therefore you should now be Overseers of the aforesaid Commands.

Cho. Lay that Burthen on some Youth.

Cre. There are already Keepers of the Carcasses.

Cho. What other Thing is that you command besides?

Cre. Not to favour those who disobey the Decree.

Cre. There is no such Fool who desires to die.

Cre. That is, indeed, the Reward of Disobedience; but through Hope of Gain, often Men have been ruined.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Messenger, Creon, Chorus.

Mess. O King, I will not say that swift and hardly breathing I came with nimble Pace; for I had many Resistances of Cares, turning my self round in the Way for to return. My thinking Soul spoke many Things to me.

Miserable Man! Whither goest thou? Whither wilt thou go and suffer Punishment? Thou Wretch, wilt thou still tarry? *Creon* will know these Things from some other Men, and then will you not have Reason to repent? Revolving on these Thoughts, being slow, I came along with Leisure, and so the short Way became long. In the End I came to this Resolution, to come hither; but if I say nothing agreeable yet I will speak, relying on this Hope, that I shall suffer nought but Death.

Cre. What is it, from whence proceeds thy Discouragement?

Mess. I will tell you all Things that relate to my self, I neither did that Deed, nor did I see who did it, nor justly should I fall into any Damage.

Cre. You aim well, and palliate this Business; you signify to shew something new.

Mess. Great Dangers cause great Fear.

Cre. Wilt thou not speak therefore, and afterwards go away freed?

Mess. Therefore I will inform thee, that some body this past Instant having buried the dead Carcase, went away, and sprinkling dry Dust upon the Body, performed all decent funeral Rites.

Cre. What sayest thou? What Man is he who dared to do these Things?

Mess. I know not, for there was neither Mark of Spade there, or Trench of Shovel;
the

the Earth plain and untrodden, nor tracked by Wheels, but he was some unmarked Worker: And as the first Watchman of this Day tells the Story, ^k it was a surprising Miracle to all. He was not quite interr'd, nor was there any Tomb erected, but there was cast on him a little small Dust as of ^l one who avoided the Pollution, no Signs of

^k *It was a surprising Miracle.]* The Messenger who brings this News intends to amuse *Creon*, and make him think the Action was something supernatural; and therefore that the Gods condemned his Sentence as impious, that he might either revoke it, or slacken his Search for the Authors of the Sepulture. For it appears by several Passages in this Play, that none of the *Thebans* favoured his Decree; and though he called a Council on this Occasion, it was not to consult with them whether the making of such a Decree were convenient or not, but to inform them that he had actually resolved upon it, and he being tyrannical in his Government, they durst not oppose him, though willingly they would have done it. All this may be gathered from these Places following compared together. *Act III. Scene I.* where *Creon* says to *Hæmon*, *Shall the City tell me what I ought to order;* with *Act II. Scene IV.* where *Antigone* says to *Creon*, *For fear of you they shut their Mouths.* And this is the usual Manner of Tyrants, to seem to enact their Decrees in Conjunction with, and by the Advice of others, that they might appear just, when they are nothing less.

^l *As of one who avoided the Pollution.]* Among the Ancients it was reckoned a great Crime for any to pass by a dead Carcase which lay unburied, and not to bury it, and they who were guilty of that Crime were called *Piaculares*, or impious. *Hor. Lib. I. Ode 28.* introduceth the *Manes* of *Archytas*, who was cast away, thus cursing any Sailor who should

Beasts coming and tearing it, or of Dog appeared; but ill Words were heard among us, one Keeper blamed another, and had they gone to Blows, none was near to have prevented them, for every one seemed to be him that did it, tho' none was proved so, but denied he knew ought of it. ^m We stood ready to take up burning Irons in our Hands, to go

pass by and not perform due funeral Rites to his Body.

Debita jura vicesque superbæ

Te maneant ipsum, precibus non linquar inultis.

^m *We stood ready to take up burning Irons.]* It was an ancient Custom for Persons to swear to the Truth of what they said, by throwing red hot Iron Wedges into the Sea, after pronouncing many Curses against themselves if they should break their Vow, to signify thereby that the Oath would remain inviolate as long as the Iron should remain in the Sea without swimming. It was thus *Aristides* bound himself and his Soldiers to make their intended Invasion upon *Persia*, after they had defeated the Forces of *Xerxes*. Also they had another Way to clear themselves from the Imputation of Crimes, which was thus: The Person accused crept upon his Hands and Knees through the Fire, or held in his Hands the *wedge* or red hot Iron, and those who were not guilty of the Crime laid to their Charge, received no hurt by the Fire. And this Oath the Messenger tells *Creon* all the Guards were ready to take, that they neither buried *Polynices* themselves, nor were any way privy to the Action.

The *Saxons* of this Land had a Custom not much differing from this, called the Fiery Ordeal. The Manner of this Test was thus: The Person accused passed blindfold through Plough Shares red hot, placed at unequal Distance from each other. *Emma* the Mo-
through

through Fire, and swear by the Gods, that we neither interred the Body, nor were confederates with him who first devised it, or who effected it. But in the End, when they find out nothing more, one speaks, who caused all to bend their Heads towards the Ground for Fear; we had nothing to answer again, nor knew well what else to do; and his Counsel was, that Deed must be disclosed to you, and not concealed; and this Opinion soon prevail'd, and Lot obliged me, an unfortunate Man to undertake^a that good Work, and I am present unwillingly, with those that will not willingly receive me, for I know that none favours a Messenger of ill News.

Cho. O King, my Thoughts imagined once with my self whether that was not the Work of the Gods.

Cre. Cease, e'er speaking you fill me with Anger and be found a Fool, and old Man too; you speak intolerable Things, saying that the Gods have any Care concerning this dead Body. Will they honour him with Burial as a Benefactor, who came to set on Fire their pillared Temples, and Offerings, and to lay waste their Lands and Laws? Dost thou see the Gods honouring the Wicked? It is not so, But formerly the Citizens scarce bearing these

ther of *Edward* the Confessor, passed through this *Ordealium*, and so vindicated her Honour from the Scandal of Adultery with *Alwyn* Bishop of *Winchester*.

^a *That good Work.*] This is meant Ironically.

Decrees, spoke against me, secretly shaking their Heads, nor did they as they ought bend their Crests under my Yoke, so as to favour me. And I know well that some of them by Rewards are induced to do these Things. For there is no such Evil ever sprung up among Men as Money: ° That lays waste Cities, stirs up domestick Strifes: That teaches and changes the good Minds of Men to betake themselves to base Deeds, hath instructed Men to practise Frauds, and know the Impiety of every Act. But as many as hired by Reward have consented to do this Act, have done it in a Time that they shall suffer the Punishment due to their Crimes: For as I have a due Reverence for *Jove*, know this well (sworn I say to thee) unless you shew the Author of this Sepulchre before my Eyes, Death alone shall not suffice for you; e're living and hanging up you shall declare the Authors of this Affront, that you may know from whence Gain pught to be got. And hereafter you may learn, that it is not good to get Gain by every Thing, but by filthy Gains you may see more damnified than enriched.

° *That lays waste Cities.*] *Philip King of Macedon* often found this true, of whom it was said, that not himself, but his Gold overcame *Greece*; and when at a particular Time it was told him, that a certain *Garrison* was impregnable, he replied, cannot an *Ass* loaden with Money enter into it. For

Χρὺς ἀνοίγει πάντα καὶ αἶδον πύλας.

Money opens all Things, even the Gates of Hell.

Mess.

Mess. Do you permit me to speak any Thing? Or shall I return, and go as I came?

Cre. Do you not know how troublesome your Talk is?

Mess. Are you bit in the Ear or Mind?

Cre. Why do you search out my Grief, and where it lies?

Mess. He who did it torments your Mind, but I your Ears.

Cre. Wo is me! how thou art all mere Talk.

Mess. Did therefore I do that Deed?

Cre. Ay, and by that didst betray thy Life for Money.

Mess. Wo is me! it is cruel, if it seems true, to suspect a Thing that is false.

Cre. Palliate your Crime with florid Speech; but if you will not shew me who did this Thing, you shall say that Gains unjustly got are dangerous.

Mess. May he by all means be found out. [*Apart.*] But whether he be taken or not (for Fortune will determine that) you shall not see me returning hither again; and now preserved beyond my Hope and Thoughts, I owe the Gods much Thanks.

ACT II. SCENE III.

STROPHE I.

Cho. There are many subtle Things, but nothing more subtle than Man: He traverses the hoary Main in stormy Winds by the ratling Tumours of swoln Sails, and pierces the supreme incorruptible Land of the immortal Gods, Year after Year returning to plow it with Horse-kind.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And skilful Man enclosing with his Nets, takes the Tribe of winged Birds, wild Beasts, and Marine kind of Fishes: And overcomes by Arts the fierce Beast that treads the Mountains, and taking the hairy necked Horse, puts the Yoke about his Neck, and mountaineous unruly Bull.

STROPHE II.

He hath learnt Eloquence, noisie Cavils, and Quarrels about Right of Government, to avoid the Injuries of rainy Weather and of cold Habitations; expert in all Things, unskill'd in nothing that will come, will only not introduce

introduce the Means to escape Death, but hath
to escape dangerous Diseases.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Having Arts beyond Hope, and the Power
of doing the most ingenious Acts, sometimes
abandons himself to Impiety, and sometimes
conducts himself by the strictest Rules of Vir-
tue. He is a noble Citizen who observes his
Countrey Laws, but may he for ever be ex-
pell'd who hath not the Courage to do what
Justice requires; may he, I say, be ever ba-
nish'd hence as the hated Object of my Soul's
Aversion, who is no better instructed.

I consider that great Miracle, and how see-
ing it can I deny, that this is *Antigone*: O
miserable Daughter of a miserable Father,
Oedipus! [*Antigone is brought in.*] What
therefore do they bring thee in as a Rebel to
the King's Laws, and having taken thee in
thy Imprudence?

Mess. This is she who did that Deed, we
took her burying him. But where is *Creon*?

Cho. In a fit Time he comes out of the
Palace.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E IV.

Creon, Messenger, Chorus, Antigone.

Cre. What is it, what condign Punishment hath happened.

Mess. My Lord, there is nothing that Men should forswear, the former Thought falsifies the other; for I swore that at my Leisure I would come hither, because of those Threats with which I was disturbed: But unhop'd-for Joy hath no Pleasure equal to it, and I come according to the Trust repos'd in me, altho' forsworn, bringing this Maid which was found adorning the Sepulchre. Here there was no Lot cast, this is all my own private Gain, and belongs not to any other; and now taking her your self, my Lord, judge and convict her as you will; but for my Part, you ought to free me from the least Suspicion of having any Share in this Crime.

Cre. Dost thou bring her? How? from whence?

Mess. She buried the Corpse.

Cre. Art thou in thy Wits? Or dost thou truly say what thou sayest?

Mess. I saw her burying that dead Body whom you prohibited from Burial, I speak Things plain and clear.

Cre. How was she seen and found?

Mess.

Mess. Thus was the Case: When we were come back, having been threaten'd with grievous Threats by you, brushing away all the Dust which covered the Carcase, and well uncovering the rotting Body, we fate exposed to the Wind on the highest Hills, avoiding it lest it put forth an ill Scent. One Man provoked another with perpetual Reproaches, if any one chanced to slacken his Diligence: And thus the Time was spent while the Sun's splendid Circle shone on high, diffusing Heat all round, and there arose from the Earth a Whirlwind, a celestial raging Tempest, fills the Field, shaking all the Leaves of the Woods throughout the Countrey, the whole Sky was filled with Dust, we closed our Eyes to avoid it, but some God had almost taken away our Senses. After some Time, when this was past, the Maid appears and bitterly cries out, with the shrill Voice of a Bird, who, when her young are flown, sees her Nest deserted. And thus as she beholds the naked Carcase, she laments with sad Complaints, and bitterly cursed those who did that Deed; by and by she bears dry Dust in her Hands, and from a Vessel of an ingenious Worker in Brass, copiously adorns the Carcase with sepulchral Libations. We seeing come, and immediately catch her not at all dismayed; we argue with her concerning her former Deeds; she was not backward to own any Thing, but it was both bitter and

pleasant

pleasant to me: For that was most pleasant that I should be freed from Evils; but bitter to bring my Friends into Mischief: But I prefer my own Safety to all Things.

Cre. Speak thou who bendest thy Head to the Ground; wilt thou confess, or else deny thou didst that Fact.

Ant. I own I did, and do not deny it.

Cre. You may go wheresoever you will, free from all Harm. [*To the Messenger.*] But do thou tell me, not tediously, but in few Words, whether thou knewest not that these Things were forbidden.

Ant. I knew, why not? For they were plainly forbid.

Cre. And dost thou then dare to transgress the Laws?

Ant. It was not *Jove*, nor Vengeance Companion of the Gods below, who decreed those Laws to Men; nor did I think that your Decrees could prevail so much, that being only a mortal Man, you could run down the unwritten firm and lawful Decrees of the Gods; they are not of yesterday, but they for ever live; none knows from whence they came, nor will I, fearing the Haughtiness of any Man, suffer Punishment of the Gods for the Violation of those Laws. I knew that I should die (why not?) if you had not decreed it, and if I die before my Time, I'll count it Gain; for whosoever lives as I do, in great Evils, how will not he esteem it Gain to die?

So to me to enjoy that Fate is no Trouble;
but if I suffered him a dead Carcass to lie
unburied, who is the Son of my own Mother,
for that I should grieve, not for the other.
But if I seem to you to act foolishly, I owe
my seeming Folly to your foolish Judgment
in thinking so.

Cho. She declares her self the cruel Off-
spring of a cruel Father; she knows not how
to submit to Evils.

Cre. But know that fiercest Minds submit
most, that the strongest Iron burnt, you
may see broke and bruised, and with a small
Rein I have known the fiercest Horses taught.
It is not fit that he be of a lofty Spirit,
who is a Servant to others. She learnt well
to act impiously, when she dared to transgress
the established Laws; but when she had done
one Injury, it is another Crime to glory in
what she had done, and laugh at it. Now I
am no more a Man, but she, if unpunished,
takes all this Freedom; but if she were born
of our own Sister, or of any nearer than do-
mestick *Jove* is to us all, she and her Sister
shall not escape most cruel Death; for I like-
wise accuse her to have contrived this Burial.
Call her forth, for I saw her just now ra-
ging, nor in her right Senses; for those who
contrive their Crimes in Darkness, are com-
monly first betrayed by their own guilty
Mind; and truly I hate when any one taken,
would

would afterwards excuse the Fault with fair Words.

Ant. Wouldst thou do any Thing more than kill me?

Cre. Nothing, for with your Death I shall be satisfied.

Ant. What therefore wouldst thou? As none of your Words please me, even so my Words please not you; but how could I obtain greater Glory, than by intombing my own Brother? That may be said to please all these, if Fear did not tye their Tongues. But Tyranny, as in many other Things it is happy, so likewise in this, that it is lawful for it to do and say as it will.

Cre. Dost thou alone of all the *Thebans* see this?

Ant. They see it too, but for fear of you they shut their Mouths.

Cre. Dost thou not blush, if thou dissentest from them?

Ant. It is not base to revere my own Relations?

Cre. And is not he your Brother that lies under the Earth?

Ant. Of the same Father and Mother.

Cre. Why therefore dost thou give Honour to that impious Wretch?

Ant. Even the other dead Brother will not witness so.

Cre. Thou honourest him equal with that Villain.

Ant.

Ant. He was not his Servant, but his Brother, who fell.

Cre. Truly, waſting the Land, while the other defended it.

Ant. But Death it ſelf requires theſe Laws.

Cre. But a good Man ſhould not ſhare like Fate with a bad one.

Ant. Who can ſay but the Gods below approve this Deed?

Cre. An Enemy is no Friend, though dead.

Ant. I was not born to hate with others, but love.

Cre. When thou ſhalt deſcend below, if they muſt be beloved, love them who are there; but while I live, a Woman ſhall not reign.

Cho. *Iſmene* is before the Gates, a Cloud hangs on her Eyebrows, and a Flood of Tears ſhed for her Siſter deforms her, dying her beauteous Cheeks.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Creon, Iſmene, Antigone, Chorus.

Cre. Ha! Traytreſs, are you there? You, who at home, as a venomous Serpent let looſe, ſecretly haſt fed upon my Vitals. I did not underſtand before that I brought up two ſuch vile Oppoſers of my lawful Power. Speak, tell me; will you own that you partook of

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C

this

this Sepulture, or would you swear you did not know of it?

Ism. If she agrees thereto, I partake thereof, and bear part of the Guilt.

Ant. But Justice will not suffer that, since you neither would, nor did I communicate with you in that Act.

Ism. But I am not so ashamed of your Crime, that I will not make my self a Companion in your Sufferings.

Ant. Whose that Deed is, *Pluto* and the Gods below can witness. I favour not a lover of Words.

Ism. O Sister, do not dishonour me by not permitting me to die with you, that I may sanctify my self by my Death.

Ant. Neither should you die with me, nor make that your own Act, which you had no Hand in. It shall suffice I die my self.

Ism. And what Life will be delightful to me, bereaved of you?

Ant. Ask *Creon*, you are one who hath a Respect for him.

Ism. Why dost thou torment me while thou gainest no Advantage to thy self thereby?

Ant. I am grieved, tho' I laugh at thee.

Ism. In what other Thing can I assist you?

Ant. Save your self, I do not envy your Escape.

Ism. Wo is me a Wretch!

Ant. You have chose to live, I to die.

Ism. But not according to my Words which I had yet to speak.

Ant. Thou thoughtest thy self wise in these Words, but I in these think my self so.

Ism. But the Fault is equal to us both.

Ant. Be confident, you shall live. I struggled long with Life, and now I give it up to benefit the Dead.

Cre. One of these Girls seems mad, but now: But the other, ever since she was born, was so.

Ism. The Minds, my Lord, of wicked Persons, remain not wicked, but are converted.

Cre. But thy Mind remains wicked, since with a wicked Woman you have chosen to act wicked Deeds.

Ism. And what to me were desirable in Life without her?

Cre. Do you not that regard, for she is no more.

Ism. Will you kill the Spouse of your Son?

Cre. Children may be got of others.

Ism. But they agreed not on such Conditions.

Cre. I hate my Children should marry wicked Wives.

Ant. ° O dear *Hæmon*, how thy Father slights thee?

° O dear *Hæmon*, how thy Father slights thee?] This Tenderness of *Antigone* for *Hæmon* is not at all unworthy

Cre. You grieve much, and your Nuptials are disturbed.

Ism. Will you deprive your Son of her?

Cre. The Grave will end those Nuptials.

Ism. It is, it seems, decreed that she must die.

Cre. And thou likewise, cause no Delays, but receive her into the Palace, ye Maids; from henceforth they shall not be set free, for even the Daring fly when they see approaching Death.

A C T II. S C E N E VI.

Chorus.

S T R O P H E I.

Cho. Happy are they whose Lives do taste no Evil; for those upon whose Family the Gods bring Afflictions, no kind of Ill doth fail coming upon the last of their whole Offspring: As the Waves of the Sea, when the sad *Thracian* Winds exert their Rage against the liquid Element, roul out of the deep Abyss a black heap of muddy Sand, and the beaten Shores resound.

her Character, nor the least Breach of Modesty; for though she was not married to him, yet she was betrothed, which among the Antients, was almost as great an Engagement as Marriage.

A N T I-

ANTISTROPHE I.

I see the antient Evils of the falling House of *Labdacus* renewed again, nor Death the suffering of one Race, free the other from the Anger of the Gods, which still pursues them to Destruction. One glorious Branch sprang from the antient Stock in the House of *Oedipus*, and the cruel Dust of the Gods below cuts her down, the Folly of her Words, and Fury of her Mind.

STROPHE II.

O *Jove*! what Man by his Pride can restrain thy Power, whom no Sleep doth seize, which brings old Age on all Things, nor perpetual succeeding Months affect: An ever living Prince thou art, yet never old, who possessest bright *Olympus*. Past, present, and to come, are all with thee alike; & this Law by no Means extends to Mortals, that it should free them all together from Evils.

[*This Law by no Means.*] That Law which the Fates have decreed from all Eternity concerning *Jove*, by which he is immortal and incorruptible, King of Heaven, by no Means reaches Mortals; that they should be *χωρίς, & ἐντὸς αἰῶνος*, free from Sufferings: But on the contrary they are subject to Mortality, and many other Evils.

A N T I S T R O P H E II.


Hope, a Help to many Men, deceitful to the vain Desires of others, ensnares him who thinks himself secure, before he runs into Danger. A famous Proverb appears to have been wisely spoken, That what is evil will seem good to him whose Mind God leads to that Evil from which he is but a short while preserved.

But *Hæmon*, the younger of your Children, comes lamenting the Fate of his espoused *Antigone*, grieving to be defrauded of his Bride.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Creon. Hæmon, Chorus.

Cre.  E. shall soon know better than any Prophet. My Son, is it so, that hearing the final Sentence of your Spouse, you are come in Anger with your Father? Are we not, in whatsoever we do, acceptable to thee?

Hæm. O Father, I am yours, and you govern by a right Judgment, and which I will follow: It is fit that no Marriage should be esteemed

esteemed greater to me than you governing well.

Cre. For so my Child it is fit you think in your Mind, that all Things are of less Esteem than your Father's Will: It is for this Men pray for Children, that begetting them they may have them obedient in their Houses, that they may repay their Enemy with Evil, and honour their Friend equal with their Father: But whosoever begets unprofitable Children, what else can you say he doth, but beget Sorrows for himself, and much Cause of Laughter for his Enemies? Do not therefore, my Son, sacrifice your Reason to the Love of a Woman, knowing what a cold Reception it is to lie within the Arms of a wicked Woman. What more dangerous Wound than what is given by a false Friend? Therefore as one who spits upon his hated Foe, despise her, and suffer the Girl to marry some among the Dead. Since I have plainly caught her the only Rebel of all the City, I will not prove my self a Traitor to it, but will kill her, and therein let her implore *Jove* the Guardian of Kindred; for if I suffer Disorders to go unpunished in my own Relations, much more I should in Strangers. He that is just among his own Relations, will shew himself just to the City; but whosoever violates the Laws, and thinks to order those in Power, it is impossible that he should ever get Praise of me: But whom the City hath placed in Power, it is fit to hear him in small

Things or in great, just or unjust, and he who doth I am confident would govern and obey well, and being placed in the Storms of War, would remain a good Ally. For there is no greater Evil than Disobedience; it destroys Cities, it sets Houses at Strife, and in War it puts the brave Commander to Flight. But Obedience preserves many Subjects: So Governments are to be defended by good Men, and by no means to be subjected by a Woman; for it is better, if it must be, to fall by a Man, than to be called the Subjects of Women.

Cho. Unless thro' Age we are deprived of Sense, you seem to discourse well upon this Subject.

Hæm. O Father, the Gods give Men a rational Mind, which is the most excellent of all Riches; but that you say not these Things right, I neither can nor know how to judge; for it may be that this may seem well to another, but your Interest ought to be my Care, in whatsoever is said or done concerning you, and when you are reproached your Eye is terrible to the vulgar People, if they speak Words which are contrary to your Will. But I in secret can hear how the City laments this Maid, who of all Women does most unworthily and basely die for the most noble Deeds. Who suffered not her own Brother, falling in Fight, lying unburied, to be destroyed by devouring Dogs or Birds. Is not this worthy to obtain

obtain golden Honour? And this is the Report which is secretly spread abroad; but to me, my Father, there is no more precious Treasure than your Prosperity. What greater Glory can there be to Children than a prosperous Father, or to Fathers than their prosperous Children? But do not appropriate to your self that Custom to say, that that which you decree is only right and nothing else, for he who only thinks himself wise, or to have a Tongue and Understanding excelling all others, commonly meets Contempt. But it is not unworthy a wise Man to learn many Things, and not contend over much. Thou seest at the flowing Brooks how many Trees do bend and save their Boughs; but those that resist are torn up by the Roots. So the Pilot of a Ship who sails along nor submits to the Winds, the Ship turn'd upside down and Seats overthrown, is it possible that he should any longer sail? But thou moderate thy Rage, and revoke thy Sentence: For if I have any Understanding, being a Youth, I say that every Man fraught with native

* *I say that every Man fraught with native Wisdom.]*
There is a Passage in *Hesiod* which better explains this:

Καὶ μὴ πανάρετος ὃς αὐτὸς πάντα νοήσει,
Φροσάμενος, τὰ κ' ἔπειτα καὶ ἐς τέλος εἰσὶν αἰμύνω.
Ἐδὲ δὲ αὖ καὶ κακῆτος ὃς εὖ εἰπόντι πίθηται.
Ὅς δὲ κε μήτ' αὐτὸς νοίῃ, μήτ' ἄλλος ἀκούων
Ἐν θυμῷ βάλλῃ, ὃ δ' αὖ ἀχρηστὸς ἀνὴρ.

Wisdom

Wisdom much exceeds others ; but he that is not (since every Man is not so) merits the second Praise, who listens to those that give good Counsel.

Cho. My Lord, it is fit if he speaks to the Purpose you should hear him, and you, *Hæmon*, your Father likewise : For it is well spoke on both Sides.

Cre. At these Years must we learn Wisdom from one so young ?

Hæm. It is nothing unjust ; tho' I am a young Man, it is fit you consider the Business, not my Age.

Cre. The Business is to honour those that act basely.

Hæm. I would not desire you to honour the Wicked.

Cre. Is she not wicked ?

Hæm. The People of *Thebes* say not so.

Cre. Shall the City tell me what I ought to order ?

*The best is he whom Nature has made wise,
And he is next, to whom when she denies
Her Gifts, will hear what prudent Men advise.
But for that Fool he scarce is fit to live,
Who won't obey what Counsel others give.*

To the same Purpose *Livy* in his Book *de Urbe condita*. *Minutius Convocatis militibus : Sæpe ego (inquit) audiui, Milites, eum primum esse virum qui ipse consulat quid in rem sit : Secundum, eum qui bene monenti obediat : qui nec ipse consulere, nec alteri parere scit, eum extremi ingenii esse.*

Hæm.

Hæm. See how you have spoken like a very Youth.

Cre. Must any other than I govern this Land?

Hæm. It is no City which belongs to one Man.

Cre. Is the City not reckon'd to belong to the King?

Hæm. You would govern well a desert Countrey.

Cre. He, it seems, contends for this Woman.

Hæm. If you are a Woman, for my Care is for you.

Cre. Vile Youth, thus to oppose his Father!

Hæm. I see you are to blame in acting unjustly.

Cre. Do I offend by honouring the Laws of the Kingdom?

Hæm. You honour them not, but tread down the Honours of the Gods.

Cre. Vile Youth, thus to be captivated by a Woman!

Hæm. You shall not find me the Villain you speak of.

Cre. This your whole Discourse is for her.

Hæm. For you and the Gods below.

Cre. You shall not marry her alive.

Hæm. And must she die? Then dying she will kill somebody.

Cre.

Cre. Art thou become so bold as to threaten?

Hæm. What threatening to answer to vain Words?

Cre. With Tears thou shalt know how vain thy Mind is.

Hæm. Unless you were my Father, I would say you were not wise.

Cre. Woman's Slave prate not to me.

Hæm. You would speak and not hear my Answer.

Cre. True, but by *Olympus* know you shall not have Reason to rejoice reviling me thus with Reproaches. Go bring that hated Thing, that before our Eyes she may die in the Presence of her Spouse.

Hæm. Think not so, she shall never die in my Presence; you shall not see my Face with those Eyes. You may be mad among which of your Friends you will. [*Exit Hæmon.*]

ACT III. SCENE II.

Chorus, Creon.

Cho. My Lord, the Man is gone swiftly away in Anger; such a Mind in Grief is fierce.

Cre. Let him do or think more than is fit for Man, he shall never free those Girls from Death.

Cho. Dost thou think to kill them both?

Cre.

Cre. Not her who touched him not, you speak well.

Cho. What Death will you put her to?

Cre. Leading her where is a Way deserted of all Men, I'll hide her alive in a subterraneous Cave, putting so much Food as shall serve her only as a Purification, that the City may escape Pollution; there beseeching *Pluto*, whom of all the Gods alone she worships, she shall obtain Freedom from Death, or then she shall know that it is a superfluous Work to worship the Gods below.

ACT III. SCENE III.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE.

Cho. * Invincible Love! Love, † who hast Riches for thy Object, who sleepest in the soft Cheeks of a young Maid! Thou traversest the Seas and Countrey Villages; none of the immortal Gods is able to escape thee, or mortal Men; whoever hath thee is mad.

* *Invincible Love.*] This Song of the *Chorus* is on the great Power of Love, which in this Instance hath set *Hæmon* and his Father at Strife.

† *Who hast Riches for thy Object.*] But then it is more properly called Covetousness.

ANTISTROPHE.

" Thou seducest the Minds of unjust Men to Injury ; thou hast raised that kindred Quarrel ; for the powerful Love of the Eye-brows of a young Virgin fit for Marriage, companion of those invested with Powers and Administration of great Laws, overcomes *Hæmon*, and *Venus* the invincible Goddess plays upon him.

ANAPÆST I.

Now seeing this, my self am forced to transgress the Laws, and cannot stop Fountains of Tears, when I see *Antigone* going to her everlasting Bed. [*Seeing Antigone enter.*

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Chorus, Antigone.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE I.

Ant. You see me, Citizens of my Father's Countrey, going my last Journey, seeing the Light of the Sun the last Time, and no more to behold it ; but the Grave which co-

" *Thou seducest the Minds of unjust Men to commit Injuries.*] This was the Effect which it had upon *Hercules*, who purely for the Love of *Iole* took *Oechalia*.

vers

vers all, brings me to the Shore of *Acheron*,
no Partaker of *Hymen's* Rites: Nor is there any
bridal Hymn sung to celebrate my Nuptials,
but I am given in Marriage to *Acheron*.

Cho. Therefore glorious and having Praise,
you shall descend to the Cave of the Dead,
untouched by consuming Diseases, without re-
ceiving Wounds of the Sword; but free, alive,
and by your self, you shall descend into the
Grave.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Ant. " I have heard that the miserable
Phrygian, the Daughter of *Tantalus*, perish'd

* *I have heard that the miserable Phrygian.*] *Anti-*
gone comforts herself under her Affliction by the Exam-
ple of *Niobe*. She was Daughter of *Tantalus* King of
Phrygia, and Wife of *Amphion* King of *Thebes*; who
for her arrogant Language to *Latona*, was by *Apollo* and
Diana shot to Death and turned into a Rock, according
to *Ausonius*, Epitaph 27.

*Bis septem natis genitrix læta atque superba,
Tot duxi Mater funera quot genui.*

*Nec satis hoc Divis; duro circumdata Saxo
Amisi humani Corporis Effigiem,*

My fourteen Children made me haughty grow
But soon for each a Funeral I prepar'd:
And turn'd by Gods relentless to a Stone,
I mourn my human Shape for ever lost.

Agathius writes her Epitaph thus:

Ὁ τύμβος ἄτος ἔνδον ἃς ἔχει νίκων,

Ὁ νεκρὸς ἄτος ἔκτος ἃς ἔχει τάφον.

*This Tomb within no Carcase doth contain,
And this dead Corse doth unentomb'd remain.*

at

at the Top of *Sipylos*, whom, as the Ivy twines her Arms about the Elm, the Arms of the Rock enfold, and, as the Report of Men goes, she is always expos'd to the Rain, nor doth the Snow forsake her, but stains her Neck beneath her ever-weeping Eye-brows. Wo is me! Fortune makes me submit like her.

ANAPÆSTI.

Cho. But she was a Goddess, and born of a God; but we are Mortals and born of Mortals; it is a noble Thing to hear that you have shared the same Fate with the Goddess, now living, but art to die.

STROPHE II.

Ant. Wo is me! I am laughed at. Why by the Gods of my Father do you injure me, not yet dead, but still alive? O City, and wealthy Men of the City, O *Dircæan* Fountain and Forest of famous *Thebes*; I call you all to witness, how unlamented of my Friends, by what Laws I come to this dug Prison. O Wretch, who neither alive nor dead, am an Inhabitant neither of the Living, nor the Dead.

Cho. Arrived at the highest Degree of Boldness, thou art fallen to the lowest and worst of Punishments. O Princess, thou still maintainest thy Father's Conflict.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ant. Thou hast touched my bitterest Cares,
the famous Misery of my Father, and the
Misfortunes which beset the noble Descen-
dants of *Labdacus*. O maternal Crimes and
Kindred, Conjunction of my Father and mi-
serable Mother, from whom I am a wretched
Woman born, to them I go an accursed un-
married Inhabitant. O Brother, who hast
been most unfortunate in Marriage, for thy
Death hath been fatal to me yet alive.

Cho. To act piously is some Piety, but yet
let Power be to whom Power belongs, it is not
to be transgressed: But Indignation, which you
of *Creon* drew voluntarily upon your self,
hath destroy'd you.

Ant. Unlamented, without Friend, an
unmarried, miserable Princess, I am lead to
my Death. Nor is it longer lawful for me a
Wretch to behold that sacred Light of the
Sun; none of my Friends mourns my unlamented Fate.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Creon, Chorus, Antigone.

Cre. But knowest thou not, none will
cease Mournings and Lamentations before
Death, if that Liberty be granted? Will
VOL. II. D you

you not lead her with all speed away; and shutting her up in a covered Tomb, as I said, leave her alone, there let her die, or lye covered alive under that Roof? We are guiltless of the Blood of this Maid. But she shall be deprived of Cohabitation with us above.

Ant. O Tomb, hard Marriage-Bed! O perpetual deep Habitation! Whither I go to my Friends, whereof a great Number having perished, *Proserpine* hath received among the Dead; whereof I the last and worst, at length descend before the Portion of my Life is finished. But since I must go, I nourish my self much with Hopes, that I shall go beloved of my Father, of thee, Mother, beloved, beloved of thee, dear Brother; since with my own Hand I washed and adorned you, and gave you Funeral Obsequies: And now by adorning your Body, *Polynices*, I earn these Rewards; and I have honour'd you with those who judge right. Nor, were I the Mother of Children, and if my Husband were dead, had I undertaken this Labour against a publick Edict. But by what Law do I say this? Why thus, my Husband being dead, another might be had, and a Child of another Husband; but if I am deprived of him, my Mother, and Father lying in the Grave, it is impossible that another Brother should be born to me; and by that Law preferring you, I thought fit to offend against *Creon*, and to dare terrible Things,

Things, sweet Brother. And now taking me, he leads me away by the Hands without *Hymen's* Rites or Wedding; nor have I had the Happiness to educate a Child: But here deserted of my Friends, unfortunate, alive, I descend into the dark Grave of the Dead: What Law of the Gods transgressing? Why should I, a Wretch, look to the Gods? Whom should I implore for my Assistants? Since by acting piously I have purchased dishonour: But if this my Punishment be acceptable with the Gods, if I offend, I would forgive the Authors of my Sufferings; but if they offend, let them not suffer other Evils than they unjustly bring on me.

ANAPÆSTI.

Cho. Still the same Violence of the Storms of her Soul torments her.

Cre. Therefore they that lead her shall feel the terrible Effects of my Rage for their Slowness.

Ant. Wo is me! The Sentence of immediate Death is passed.

Cre. I nothing comfort you, that it will not be executed.

Ant. O my Father's City of *Thebes*, and the Gods of my Fathers, I am lead away and am no more. Behold ye Princes of *Thebes*, the only Queen left, what I suffer, and from whom, acting a pious Deed.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE I.

Cho. 1 The Body of *Danae* endured to change celestial Light for Darkneſs: Bound by a brazen Chain, and in a ſepulchral Bed incloſed, ſhe was overcome by cruel Fate. But ſhe was noble by Deſcent, and kept *Jove's* golden Offspring in her Womb, but fatal Power is cruel: For neither *Mars*, nor Tower, nor Ships beaten by the Waves eſcape it.

ANTISTROPHE I.

2 The angry Son of *Dryas*, King of the *Thracians*, for his reproachful Speeches, was

1 *The Body of Danae.*] She was Daughter of *Acriſius*, King of the *Argives*, who being warned by an Oracle that he ſhould be ſlain by his Grandchild, kept *Danae* up from the Sight of Men: But *Prætus*, Brother of *Acriſius*, firſt corrupted her Keepers with Gold, and then deſlowered *Danae*. The Fable is, that *Jupiter* came to her thro' the Tiles in a Shower of Gold.

2 *The angry Son of Dryas.*] i. e. *Lycurgus* King of *Thrace*, who contemning the Rites of *Bacchus*, was, according to the Poets, bound by him and caſt down a Precipice, by which his Brains were daſhed out. Others ſay that he was ſhut into a Den, and ſo ſtarved to Death: Here it is ſaid, that he was bound to a Rock. But the Truth is, that ſeeing his Subjects commit many Irregularities through Wine, he cauſed all the Vines to be rooted up; whence they fabulized that being turned into Madneſs by *Bacchus*, he cut off his own Legs with a Pruning-Hook.

The Poet doth not compare *Danae* and *Lycurgus* to *Antigone* in their Crimes, but in their Sufferings.

bound

bound by *Bacchus* to a Rock with a Chain, and so he loses his cruel florid Madness in abusing the God. With reproachful Language he made the raging Women cease, put out ^a the Fire of *Bacchus*, and disturbed the Muses Lovers of Palaces.

STROPHE II.

^b The Shores of *Bosphorus* near the *Cyanean* Rocks, and divided Sea, and *Thracian* ^c *Salmydessus*, and neighbouring *Mars*, beheld

^a *The Fire of Bacchus.*] The Ancients supposed *Bacchus* always among the Fire, to denote the strong Effects of Wine. There was a Festival kept in honour to him at *Pellene* in *Achaia*, by the Name of *Bacchus λαμπτήρ*, *Bacchus* the Torch Bearer, and the Festival was called *λαμπτήρεια ἐορτή*. This Solemnity was in the Night, and the Worshipers went to the Temple of *Bacchus* with Torches in their Hands.

^b *The Shores of Bosphorus near.*] The *Cyaneæ* were two Islands, or rather Rocks, near the *Thracian Bosphorus*, and divided the Sea, hence *διδύμη θάλασσα*.

^c *Thracian Salmydessus.*] A River of the *Thracians*, near which was a Temple of *Mars*, whence *ἄλχιπτολις Ἄρης*, neighbouring *Mars*. The Sense is, all these Places beheld the Wound, or near these Places the Wound was given to the two Brothers *Plexippus* and *Pandion* by *Cleopatra*: Or, rather, by *Phineus* to his own two Sons. The Story is as follows: *Boreas* married *Orithyia* Daughter of *Erechtheus* King of *Athens*, by whom he had *Zetes*, *Calais*, and *Cleopatra*, the last of these *Phineus* married, by whom he had *Plexippus* and *Pandion*; according to others *Gerumbas* and *Spondus*. After her he married

the cruel Wound given to the two Sons of *Phineus*, inhumanly blinded by his fierce Wife, in the wretched Orbs of their Eyes, not cut with Swords, but with her bloody Hands, and the Points of Bodkins.

ANTISTROPHE II.

The Wretches dying deplored the sad Sufferings of their Mother unhappily born, she was a Descendant of noble *Erechtheus* brought up in distant Caves among her Father's Storms, Daughter of *Boreas*, equal to a Horse in Swiftneſs on the high Mountains, and Daughter of the Gods: But the Fates overtook her.


Idæa, Daughter of *Dardanus*, according to others *Idothea*, Sister of *Cadmus*, who conspired against and murdered the Sons of *Cleopatra*. Others say, that while *Cleopatra* was alive he married *Idæa*, at which the former enraged blinded her own Children. But most agree that *Phineus*, through the false Accusation of their Stepmother, blinded his Children by his former Wife, for which himself was blinded by *Jove*, and tormented by the Harpies.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Tiresias led by a Boy, Creon, Chorus.

Tir.  RINCES^d of *Thebes*, we
come the common Way two
seeing by one, for blind Men
go the same Way with a Lea-
der.

Cre. What News is this thou bringest?

Tir. I will tell thee, and do thou listen to
the Prophet.

Cre. Did I ever before oppose your Will?

Tir. Therefore rightly do you rule this
City.

Cre. I must own your Assistance.

Tir. Be wise then now in the very preci-
pice of Fate.

Cre. What is it? How I dread your Words?

Tir. You shall know when you hear the
Signs of my Art. ^e Sitting in my ancient hal-

^a *Princes of Thebes.*] The Scholiast observes here,
that not only Kings but likewise honourable Persons
and wealthy Citizens, were called ἀνακτες, or κοίτηνιδαι,
The Reason of which is to be seen in our Notes upon
Oedipus Tyrannus, Act IV. Note^b.

^e *Sitting in my ancient hallowed Seat.*] The Grecian
Augurs had a Place appointed on Purpose for them, cal-

lowed Seat of Divination, where all kinds of Birds flocked to me, I heard an unknown Voice of Birds crying with an ill Fury, uninterpretable, and tearing one another with bloody Claws: I knew it, for the Noise of their Wings was not uncertain. Presently fearing I endeavoured to offer Sacrifices on the flaming Altars, but the Fire shone not from the Sacrifices, but in the Ashes the Flame smothered, a Cloud of Smoak arose, the Galls were cast up and spread abroad, the ^f Thighs lay spread without their wonted Fat. These Things I learn'd from the Boy, that the

led by the general Name of *θᾶκος* and *θακος*, a Seat, but more properly *οἰωνιστήριον*, and had Power to assemble the Birds from all Places when they had Occasion to use them. The Scholiast upon *Euripides* says, they used to carry with them a Writing Table, in which they wrote the Names and Flights of the Birds, with other Things belonging thereto, lest any Circumstance should slip out of their Memory.

^f *The Thighs lay spread without their wonted Fat.*] The particular Parts of the Sacrifice which belonged to the Gods were called *μηρί*, and these they cover'd with Fat, called in *Greek* *πιμελή*, or *κνίση*, to the End they might consume all together in a Flame; for they concluded that their Sacrifice was not accepted by the Gods unless all was burnt. Thus we find them doing in *Homer*, *Iliad*. *α*. *ν*. 459.

καὶ ἰσφαζαν, καὶ ἴδμεσαν,
Μηρὺς τ' ἐξέταμον, καλὰ τε κνίσας ἐκάλυψαν.

The *μηρί* were appropriated to the Gods, because says *Eustathius*, *τὸ λυσιτελεῖν τοῖς ζώοις εἰς βαδίσειν τε καὶ ἡρίσειν*.

Signs of certain Auguries were lost ; for he is a Guide to me, and I to others. These Things, the City suffers for your Sentence ; for our Altars, and our Hearths are defiled, being quite full of the Food of Birds and Dogs that feed on the unhappy Son of *Oedipus*, who was slain, nor did the Gods yet receive our Supplications or Flame of the Thighs, nor the Bird sound lucky Cries, when he had fed on the Fat of human Blood. Consider these Things, Son, it is common to all Men to offend ; but after he hath offended he is no inconsiderate or unhappy Man, who having fallen into Evils seeks a Remedy, nor is unmoved ; for Obstinacy is owing to Folly :

¶ The Signs of certain Auguries were lost.] Tiresias finding that the Omens given by the Birds were unfortunate, tries another Way of Divination, call'd *πυρομαντεία*, i. e. Divination by Fire, but with as little Success, for still the Signs appear'd to portend impending Mischief. For (as *Dr. Potter* tells us) the good Signs were such as these, if the Flames immediately took hold of, and consumed the Victim, seizing at once all the Parts of it ; on which Account they usually prepared *τὰ ξύλα*, dry Sticks, which would easily take Fire. Also if the Flame was bright and pure, and without Noise or Smoak ; if the Sparks tended upward in the Form of a Pyramid ; if the Fire went not out till all was reduced to Ashes : Contrary Signs were, when it was kindled with Difficulty, when the Flame was divided, when it did not immediately spread itself over all the Parts of the Victim, but crept along, consumed by little and little ; when instead of ascending in a straight Line it whirled round, turned sideways or downwards, was black, cast forth Smoak, &c.

But

But give Place to the Dead, nor vent your Rage against a dead Man. What Courage is it to kill a Man already killed? I in benevolence to thee advise, for 'tis a most delightful Thing to learn of him who talks well, if he advises what is advantageous.

Cre. Old Man, I know I am the Scope of all your Aims, for even the Prophets are corrupted against me by this Family; long have they born me ill, and rated my Person at no Value. But make what Gains of them you will; be brib'd by ^h *Sardine* Amber and *Indian* Gold, but you shall never lay him in his Tomb, not if the Eagles snatch and carry him to the Throne of *Jove*: Nor I as fearing that Pollution will permit to bury him, for I know well that no Man can pollute the Gods; but the gravest of Men fall many and great Falls, when they speak gracefully many base Speeches for the Sake of Gain.

Tir. But doth any Man know, or think this?

Cre. What is this you speak of, which all Men know?

Tir. How much is Prudence the best of all Riches?

^h *Sardine Amber.*] Gr. Σάρδεων ἤλεκτρον. *Sardis* is a rich Countrey of *Lydia*, where *Cræsus* once reigned, it is near *Pætolus*, and abounded with precious Metal called *Electrum*, a Mixture of Gold and Silver, which they drew out of the Mines with winged Ants.

Cre. And how much is to be unwise the worst of Evils?

Tir. And indeed thou art infected with that Distemper.

Cre. I will not contradict a Prophet.

Tir. But you do, in saying that I prophesie falsely.

Cre. All the kindred of the Prophets are Lovers of Gold.

Tir. That is the Manner of Kings, they love filthy Lucre.

Cre. But do you know what you say when you name Kings?

Tir. I know, for through me you have preserved this City.

Cre. You are a wise Prophet, but love to act unjustly.

Tir. You command me to speak Things not to be mentioned.

Cre. Mention what you will, so you do not speak for Gain.

Tir. So I seem to do as to your Part.

Cre. But you shall not make your Gains of me, I am not of so easie a Temper.

Tir. But know well there shall not be finished many Courses of the Sun, e're your self shall expiate those that are dead with one of your own Sons, for which you have cast one down, and dishonourably shut her alive into a Tomb. Thou hast hereⁱ a Body kept from

ⁱ *A Body kept from the infernal Gods, prophaned.]*
This Saying is founded upon a Superstition of the An-
the

the infernal Gods, prophaned, nor celebrated with Funeral Obsequies, which neither concerns you, nor the Gods above. But these Actions are the Effects of your Violence, of which the late Revengers lie concealed below, and the Furies Daughters of the Gods, so that your Crimes will meet with their deserved Punishment. Consider, if corrupted by

cients, who suppos'd that the *Manes* of those who lay unburied, wandred upon the Earth one hundred Years, as appears from *Virgil*, *Æneid*. VI. *ÿ*. 325.

*Hæc omnis quam cernis, inops, inhumataque turba est :
Portitor ille Charon : Hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.
Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
Transportare prius, quàm sedibus ossa quierunt.
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum :
Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.*

Alex. ab Alex. tells us, that at *Tarentum*, a Town in *Magna Græcia*, there were *Ludi Seculares*, Games kept every hundred Years, to appease the *Manes* according to a Precept in the *Sibylline Books* : And farther adds, that it was reckon'd a lawful Sepulture, which was done by sprinkling Dust three Times on the Body, with some Prayers to the infernal Gods. It was not therefore without Reason that *Tiresias*, who was of this Persuasion, should charge *Creon* with keeping the *Manes* of *Polynices* from his desir'd *Elysium* and Conversation with the infernal Spirits. *Virgil*, *Æneid* VI. *ÿ*. 365. *Palmirus* lying unburied is suppos'd to speak thus to *Æneas*,

*Eripe me his, invicte, malis; aut tu mihi terram
Injice : namque potes.*

For this Reason the greatest of all Imprecations was, that a Person might ἀταφὸς ἐν πύλιν χθονός, i. e. lie unburied on the Earth.

Gold

Gold I speak these Things; for there will appear in a little Time Tribulations, Lamentations of Husbands and Wives in your Palace, all hostile Cities rising tumultuously, which the Dogs have polluted with torn Limbs, or Beasts or winged Fowls, bearing filthy Odours to the Altars of their City. And these strong Darts have I as an Archer launched out against thy angry Heart, whose Violence you shall not escape. Thou, O Boy, lead me home, that he may exercise his Rage on younger People, know how to keep a stiller Tongue, and ever be of a better Mind than now he is. *[Tiresias is led off.]*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Chorus, Creon.

Cho. O King, he is gone, after having prophesied sad Things; for I know that since the Time that I from black Hair was covered with white, he never prophesied a Falshood to the City.

Cre. I know it my self, and am disturbed in Mind. It is sad to submit, and if I oppose, I am in Danger to suffer for it.

Cho. O *Creon*, good Counfel now is necessary.

Cre. Tell me what is convenient to be done, and I shall obey.

Cho.

Cho. Go and set free the Girl from the covered Vault, and honour the Dead with a Sepulchre.

Cre. Is this what you approve of? Do you think fit I comply?

Cho. As soon as possible, for the swift Furies of the Gods pursue the ill-minded.

Cre. Wo is me! I scarce can quit my Resolution, yet I will, for there is no Resistance against Necessity.

Cho. Do it your self, command not others.

Cre. I go as swift as I can; but you, Servants, who are present, and absent, taking Axes in your Hands, go unto the Tomb's Top; but I (for my Mind is altered) bound her my self, and will set her free: For I fear lest it should be best, while we live, to preserve the established Laws.

STROPHE I.

Cho. *Bacchus*, the Glory of *Cadmean Semele*, and Son of thundering *Jove*, who rulest famous *Italy*, and presidest over the ^k *Eleusinian* Mysteries, common to all, in the Fields of *Ceres*; *Bacchus*, who inhabitest *Thebes*, the Metropolis of the *Bacchanals*, by the flowing

* *Eleusinian Mysteries common to all.*] Because People assembled from all Countries to attend at the Mysteries of *Ceres* in *Eleusis*.

Streams

Streams of *Ifmenus*, and the Seed of the fierce Dragon.

ANTISTROPHE I.

¹ To thee Sacrifices are performed on the Rock *Parnassus*, where the ^m *Corycian* Nymphs of *Bacchus* walk, and the Fountain of *Castalia* flows: The Banks of Ivy of the ⁿ Mountains of *Nyssa*, ^o and green Forest abounding with Grapes, celebrate thee with sweet melodious Songs, the Governor of the *Theban* City.

STROPHE II.

Which thou honourest above all the Cities with thy Mother *Semele*, who was struck

¹ *To thee Sacrifices, &c.*] Literally it is, *thee on the double headed Rock the splendid Flame beheld*; for there were two Tops of *Parnassus*, and one, called *Nyssa*, was sacred to *Bacchus*.

^m *Corycian Nymphs.*] The Muses so called, from *Corycium* a Cave at the Top of Mount *Corycus* in *Cilicia* dedicated to the Muses: There was also another *Corycium* at the Foot of *Parnassus*; whence they are called *Parnassides*, or *Coryciæ Nymphæ*.

ⁿ *Mountains of Nyssa.*] There was a City in *Æthiopia* called *Nyssa*, near which was a Mountain where *Bacchus* was worshipp'd, there were also several other *Nyssa's*.

^o *And green Forest.*] Gr. *χλωρὴ τ' ἀκλῆ*, *Green Bank*. In both *Eubæa* and *Parnassus* there were Vines which in the Morning produced fresh Bunches of Grapes, at
with

with Thunder; and now as the whole City labours under a violent Disease, come to our Assistance, upon famous *Parnassus*, or the P sonorous Shore.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Thou ¹ Leader of the *Bacchanals*, who sparkling Torches bearest, and ² Overseer of nightly Clamours, Son of *Jove*, appear with ³ your *Naxian* raging Girls, who raging by you all Night in Choirs, celebrate you, the Governor *Iacchus*.

Noon they grew bitter, and in the Evening they were fit to be gathered. Either of them may be here understood.

^P *Sonorous Shore.*] By Reason of the Waves dashing against it; the *Bæotian* or *Sicilian* Shores.

¹ *Thou Leader, &c.*] Literally, *Leader of the Fire blowing Stars*. He was worshipped by the Name of *Ætherius* and *Nuclor*, but we are more justly to understand here by *πῦρ πνέοντων ἀστέρων*, the Lamps which the raging Women carried in the Night, when they officiated in the sacred Rites of *Bacchus*.

² *Overseer of nightly Clamours.*] i. e. Which the raging Women made in these Rites.


³ *Naxian raging Girls.*] *Naxos*, or *Naxia*, was an Island in the *Ægean* Sea, where *Bacchus* was worshipped called *Strongyle*, and afterwards *Dia*: There was said to have been a Fountain in it which ran Wine.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Messenger, Chorus.

Mess.  E Citizens of *Thebes*, the
Seat of *Amphion*; I see not
what Kind of human Life I
can praise or blame: ' Fortune
raises up, and throws down, makes one for-
tunate, and another miserable: There is no

' *Fortune raises up.*] Hor. Lib. I. Od. 35.

*O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale Corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.*

The Messenger here tells the Misfortune of *Creon's* House, as an Instance of this Truth. The Antients supposed Fortune to be a Goddess, and that she presided over all human Affairs; therefore they built her Temples, and Persons of all Ranks and Stations prayed to her for her Favour. See in *Pind. Olymp. Od. XII.*

Σώματα τύχῃ, τὴν δ' ἐν πόλει κυβερνᾷ θεὰ νῆες.

Ἐν χίρσῳ τὲ λαίψυχῳ πόλεμοι, καὶ ἀγοραὶ

βλαφεύουσι.

O Fortune the Preserver of Mankind, the nimble Ships in the Sea are governed by thee; in the Earth likewise Success of War and Councils on thee depends. She had in Particular a famous Temple at *Antium*, a Sea-Port Town of *Latium*, and Metropolis of the *Volsci*.

VOL. II.

E

Prophet

Prophet skilled in foretelling those Things which will happen to Man. *Creon* was happy as once it seemed to me; he having preserved this *Cadmean* Land from Enemies, and possessing the whole Government thereof, governed it flourishing with a happy Offspring. Now all is past, for when Men lose their Pleasure, I reckon not that such do live, but count them breathing dead Carcasses: Be rich if thou wilt at home, and possess a Government; but if Joy be absent from all this, all other Things the World can afford are vain, as Clouds of Smoak in Comparison of real Felicity.

Cho. But what Misfortune of the King's is this you come to relate?

Mess. They are dead, but those that live are the Cause of their Death.

Cho. Who is dead? Who is slain? Speak, *Messenger*.

Mess. *Hæmon* is dead; slain with his own Hand.

Cho. " By his Father's, or his own Hand?

But with more Justice and Piety the *Psalmist* ascribes this Power to the most High, which they thought belonged to her, who is a Name and nothing else. *Psalms* lxxv.

" *By his Father's, or his own Hand.*] The Scholiast starts this Question, why should the *Chorus* ask who killed *Hæmon*, since in the former Words it is said *αὐτόχειρ*, with his own Hand; and thus he solves it, because the *Chorus* snatched the former Words so quick, that they did not hear the latter.

Mess.

Mess. Himself fell by himself, angry with his Father for the Death of *Antigone*.

Cho. O Prophet, how truly didst thou foretel this?

Mess. These Things being so, other Evils are certainly resolved on.

Cho. I see the miserable *Eurydice*, and Wife of *Creon*, coming out of the Palace; or having heard something of the Youth, or by Accident she is here.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Eurydice, Messenger, Chorus.

Eur. Good Citizens, I heard a Discourse going out to offer my Prayers and Supplications to *Pallas*, and opening the Bars of the stubborn Gates, a Voice of some domestick Evil reached my Ears: I fell down trembling among my Maids, and was amazed; but whatsoever was the Discourse, speak it again, for not unexperienced in Evils, I will hear you.

Mess. I will tell you, dear Madam, since I am here, nor will omit the smallest Circumstance of Truth. For why should I sooth you up with those Tales, wherein at last I shall appear a Liar; for the Truth is ever right. I followed your Husband to the Field, where lay the miserable Body of *Polynices* torn to Pieces by Dogs, (and beseeching the Goddess

of the Ways, * *Proserpine*, kindly to restrain her Rage, washing in sacred Water what was left of the Body, with green Boughs, we burnt it, and raised a high Tomb of Earth that was hard by. Again we descend to the Maid's low Prison, *Pluto's* nuptial Chamber; one hears a Voice of Mournings near the Death-bed, unadorned with Funeral Pomp, and coming, signifies it to *Creon* our Master; and as he approached, he hears a mournful Voice, then lamenting he utters sad Speeches. O me a Wretch! Am I a Prophet? Do I go the most unfortunate of all Ways that ever I went? The Voice of my Child now strikes my Ear. But, Servants, go quickly near, and standing by the Tomb, look through that open Crack at the Cave's Mouth; or I hear the Voice of *Hæmon*, or am deceived by the Gods. We obey our Master's Commands, and see *Antigone* in the lower End of the Tomb hanging by the Neck, intangled in a Snare made of her Girdle of fine Linnen, and *Hæmon* fallen down and embracing her about the Middle, lamenting the Ruin of his Bed, the Deed of his Father, and the cursed stony Cave. When he beheld him, sadly lamenting he goes to him, and calling with a loud Voice, thus speaks to him. Thou Wretch, what hast thou done? What hast

* *Proserpine*.] The same with *Hecate*, or the Moon, and *Diana*.

thou in thy Mind? In what Calamity art thou fallen? Come hither, humbly I beseech you. The Youth beholding him with dismal Eyes, answered nothing: But spitting in his Face, draws his two edged Sword, but y miss'd his intended Blow, his Father escaping by Flight,

y *Miss'd his intended Blow.*] This Action of *Hæmon* is blamed by *Aristotle*, as being cruel without Necessity, and it is also without Passion; but, as Mr. *Dacier* remarks, as it is but a small Circumstance of an Episode, and doth not enter the Composition of the Subject, it is less faulty.

However these imperfect Actions may seem in an Epick Poem, they are by no Means to be admitted in Tragedy.

Aristotle hath wrote his whole 15 *Cap.* to direct Poets how they ought to conduct themselves in managing those Incidents which cause the Terrible and the Piti-ful; of which I shall give the Reader a short Abridg-ment.

We may represent Actions, says he, which are done by those who act with an entire Knowledge, as *Euripides* represented *Medea* killing her Children.

Or the Actions of those who do not know the Cru-elty of their Crimes, but when they are done, come to know the Relation or Friendship which was between them.

Or of a Person that goes ignorantly to commit a ve-ry great Crime, and then recollects himself before he puts it in Execution.

These three Ways are only proper for Tragedy. The fourth is that which *Aristotle* condemns in the Action of *Hæmon* as the worst of all, viz. When any Person goes to commit a Crime voluntarily and wil-lingly, and yet does not execute it; for besides, its be-ing horrible, it is no Way Tragical. The most viti-ous next is the first, because it is too horrible. The

Then the Wretch being angry with himself that he was cross'd, thrust the Sword into the Middle of his Side; yet in his Senses he embraced the tender Arm of the Virgin, and breathing, sends out a swift Shower of Blood upon his pale Cheek. Dead he lies by her dead: The wretched Youth consummates his Marriage in the Chambers of Death, proving by his own Example, how much Rashness is the greatest Evil among Men.

[*Exit Eurydice.*]

ACT V. SCENE III.

Chorus, Messenger.

Cho. What think you by this, the Woman departed before she spoke good or bad.

Mess. I stood amazed at it, but am supported with Hopes, that the hearing of the Death of her Son, will not publicly shew her Grief, but

second is, without Contradiction, better than the first and the last; for it is not cruel because of the Ignorance of him who commits it, yet the Remembrance is very pathetick.

The last is preferable to all the others, for it is not at all cruel, and answers the Desire of the Spectators. Whence it is plain, that neither this Action of *Hæmon*, which is prevented by his Father's Flight; *Achilles's* drawing his Sword to slay *Agamemnon*, and prevented by *Minerva*; *Æneas* to kill *Helena*, and prevented by *Venus*; however suitable they may be for an Epick Poem, are very unfit for Tragedy,

that

that beneath her Palace Roof with her Maids, she will appoint a domestick Mourning; for she is not so weak in her Judgment as to err in this Matter.

Cho. I know not, but this excessive Silence to me seems sad, tho' much Clamour indeed is vain.

Mess. But we shall know when we go into the Palace whether she conceal any desperate unlawful Design in her angry Mind, for well thou sayest, excessive Silence is grievous.

Cho. But the King himself comes, having in his Arms the dead Body, for which himself is only to be blamed.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Creon, bearing his Son's Body in his Arms.

Chorus, Servant, Messenger.

Cre. Alas, the mighty Faults of evil Minds, great and mortal as you see, kindred Killers, and killed by their Kindred! Wo is me, my unhappy Counsels! O Youth of early Fate; thou art dead and gone, by my ill Devices, and not thine.

Cho. Wo is me! How late dost thou seem to prove the Punishment of Justice?

Cre. Wo is me! With Sorrow I know it, for now on my Head the Goddess of Revenge laying that Weight, hath oppressed me, and

in ill Ways hath tortured me. Wo is me! depriving me of my wonted Joy. O the sad Sorrows of Men.

Serv. O my Lord, so it is with thee, these are thy Sufferings, thy Son thou bearest in thy Arms, and other Evils in the Palace thou art come to view.

Cre. What other great Evil is that?

Serv. Your Queen is dead, the unhappy Mother of this dead Youth, with fresh Wounds.

Cre. Vile Port of Death, why dost thou destroy me? Thou hast caused me to suffer unutterable Grievs. What dost thou say?

Cho. Wo! and wo! Again, thou hast ruined an unhappy Man.

Cre. What say'st thou, Man? Thou speakest some new Speech to me. Wo! Wo! To me, say'st thou my Wife's Body lies dead for the Death of *Hæmon*?

Serv. She may be seen, nor is she still in the Chambers.

Cre. Wo is me a Wretch! I see another second Evil. What, O what other Fate still waits me? I have my Son in my Arms, and see another dead Body there. O miserable Mother! O Son!

Cho. She with a sharp Sword near the Altar slew her self, mourning the ^z honourable

^z *The honourable Death of Megareus.*] By *Megareus* may be understood, either a former Husband which *Eurydice* had, or a former Son which was named first
Death

Death of *Megareus* her former Son, then of this, and last of all mourning your evil Practices, as your Son's Murtherer.

Cre. Wo! Wo! I am dead with Fear, why doth not some one give me a mortal Wound with a two edged Sword? O Wretch, I am quite immerfed in Sorrow.

Mess. Being accounted the Cause of both their Deaths, by her who lies here dead.

Cre. After what Manner did she kill her self?

Mess. By striking her self to the Heart with her own Hand, after she perceived the lamentable Fate of her Son.

Cre. Wo is me! these are not chargeable on any else, the Cause is only ours. Miserable Wretch, I killed you, I speak the Truth. O Servant, lead me quickly hence, who am no more.

Cho. You advise what is gainful, if there be Gain in Evils; for the smallest of the greatest Evils are the best.

Cre. Let my last Day appear, my last Day, which will put an End to my Misfortunes; let it come, Oh! that I may not see another Day.

Megareus; but afterwards he flew himself to save the City, and thence was called *Mencæus*. According to the former Sense, the Translation will be thus: She mourned that she married *Megareus*, being so unfortunate in the Loss of him, then her Marriage with *Creon*. But my Translation is according to the other Sense, which I take to be the best.

Mess.

Mess. Those Things are to come, something present must be done; those Things should be our Care which deserve it.

Cre. But I have prayed for what I desire.

Mess. Pray for nothing, for no Man hath Freedom from destined Calamity.

Cre. Bear me hence a useless Wretch, who have killed thee unwillingly, my Child; nor know I where to look, or where to betake my self; for my miserable Fate oppresses me every Way.

Cho. * To be wise is much the greatest Happiness; it is not good to dishonour Religion; proud Words, which often have been fatal to those who speak them, teach Men to be wise in their old Age.

* *To be wise.*] These Words contain the *Exode*, or Moral of the Piece. See the Notes on the *Oed. Tyr.* Act V. Scene the last.



T H E



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
Oedipus Coloneus.



Dramatis Personæ.

Oedipus, after he had pulled out his Eyes,
and was expelled from *Thebes*.

An *Athenian*, who first meets with and speaks
to *Oedipus* and *Antigone*.

Creon, Brother and Uncle to *Oedipus*.

Polynices, Son of *Oedipus*.

Theseus, King of *Athens*.

A Messenger.

Chorus, of antient Men of *Athens*.

WOMEN.

Antigone and *Ismene*.

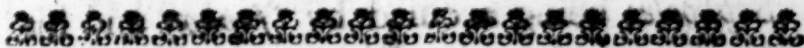
MUTE PERSONS.

Guards and Attendants on *Creon* and *Theseus*,
and one Attendant of *Ismene*.

SCENE, a Forest near the Temple of the
venerable Goddesses.



Oedipus Coloneus.



The ARGUMENT.



HIS Oedipus is the same with him upon whom the other Tragedy of Sophocles of that Title is composed; but distinguished by the Epithet of Coloneus, because after his Expulsion out of Thebes, he comes being led by his Daughter Antigone into Attic Greece, to a Hill where was a Temple and Grove sacred to the Furies, (it was called likewise the Hill of Horses, because Neptune the first Creator of Horses, called therefore Equestris or Rider, and Prometheus, had there a Temple) where he relates all his Misfortunes; taking that Occasion from Creon's coming in order

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order to bring him back to Thebes, there having been an Oracle that wheresoever he dyed and his Sepulchre lay, the People of that Countrey should be Victorious over the other in the War between the Thebans and Athenians; and going to a Place called the brazen Way, near a Cavity where Pluto is feigned to have snatched Proserpine to his gloomy Dominions, he was taken away in a wonderful Manner. This Tragedy was composed by Sophocles in his old Age, to gratify both his own Countreymen, the Colonites, and the Athenians. How well it answered his Ends, the following Story related by Dr. Potter is a sufficient Proof.

Sophocles being accused by Iophon and his other Sons, before the *Phratores*, of neglecting his Affairs thro' Dotage, read to them this Tragedy, which he had then lately composed, and ask'd them if they thought a Dotard could be capable of making such a Tragedy, whereupon he was immediately acquitted.




ACT



ACT I. SCENE I.

Oedipus, and Antigone leading him.

Oed.  Ntigone, Daughter of a blind old Man, to what Places are we come, or what City? ^a Who now will relieve wandring Oedipus? Or with small Gifts receive his pressing Wants? I sue to none but for a slender Alms; and though what I receive be less than little, yet it sufficeth me: For Sufferings, old Age, and a third Thing, Nobleness of Mind, teach me to be content. But, O Daughter, if thou seest any ^b prophane Seat, or any sacred to the Gods, place me there, that we

^a *Who now will receive wandring.*] Gr. τίς τὸν πλανήτην Ὀιδίπῳ δέξειται. I have translated the Word τίς here interrogatively, but it may likewise be understood to supply the Place of the Article ὁ, and to agree with the preceding Word πόλιν; and then the Translation will be, which will receive, &c. without an Interrogation; yet the former Sense is most usual among Authors.

^b *Prophane Seat.*] Gr. πρὸς βεβήλοις. This Word is variously understood βέβηλος τόπος, is taken sometimes for the Body of the Temple, in Opposition to the the ἄδυτον, beyond which it was not unlawful for

may

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may enquire where we are; for it is fit, that being Strangers, we should learn of the Citizens what is convenient to be done.

Ant. O miserable Father *Oedipus*, the City, as well as I can conjecture at this Distance, is surrounded by Towers; here seems to be a sacred Place, abounding with Lawrel, Olive Trees, and Vines, & many Nightingales sing in it. Here ease thy wearied Limbs on this unpolished Rock, for thou hast come a great Way for an old Man.

Oed. Set me down now, and guard a blind Man.

Ant. I am not to learn that after so long Experience.

any one to enter but the Priest. So βίβηλος signifies a Lay-man, one who is not initiated into holy Orders, in Opposition to ἱερεύς a Priest, Thus *Horace*, *Carm. Lib. III. Od. 1.*

Odi profanum vulgus, & arceo.

Favete linguis, carmina non prius

Audita, Musarum Sacerdos.

Sometimes it is the same with μῑαρός, or ἀκάθαρτος, a polluted or unclean Person. Thus all who were ἀβίβηλοι or unpolluted were permitted to pass within or beyond the περιβαντήλειον, a Vessel which stood at the Temple Door, and contained the Holy Water, but the βίβηλοι were not. Thus *Euripides*. 'Οὐ γὰρ θίμῑς βίβηλον ἀπ' ἰατρῶν δόμων, and θύρας δ' ἐπιθίωδε βίβηλοι; so here βίβηλος τόπος, signifies a Place free for any to be in.

^c *Many Nightingales sing in it.*] This Passage is exceeding beautiful in the Original.

Oed.

Oed. Canst thou tell me where we are placed?

Ant. Near *Athens* I know, but I know not this particular Place; for every Traveller told me that this was *Attica*. But shall I go and learn what Place this is?

Oed. Yes, Child, if it be habitable.

Ant. It is inhabited, but I believe there is no need, for I see a Man near us.

Oed. Coming hither in haste?

Ant. Even just here, and to him you may say what is convenient for you to speak, for the Man is here.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Oedipus, Stranger, Antigone.

Oed. O Stranger, I hear from her who sees for me, and for her self, that thou art come to me a lucky Spy, to speak what we are uncertain of.

Stran. Before you enquire more, come out of this Seat, for you possess a Place which is not lawful to tread.

Oed. What Place is this? What God is it sacred to?

Stran. It is not to be touched, or inhabited, ^d for the venerable Goddesses possess it, Daughters of the Earth and Darkneſs.

^d For the venerable Goddesses.] *Phylarchus* says they were two, and had each a Statue at *Athens*: *Polemon*

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Oed. Who? For I desire to know their sacred Names.

Stran. The People who inhabit here call them the *Eumenides*, who see all Things; but others are pleased to call them ^c by other Names.

Oed. But may they receive their Suppliant with Mercy, that I may not return out of this Land more.

Stran. What Prayer is that thou hast addressed to the Goddesſes?

Oed. One which declares all my Miseries.

Stran. But I have not Confidence to be longer absent from the City, e're I declare what is to be done.

Oed. Now by the Gods, Stranger, do not flight me, tho' I am ſuch a Wanderer, but reſolve my Doubts.

three, viz. *Aleſto*, *Megæra*, and *Tiſiphone*. They were, according to *Sophocles*, the Daughters of the Earth and Darkneſs; but to others of *Nox* and *Acheron*. *Euphorion* calls them the Daughters of *Phorcus* or *Phorcon*, a Sea Monster, Son of *Pontus* and *Terra*.

^c By other Names.] As ἐμνύες, or στυμαὶ θεαί. The *Sicyonians*, *Athenians*, and others, called them *Εὐμνίδες*, i. e. favourable or propitious; out of an Opinion that their true Names were unlucky Omens: Or by an *Antiphrasis*, being quite contrary to favourable; for they are ſaid to be the Revengers of Impiety, and to have Snakes knit with their Hair, who by their biting, expreſs the Stings of Conſcience, which accompany all wicked Actions. Yet *Philemon*, a comic Poet, will have it, that the στυμαί, or ἑμφοβοὶ θεαί, were different from the *Εὐμνίδες*.

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Stran. Command me, for I will not slight thee.

Oed. What therefore is the Place to which we are come?

Stran. As far as my Knowledge can inform thee, thou shalt know all Things: This whole Place is sacred, reverend *Neptune* presides over it, and the Fire-bearing God, *Prometheus* the *Titan*; that Place of the Earth thou treadest upon is called the ⁸ brazen Way, the Defence of *Athens*: And the neighbouring Villages pray, that this verdant Hill may be their Defence, and thence they have all their common Names of *Colonites*. This is the State of the Case, not more known by Reports than by certain Knowledge.

Oed. Doth any one inhabit these Places?

Stran. Yes, and they are named from the God.

[†] *Prometheus the Titan.*] He is worshipped at *Athens*, as is *Vulcan* likewise, where in the Academy *Prometheus* being the Elder, is placed on the right Hand, holding a Sceptre, and *Vulcan* on the left. He is called *Titan* by Way of Comparison, because without Permission from *Jupiter*, he stole Fire from Heaven, and gave it to Men, for which he suffered the same Punishment with the *Titans* Brother Sons of *Saturn*, viz. He was fixed under Mount *Caucasus*, and a Vulture always was gnawing on his Liver.

⁸ *The brazen Way.*] A Place so called in the Temple; it was said there was a Passage that Way to *Hades*. It takes that Epithet from the brazen Mines with which the Hill abounded, where the Grove and Temple stood.

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Oed. Doth any govern them; or is the Command in the Multitude?

Stran. These Countries round the City are govern'd by the King.

Oed. But who is it whose Voice and Power commands?

Stran. He is called *Theseus*, Son of the former *Ægeus*.

Oed. And would not any Messenger go from you to him?

Stran. To say what? to desire him to come hither?

Oed. That affording a little, he may gain much.

Stran. What help can we expect from a Man who cannot see?

Oed. Whatsoever we shall say, shall be as plain as if we saw.

Stran. Hear then my Proposal: Mistake me not, Stranger; since thou art noble as thou seemest to me, beyond thy Fortune, remain there where thou art, until I go and tell these Things to my Neighbours who are here, and not to the Citizens, for they will judge whether it be fit you stay or return again.

Act

ACT I. SCENE III.

Oedipus, Antigone

Oed. O Daughter, is not the Stranger gone from us?

Ant. He is gone, Father, so that every Thing is in quiet, and you may speak as being near me alone.

Oed. O venerable Furies, since I now first have sat upon this Earth, be not to me and *Apollo* unkind, who after having pronounced concerning me many unfortunate Oracles, said, that here should be my Rest after many tedious Years, coming to the Borders of this Countrey, where I might receive a Seat, and Reception from the venerable Goddeses, and there inhabiting, lay down my miserable

^b *There inhabiting, lay down.*] The Passage which the old Scholiast cites from *Lyfimachus*, seems to contradict *Sophocles's* Fiction of *Oedipus's* dying in *Attica*, which is as follows. When the Friends of *Oedipus* would have buried him in *Thebes*, they were hindered by the *Thebans*, because of the Plague inflicted on them upon his Account; whereupon they took his Body, and buried it at *Ceus* in *Bæotia*; but some Misfortunes happening to the Inhabitants, they judged that the Body of *Oedipus* lying there, was the Occasion of them. Whereupon they ordered his Friends to take away the Body, which they did, and privately buried it in the Temple of *Ceres* in *Eteonus*; but the Inhabitants thereabouts hearing of it, consulted their God,

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Life, to those who receive me Gain, but
Loss to those who sent me hither, who drove
me out. He likewise foretold, that Signs
would appear to me of these Things, or
Earthquake, or Thunder, or Lightning of
Jove: And now I know, that doubtless some
faithful Augury from you hath lead me this
Way into this Forest, for it cannot be that in
my Travels I should meet with you first by
Accident, (I being sober ^k and you averse to
Wine) or sit upon this venerable and unpo-

whether to cast him out thence, or not: His Answer
was, that they should not stir him, being a Suppliant
of the Goddess. The Temple is called from him *Oedipodium*.

But there is no Truth in it neither, if we may
believe *Homer*, who speaks of his dying at *Thebes*.
Il. ψ.

Ὅς ποτε Θύβας ἔλθε δειδυπότῳ Οἰδιπόδῳ
Ἐς τάφον.

ⁱ *To those who receive me Gain, but Loss.*] The Scho-
liast thinks the *Athenians* and *Thebans* were then at
Strife, and that the Poet says this to gratify the
former.

^k *And you averse to Wine.*] Gr. νήφον αἰνοῖς, Sober to
you sober, so called because their Sacrifices consisted of
Water. And *Polemon* says, that the *Athenians* sacri-
ficed sober Sacrifices or Libations likewise to Memory,
the Muses, the Morning, the Sun, Moon, Nymphs,
Urania Venus. *Crates* says likewise, that all Wood
except that of the Vine, was called *μηράλια ξύλα*.
But *Philochorus* on the other Hand says, That Thyme
was the only Wood which was so called, and the first
that was ever used for Burnt-Offerings, *καπύριον θυμῶν*,
and that therefore it takes its Name of Thyme, from
lished

lish'd Seat. Wherefore, O Goddesses, according to the Answers of *Apollo*, grant me here an End and Catastrophe of my Life; unless I seem to have had something too small Trouble, altho' always oppress'd by the greatest Evils incident to Mankind. Come therefore, O sweet Children of old Darkness; come, who from most mighty *Pallas* art called, O *Athens*, the most honourable of Cities; pity this miserable Image of *Oedipus*, for this is not the ancient Body.

Ant. Be silent, for hither come some ancient Men as Viewers of your Seat.

Oed. I will be silent, and thou lead me out of the Way and hide me in the Forest, that I may hear what they will say, for by hearing we may learn what to do.

See to sacrifice. The learned Doctor *Potter* is of Opinion, that there was a particular Reason why each of these before-mentioned Deities were honoured with such Oblations: First, the *Eumenides*, because the divine Justice ought always to be vigilant. Secondly, the Sun, because he by whom all Things are encompassed and held together, ought to be temperate. Thirdly, *Bacchus*, that Men might not always be accustomed to strong and unmixed Wines, &c. See *Archæol. Græc.* Vol. I. pag. 212.

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ACT I. SCENE IV.

They withdraw farther into the Forest, and enter the Chorus of ancient Men of Athens.

Cho. ¹ See, but who is he? Where doth he hide? Where is the wandering Exile, ^m the

¹ See but who is he, where, &c.] The *Chorus* hearing of *Oedipus* his placing himself in that forbidden Place, first comes in and expostulates in the following Manner. See, but who is he? Where doth he hide? Where is the wandering Exile, &c.

Although the *Chorus* entreats here, yet this is not the first Song of the *Chorus*, or the *Parodos*, but they speak here without singing: It would indeed have been very unnatural, had the *Chorus* here entered singing, before they were instructed in Action, in which they were to be concerned. But after *Oedipus* had placed himself in the Temple and Grove of the *Eumenides*, and given Occasion to the assembling of the *Chorus*, and they had informed both themselves and the Audience in the Nature of the Action, they then begin the *Parodos*, or first Song, and act their Part as a *Chorus*; who before only joined in speaking the Prologue, that is all that precedes the first Song of the *Chorus*. This Distinction is to be observed between the *Parodos*, or first Song of the *Chorus*, and its Discourse in all the Tragedies of the Antients; although for want of having sufficiently examined this Practice, the latter hath been taken for the former. The first Song of the *Chorus* always closeth the first Act, and in this Tragedy begins at the Words, *Εὐίππῃ ξίνει τᾶσδε χώρας*. And ends with *νηχίδων ἀκόλῳρος*.

^m The most insatiable.] i. e. Whom no other Place could satisfy.

most

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most insatiable of all Men? Search him: Look, see, call every where for this Wanderer, this old Wanderer; he is no Inhabitant, otherwise he would never have come to this inaccessible Forest of the invincible Goddeses, whom we tremble to mention ⁿ and pass by without Speech or Thought, but speaking Words of lucky Ome. And now it is said that some one is come without any Reverence to this hallowed Place, whom I looking for through the whole Forest, cannot know where he is hid.

Oed. Here I am, I heard what you said.
[*Oedipus at a Distance speaks.*]

Cho. Alas, alas! terrible to look on, and terrible to hear.

Oed. I beseech you look not on me as an impious Man.

Cho. O *Jupiter* the Defender, who is this old Man?

Oed Governors of this Land, not altogether one whom you may judge happy for my former Fortune, that is plain; for otherwise I had not crept hither with other Eyes than my own, nor, at this Age, come hither on a small Account.

Cho. Alas! alas! for those blind Eyes most unhappy you are, an unfortunate old Man, as

ⁿ *And pass by without, &c.*] As Persons in Dread of some impending Danger, dare not speak or think of any Thing but what is most pure and innocent.

thou

thou seemest ; but thou shalt not charge on us those Curses which attend this Rashness ; thou goest where it is not lawful for thee to go. Come not on this herby silent Grove, where a full Cup of Water mixed with Wine, is offered to the venerable Goddesses. Take good Care of this, unfortunate Stranger, avoid it. Be gone, the long Distance interposes. But dost thou hear, thou wretched Wanderer, if thou givest any Attention to my Speech, go from these inaccessible Places, and speak, where the same Liberty is allowed to all ; but first curb thy self.

Oed. Daughter, what can one think?

Ant. Father, it is necessary you think with the Citizens, and willingly submit to them.

Oed. Now take hold of me.

Ant. I do hold thee.

Oed. O Stranger, let me not be hurt, since trusting to you I come forth.

Cho. By no Means, none shall lead thee unwillingly from those Seats.

Oed. Still therefore, still shall I advance.

[*Oed. comes forward led by Antigone.*]

Cho. Advance more forward.

Oed. Yet?

Cho. Come forward, Maid, for thou hearest.

Ant. But follow, follow this Way, Father, with thy dark Body, where I lead ; and being a Stranger, content your self to know no other Bounds of Right and Wrong, than what are here prescribed.

Oed.

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Oed. Do thou lead me now, Child, that when we come, we may speak with Piety, and likewise hear and not resist Necessity.

Cho. There, move not thy Foot from that Threshold which bounds the inaccessible Way.

Ant. Thus?

Cho. Enough. Stand. [*Comes forward.*]

Oed. Shall I fit?

Cho. A-crofs on the Top of the Rock, bending forward a little.

Ant. Father, this is my Business, gently to direct each Step you tread; therefore commit your antient Body to my loving Hand.

[*Placing him down.*]

Oed. Wo is me, sad Misfortune!

Cho. O Wretch! Since you are now easie, tell who are thy Parents, and who art thou, who so miserably art lead?

Oed. Strangers, I am a banished Man; but do not —.

Cho. Why dost thou refuse that, old Man?

Oed. Ask me not who I am, nor search, nor enquire farther.

Cho. What is that?

Oed. Wretched Race.

Cho. Speak.

Oed. Wo is me, Daughter! what shall I say?

Cho. Of what Race art thou, Stranger? Speak, of what paternal Descent?

Oed. Wo is me, my Child! what shall I suffer?

Ant.

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Ant. Speak, since thou art now at the last Extremity.

Oed. I will speak, for I cannot be secret.

Cho. You delay long, but make haste,

Oed. Know ye the Son of *Laius*?

Cho. Wo is me!

Oed. Descendant of *Labdacus*.

Cho. O *Jupiter*!

Oed. Unhappy *Oedipus*.

Cho. Art thou he?

Oed. Fear not what I say.

Cho. Wo! Wo!

Oed. Unhappy I.

Cho. Ah! Ah!

Oed. Daughter, what will be the Event?

Cho. Get thee far hence out of this Country; but what can you answer to justify your Breach of Promise?

Oed.

Cho. Fatal Punishment will fall on none for revenging those Injuries he hath suffered, and ° Frauds are more justly recompensed by Frauds, than Favours: But thou again return out of these Places, and leave our Land, lest you constrain our City to use some Act of Violence against you.

° *Frauds are more justly recompensed.*] The Chorus finding out the Truth, *i. e.* that he was a polluted Person, think themselves not bound by their Promise, in Regard that he had deceived them.

Ant.

Ant. P O reverend Strangers, since you endure not my old blind Father, having heard the Report of his involuntary Crimes, yet we beseech you pity me a Wretch, who supplicate for my Father, who beholding your Presence with awful Eyes as one sprang from your Blood, pray that this miserable Man may find Reverence with you. We, Wretches, rely on you as on a God. Go, grant this unhopèd-for Kindness, I beseech you, if you have ought that is dear to you, Care for your Offspring; Regard for your Promise or your Interest, or Reverence to God. For there is none of all Mankind who can escape when God misleads him into secret Crimes.

Cho. But know, Daughter of *Oedipus*, we pity thee, and him by Reason of his Calamity: But fearing from the Gods we cannot speak other Language than what we have spokè to you already.

Oed. What Advantage is there in Glory or Fame founded on false Reports, when they say *q Athens* is the most pious City, and only City for protecting a Stranger, and for helping him? Do I experience this Truth? For first having removed me from these Seats,

P O reverend Strangers.] Here *Antigone* finding the despicable Case they were in, bespeaks their Compassion in very moving Terms.

q *Athens is the most pious City.*] There was (says the Scholiast) an Altar at *Athens* raised to *Ἐλεος*, i. e. Mercy, whom they adored as a Goddess.

you expel me hence fearing only my Name: Not this my Person or my Crimes, since my Crimes are rather what I suffered than acted. If you must speak to what concerns my Father and Mother, on whose Account you fear me, which I know very well, how am I in Nature bad, who suffering Violence repay'd it back? So that if with perfect Knowledge I had done it, yet were I worthy of Pardon; but I thro' Ignorance fell into those Misfortunes; they who expelled me did it knowing what they did. Wherefore, Strangers, I beseech you by the Gods, since you have moved me from my Place, preserve me here, lest while you seem to honour the Gods you honour them not at all; but you will see that they regard good Men, and wicked too, and that no wicked Man shall escape divine Vengeance. Do not therefore, by aiding in impious Acts, dishonour happy *Athens*; but as you have received me a Suppliant, and as you have given me your Promise, preserve me, defend me, nor seeing my wretched Head, dishonour me, for I come holy and pious, and bringing Assistance to these Citizens. When the Lord is present who is the Prince, he shall hear, and know all my State; but till then by no Means be unkind.

Cho. It is very just, old Man, we should revere your Arguments, which have been urged not with few Words; it sufficeth us that the Governours of this Land know all.

Oed.

Oed. Do you think he will have any Reverence or Care of a blind Man? And that he will come without Reluctance?

Cho. Doubtless when he hears your Name.

Oed. Who will tell him that?

Cho. The Way indeed is long, yet much frequented by Travellers, who spread abroad all News. Be confident he hearing this will come; for your Name, old Man, hath reached all People's Ears: So that tho' dull he sleeps, hearing of you he will come hither quickly.

Oed. But may he come in an auspicious Hour to this City and to me; for what good Man is not a Friend to himself?

Ant. O *Jupiter*, what shall I say, or whether shall I go?

Oed. What is it, Daughter?

Ant. I see a Woman coming near us upon a *Sicilian* Horse, and a *Thessalian* Hat to hide her from the Sun upon her Head covers her Face. What shall I say? Is it she or is it not? Or doth my Judgment wander so in Doubtfulness that I know not what to say, a Wretch? She is no other but *Ismene*, for her chearful Eyes declare she is.

Oed. What hast thou said, Child.

Ant. That I see your Daughter and my Sister; but by her Voice we may soon know.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE V.

Oedipus, Antigone, Ismene, Chorus.

Ism. O Meeting the most agreeable to me of my Father and Sister, with what Difficulty I have found you, and having found you with Grief I see you.

Oed. My Child, thou art come.

Ism. My Father, miserable Object to behold.

Oed. O Daughter of my own Blood.

Ism. Unhappy Father.

Oed. Daughter do I behold thee?

Ism. But not free from Sorrow.

Oed. Touch me Child.

Ism. I embrace you both together.

Oed. Her and me?

Ism. And me the unhappy third.

Oed. Child, why art thou come?

Ism. Out of Care for you.

Oed. The Love of us?

Ism. And likewise to tell you, that with this only faithful Servant I came hither.

Oed. But your younger Brothers, where are they at labour?

Ism. They are where they are, there are sad Disturbances now among them.

Oed. How are they all conform'd to the *Ægyptian* Laws, both in Disposition and Manner

Manner of Life, ^r for there the Men sit at home, working with the Spindle, but their Wives always abroad prepare all Things necessary for the Support of Life. So those of you, my Children, whom it was fit should labour, keep House like Virgins, but you instead of them for my Sake, in my Afflictions imploy all your Pains, for *Antigone* since she left her Infant Food and her Strength grew ripe, always an unhappy Wanderer with me led her Life; often in the dismal Woods without Food, her tender Feet inur'd to Pain, in cold Rains drenched, and scorched with the Extremities of burning sunny Heats, neglected the Comforts of Retirement at home, so she might get Food for her Father. But you, O Daughter, went out before to bring all the Oracles to thy Father unknown to the *Thebans*, which are deliver'd concerning me. Thou hast been a faithful Keeper to me since I was expelled out of the Land, but now what Mes-

^r *For there the Men.*] This Custom was introduced by *Sesostris*, who impos'd the Duties* of Men on Women, and of Women on Men: For in order to change their Dispositions, as well as their different Tasks, he order'd the Men to go bare headed, but the Women to let their Hair grow; the Men to bear their Burthens on their Heads, but the Women on their Shoulders; the Men to make Water sitting, but the Women standing; the Men to wear but one Garment, and the Women two. This was done that their Minds being emasculated, they might be the less able to resist his usurped Power.

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sage dost thou bring, *Ismene*, to thy Father? What warlike Expedition hath driven thee from home? Thou art not come empty, that I know well, but bringest some terrible News to me.

Ism. The Sufferings, Father, which I suffer'd seeking for you, I will pass by, (for I will not renew my Griefs by a fruitless Narration of them) but what Evils are now among your unfortunate Children, those I come to declare. Before there was a Contention between them whether the Kingdom should descend to *Creon*, and the City not to be polluted; then they reasoned concerning the ancient Stain which polluted your miserable House. But now from some of the Gods or a destructive Spirit, sad Strife is risen among the Wretches themselves, who should possess the Government and despotick Power; and the younger and inferiour by Age deprives *Polynices*, who was first born, of the Throne, and drives him out of the Countrey. Now he (as Fame reports) coming to *Argos* a Fugitive, takes his new Kindred and Friends for his Companions in the War, that the Glory of the *Argians* may mount to the Skies by the Ruin of the *Theban* Land; and these are not a mere Multitude of Words, but such as truly declare the cruel Deeds. But when the Gods will pity your Miseries, I cannot learn.

Oed.

Oed. Hast thou therefore any hope the Gods have any Care of me, and that I shall some Time be freed?

Ism. I have by these present Oracles.

Oed. What are they? What hath been foretold?

Ism. That you would one Time be desired by these Men dead and live, for your Assistance.

Oed. What can be expected from such a Man as I?

Ism. They say that in you is all their Strength.

Oed. Now that I am no more, doth my Manhood most appear?

Ism. For now the Gods raise you up, before they ruin'd you.

Oed. It is in vain to raise an old Man, who fell when young.

Ism. Know that *Creon*, on account of these Things will come in a little Time.

Oed. To do what Daughter? Tell me.

Ism. That they may place you near the *Theban* Land, and possess your Body; but you may not enter the Borders of the Land.

Oed. What Advantage will they get by my lying near the Gates?

Ism. Your Tomb will be unfortunate and grievous to them, if from home.

Oed. Without the Information of God who can find out that?

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Ism. For this Cause they will place thee near the Countrey, nor give thee thy own Liberty.

Oed. Will they bury me in *Theban* Dust?

Ism. No Father, your Kindred's Blood which you have shed suffers not that.

Oed. And would they not possess my Body?

Ism. No, for that would be unfortunate to the *Thebans*.

Oed. How can that be?

Ism. Because of the Wrath of the Gods which pursues thee when they put thee in thy Sepulchre.

Oed. From whom didst thou hear those Words which thou speakest?

Ism. From those who were present at the *Delphick* Altars.

Oed. And did *Phæbus* say these Things of me?

Ism. As the Ambassadors say who returned from thence to *Thebes*.

Oed. Which of my Children did hear this?

Ism. Both together, and know it well.

Oed. And did the wicked Youths, hearing these Things, out of Love to me, resolve to seize the Government?

Ism. I grieve to hear the News, yet bring it.

Oed. But may the Gods never extinguish this their fatal Strife, but may the End only be in me of the War in which they are now engaged, and raise up Arms: So may he who

now possesseth the Sceptre and Kingdom not continue in his present State, nor he who is gone out of the City return again; who did not keep nor defend me their Father, so dishonourably expelled the Countrey: For driven from my Throne, I was sent out by them and declared an Exile. But you may say that the City freely granted that as a Gift to gratify my Request. By no means, for in that Day when Anger raged, and it was most pleasant to me to die, and even to be stoned with Stones, none appeared to favour my Request; but in Time when all Trouble was mitigated, and they there saw my Mind extravagant in Grief had punish'd me more than my former Faults deserv'd, then straight the City violently drove me into Banishment after I had been long in it. But they, when they could assist their Father, would not do it; but for a small Offence, a poor Exile from them I wander; and from those who are but Virgins, as much as the Weakness of their Sex allows, I am supplied with Necessaries of Life, and am secured from Harm in whatsoever Place I come, and even my Honour is by their Care preserv'd. They before their Father, have chose to gain Thrones and Sceptres, and govern a Countrey: But neither will they ever have me their Assistant, nor shall they ever enjoy the Empire, as I perceive by hearing these Oracles which *Ismene* brings, and comparing them with the ancient Oracles which *Phæbus*

once delivered concerning me. Wherefore let them send *Creon* for me, or any other powerful Citizen; yet if you Strangers, together with these venerable Goddeſſes of your Countrey, will aſſiſt me, you will purchaſe by that Act a mighty * Saviour for this City, but for my Enemies Troubles.

Cho *Oedipus* is worthy to be pitied, he and his Daughters; but ſince you propoſe yourſelf in your Diſcourſe a Saviour of this City, I would recommend to you what is convenient.

Oed. Dear Strangers, do but receive me now, and I will perform all that your Will requires.

Cho. Offer an Expiation to the Goddeſſes to whom you came, and whoſe Ground you have trod.

Oed. By what means, Strangers, tell me?

Cho. Firſt taking ſacred Libations out of the perpetual Fountain, offer them with pure Hands.

Oed. But when I have taken of that incorrupt Stream; what then?

Cho. There are Cups, the Work of an ingenious Artiſt, whoſe Heads and † two Ears do thou crown.

* *Saviour for this City.*] Either in the *Peloponneſian* or other War, tho' this was feigned by the Poet to flatter his Countrey. SCHOLIAST.

† *Two Ears do thou.*] Gr. *λάβας ἀμφιόμους*, double mouthed, or handled, or rather having Heads of Animals engraved on each Side.

Oed.

OEDIPUS COLONEUS. 103

Oed. With green Boughs or Threads, or by what Manner?

Cho. With the new Fleece of a young Sheep.

Oed. Be it so: What is within the Cup, how must I offer that?

Cho. Stand, and " pour out Libations to the Sun.

Oed. Out of those Pitchers which you speak of shall I pour them?

Cho. Water out of the three Fountains, and the last Drop.

Oed. With what shall I fill this? Tell me that likewise.

Cho. With Honey and Water, add no Wine.

Oed. But when the leafed Earth hath received these Things, what then?

[*Pour out Libations to the Sun.*] *Gr. first Morning.* These Libations offered to the Sun were mostly Honey alone, or Honey mixed with Water; but it was unlawful to offer him any Wine, as appears by the following express Prohibition of the *Chorus*.

Ἰδατος, μελίσσης, μηδὲ προσφέρειν μέθυ.

Honey and Water, add no Wine.

Cratinus speaks of the *χῖνοι μεγάλοι*, or *Mastick-Trees*, being offered to him.

Ἄγε δὴ πρὸς Ἑω πρῶτον ἀπάγων ἴτω, δὲ

λάμβανει χερσὶ χῖνον μέγαν.

Go stand before the Sun, and take in your Hand the great Mastick-Tree.

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Cho. * Add three Times nine Olive Boughs with both your Hands, and offer these Prayers.

Oed. Supplication being my chief Affair those would I hear.

Cho. Since we invoke the *Eumenides*, do thou pray thy self, that with a tender Breast they would receive their Votary, who brings Safety to us, and if thou hast any other Friend let him assist thee, y nor let thy Voice be heard or thy Prayer long; then return

* *Add three Times nine Olive Boughs.*] Of the several kinds of. κλάδοι ἱερῆαι, or θυμιάδες ἱερῆαι, i. e. *Suppliant Boughs*, mentioned in our Notes on *Oedipus Tyrannus*, Act I. Scene I. Observe farther, that the most in use with Suppliants were Lawrel or Olive; whence *Statius*,

Mite nemus circa ———

Vittatæ Laurus, & supplicis Arbor Olivæ.

About this Grove the peaceful Olive grows,
And sprightly Lawrel, on whose verdant Boughs
Wreathed Garlands hang ———

H. H.

The Lawrel was esteemed a Sign of Victory and Triumph, the Olive of Peace and Good-Will.

y *Nor let thy Voice be heard.*] These Rites, like the *Eleusinia*, were performed with most profound Silence, before which they sacrificed a Ram to the demy God *Hesuchus*, who had a Temple at *Cydon* in *Crete*, and his Priestesses were called *Hesuchidæ*. Whence some Authors have put Silence for Religion itself. *Hor.* Lib. III. Od. 2.

*Est & fideli tuta Silentio
Merces*

and

and come away: After this with Confidence I may assist you, if you obey these Orders; otherwise I shall fear you, Stranger.

Oed. My Children, have you heard those Countrey Strangers?

Ism. We have heard, and do you give your Commands, to do whatsoever their Will requires.

Oed. These Things are out of my Way, for I am deficient in two Evils, in that I have not Power, nor my Sight; one of you come and perform these Commands, for I suppose it sufficient if for many one do them in Benevolence. With speed something is to be done, but leave me not alone, for this my Body alone cannot creep without a Guide.

Ism. I go therefore to execute these Orders; but that Place which I must find out, where I may have the Water, that would I learn.

Cho. Here at this Wood, O Stranger, but if you have need of any Thing, there is an Inhabitant who will inform you.

Ism. I go therefore to this pious Work.

Antig. But thou here guard my Father, nor ought we to repine at those Services we pay to our Parents.

ACT

106 OEDIPUS COLONEUS.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Chorus, Oedipus, Antigone.

Cho. ^z It is a grievous Thing to awake an Evil that lay long asleep, yet I desire to hear —

Oed. What?

Cho. Of the Cause of your sad and miserable Calamity in which you are fallen.

Oed. O by your kind Reception do not make me repeat the Story of my Grievs, for I have endur'd sad Hardships.

Cho. That Rumour which is much spread, nor as yet ceaseth, I desire to hear.

Oed. Alas, alas!

Cho. Be content I beseech you.

Oed. Wo is me.

Cho. Obey me, and I in my turn will tell as much as you.

Oed. I have suffered Evil, Strangers, I have suffered, but God knows unwillingly, and none of them were of my own Choice.

Cho. But how?

Oed. The City unknowing joined me to an incestuous Marriage-Bed.

^z *It is a grievous Thing to, &c.]* *Ismene* being gone, the *Chorus* desires *Oedipus* to relate the Story of his Misfortunes, which he is unwilling to do.

Cho.

OEDIPUS COLONEUS. 107

Cho. Didst thou (as I hear) partake thy Mother's wretched Bed?

Oed. Wo is me! It is Death to hear these Things, but these two are descended from me.

Cho. How say'st thou?

Oed. O Children, Fruits of my Crimes.

Cho. O *Jupiter*!

Oed. They are born by one Mother's painful Throws.

Cho. They are therefore your Children, and likewise Sisters of their Father.

Oed. Alas!

Cho. Alas indeed!

Oed. Numberless Evils.

Cho. Thou hast suffered.

Oed. I have suffered sad Evils.

Oed. Thou hast done.

Oed. I have not done.

Cho. What therefore?

Oed. * I received a Gift, which, unfortunate Wretch, I wish I had never received of the City.

Cho. Thou Wretch, why therefore didst thou commit that Murder?

Oed. What is it thou desirest to know?

Cho. Of your Father.

Oed. Alas thou addest one Sorrow to another.

* *I received a Gift.*] i. e. His Mother in Marriage, as a Recompence for solving the *Ænigma* of *Sphinx*.

Cho.

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Cho. Thou art undone.

Oed. I am undone, but I have —

Cho. What is that?

Oed. A just Excuse.

Cho. What Excuse?

Oed. I will tell thee, I have slain and destroyed others, but by Law guiltless, and ignorant I did it.

Cho. But the King is come here to us, *Theseus* the Son of *Ægeus*.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Theseus, Oedipus, Antigone.

Thef. Having heard formerly from many of the bloody Ruin of your Eyes, I know you to be the Son of *Laius*, and now since I have heard of you in the Way, I know you better; for your Habit and miserable Body declare who you are. In Pity therefore to your sad State, I would know of you, unhappy *Oedipus*, what dost thou demand of us or of the City? Thy self or this miserable Attendant on thee speak: For you must urge some prodigious Request which I will refuse. The Dangers which have threatned me in foreign Lands, as they do every Stranger, have taught me to abandon none, nor refuse my Aid against his Dangers: For being a Man, I am sensible that the Events which to Morrow may
bring

bring to pass, are not more certainly known to me than they are to you.

Oed. O *Theseus*, thou hast shewn thy noble Worth in few Words; so that I need to speak but little, for thou hast spoke both who I am, of what Father born, and from what Land I came; so that nothing remains to me but to speak what I require, and my Discourse is done.

Thef. Tell me what you require.

Oed. I come to deliver my miserable Body a Gift to you, not desirable for Sight, but the Advantage from it is greater than its Form is beauteous.

The. What Advantage dost thou come to bring?

Oed. You may know in Time but not at present.

The. When will the Advantage by you be made appear?

Oed. When I die and you bury me.

The. Thou askest the last Things of Life, middle Things thou forgettest, or makest light of.

Oed. There those middle Things are likewise given me.

The. A small Favour dost thou ask of me.

Oed. But observe, here is not a small Conflict.

The. Whether do you speak with respect to your own kindred or me?

Oed.

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Oed. They will necessitate me to depart hence.

The. Then if they will, it is unfit that you continue in Banishment.

Oed. When I would have fled, they did not permit me.

The. Weak Man, in Adversity Anger is not decent.

Oed. When you shall have learnt all the Truth, then admonish me; but in the mean Time let me speak.

The. Inform me, for I ought not to speak without Judgment.

Oed. O *Theseus*, I have suffered sad Evils upon Evils.

The. Do you mean the antient Calamities of your House?

Oed. No, for that Discourse is in the Mouth of every one in *Greece*.

The. What is that you suffer beyond human bearing?

Oed. Thus it is with me, I was driven out of my Country by my own Offspring, nor is it allowed me again to return, as being a Parricide.

The. Why therefore should they send for you to live apart from them?

Oed. A divine Oracle obliges them.

The. What Misfortunes do they fear from the Oracle?

Oed. That it is their Fate to be overcome in this Land.

The.

OEDIPUS COLONEUS. III

The. How can these grievous Quarrels happen between them and me?

Oed. The Gods alone are free from the Decays of Age and Death, all other Things powerful Time confounds; the Vigour of the Earth fades, of Bodies likewise fades; Faith dies, Unfaithfulness revives, and the same Spirit of Unity is not lasting among Friends, nor with one City towards another: Those Things which once were pleasant, become bitter, and the same Things again pleasant. So likewise now if a settled Tranquillity seems to reign between the *Thebans* and you, a long Succession of many succeeding Nights and Days will at last disclose that fatal Period, wherein they will dissolve this mutual Harmony in War, for a small Fault, when my sleeping buried Carcase, though long cold, shall occasion the spilling of their warm Blood, if *Jove* be still *Jove*, and *Apollo* be true. But it is not agreeable to speak unalterable Oracles; indulge me in those Favours which I first did ask, keeping only your Faith, and you shall never say you received *Oedipus* an useless Inhabitant of those Places, if the Gods do not deceive me.

Cho. Before, O King, these and such like Speeches this Man spoke relating to this Land.

The. Who therefore should reject the Benevolence of such a Man? Should I, whose Palace before was always a common Refuge
even

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even for captive Foes? But this Man comes a Suppliant of the Goddesses, and pays not to me and this Land a small Tribute. For all these Reasons I respect him, and I will never reject his Kindness, but will grant him a Seat in this Land. If it be pleasing to thee, Stranger, to remain here, I order you to take Care of him; but if it please him, he may go with me. I allow thee, *Oedipus*, to judge and chuse which thou wilt, and I shall agree with you.

Oed. O *Jove*! may all Happiness attend such good Men.

The. What wouldst thou therefore, go into my Palace?

Oed. If I may have Liberty, there is a Place here.

The. Wherein what wilt thou do? For I will not resist you.

Oed. Wherein I shall overcome those who banished me.

The. Great then is the Benefit of your residing here.

Oed. Ay, if you make good to me the Promise of your Assistance.

The. Trust that to me, I will not betray you.

Oed. I will not bind you by Oath as a wicked Man.

The. You should gain no more by that than by my Word.

Oed. How therefore will you do?

The.

OEDIPUS COLONEUS. 113

The. What dost thou chiefly fear?

Oed. There will come Men.

The. Then these will take Care.

Oed. Beware of the Consequence if you leave me.

The. Teach me not what I must do.

Oed. There is an absolute Necessity to fear.

The. My Heart fears not.

Oed. Thou knowest not their Threats.

The. I know that no Man shall lead thee away home by Force from me: Many Threats, and many vain Words in Rage they may breathe; but when the Mind is firm with its own Strength, Threats are no more; but though they be able to speak terrible Things to these of leading you away, I know the ² Danger of taking you away by Force will affright them from the Attempt. Therefore you may be of Courage without my Counsel, if *Apollo* sent you hither; likewise tho' I be not present, I know that my Name will secure you, that you will not suffer ill.

² *The Danger of taking you away by Force will affright them from the Attempt.*] Φανήσε³ μακρὸν τὸ δεῦρον πέρατος, καὶ πλῶσιμον. There will appear a long Sea, and unnavigable. For as Dangers of the Seas affright Men from sailing, so hazardous Enterprizes affright Men from undertaking them.

ACT I. SCENE VIII.

Chorus.

STROPHE I.

Cho. Thou art come, Stranger, unto these fertile Regions, the best Pastures of all the Earth, a fruitful Hill, where the sweet Nightingale chiefly frequenting, sings with quivering Voice in green Valleys, sitting under shady Tufts of Ivy, and fruitful Leaves of the God *Bacchus*, unpierced by the Sun, nor shatter'd by any Storms of Winds, where raging *Bacchus* always walks, conversant among his divine Nourfes.

ANTISTROPHE I.

^c *Narcissus* bearing beautiful Leaves flourishes daily by celestial Dew, with which a

^c *Narcissus bearing beautiful Leaves, &c.*] Commentators differ upon this Passage: Some say that by the great Goddesses are meant *Ceres* and *Proserpine*; others say the Furies. They who contend for the former Opinion say, ἡμόιον εἶχουσιν αὐτὰς σεφανίδας. But the other Opinion seems to be the truest, for this Place was sacred to the Furies. Secondly, *Euphorion* saith, Ἐυφροῖον ἀργῆτες θυγατεῖδας Φόρκον, Ναρκισσοῖο ἱππεφίης πλοκαμῖδας. Eumenides the beautiful Daughters of Phorcon

Crown

Crown according to the ancient Custom is knit in honour to the great Goddesses; and here the Fields are gilt with gilden Saffron; nor do the never sleeping Fountains which nourish the Streams of *Cephiſſus* fail; but daily fruitful to the Fields, with a perpetual Stream he glides; nor do the Choirs of Muses abhor these Places, nor golden *Venus*.

STROPHE II.

There is here such a Thing as I never heard of in the Land of *Asia*, nor in *Dorica* the great Island of *Pelops*; a Plant which grows of it self. A Terror to the destroying Sword, which chiefly flourishes in this Region, ^d the Leaf of the brown fruitful O-

crown'd with Narcissus. It is ascribed to them either because it grows near Tombs, or from its Name, which alludes to the Word *ναρξάν* to affright, which is the Business of those Goddesses. Again, if it be the ancient Crown of *Proserpine*, or the Flower which she was gathering to make a Crown when she was born away by *Pluto*, *Sophocles* would not have used the plural Number to comprehend *Ceres* likewise. Lastly, in the *Theſmophoria*, there were no such Crowns used, but the High-Priest, the Priestesses, and Torch-Bearer wore Crowns of Myrtle and Yew.

^d *The Leaf of the brown Olive-Tree*.] The Scholiast on this Passage cites the Words of *Iſter*, saying, that there was in the Academy a Branch of that Olive Tree which grew in the *Acropolis*, and they decreed that whoever cut it down should be deemed accursed whether Friend or Enemy; whereupon when *Archidamus*, Son of

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live Tree. Neither young Man nor one in old Age who commands durst destroy it, but the Eye of *⁠ Jupiter Morios* is always watchful to guard it, and brown eyed *Minerva*.

ANTISTROPHE II.

I have another Commendation for this Metropolis to mention, which is indeed its greatest Glory, a Gift bestow'd upon her by the great Deity, and that is, that it is excellent for breeding Horses of most generous

Zeuxidamus King of the *Lacedæmonians*, invaded *Attica* with ten thousand *Peloponnesians* and *Bæotians*, they ravaged all the Countrey, yet would not hurt those Olives which grew in the Academy for fear of the Curse; yet *Aristotle* informs us that the Conqueror in any the Games which were exercis'd at the Celebration of the *Panathenæa*, a Festival in Honour of *Minerva*, received a Crown of them. These Olives were called *μύραι*, and the Tree was produced by *Minerva* in a Contention with *Neptune* which should give Name to *Athena*, and therefore they were sacred to her. Some derive the Name from the Word *μῆρος*, *Death*, in Remembrance of the Misfortune of *Halirrhothius* the Son of *Neptune*, who in a Rage at his Father's Defeat, offering to cut down the Olive Tree, missed his Aim, and gave himself a fatal Blow. Others derive the Name from *μῆρος*, i. e. *part*, because according to some, the Olives of which the Victors Crown consisted, were given by Contribution, every one being obliged to contribute his Part towards the Solemnization of this Festival.

⁠ Jupiter Morios.] The Scholiast calls him *Ζῆὺς ὁ ἐπὶ Ἀκαδημίας*, *Jupiter near the Academy*; for there the Tree grew, and *Jupiter* had a Temple near it.

kind, and the Practice of the naval Art. O Son of *Saturn*, King *Neptune*, thou hast rais'd it to all this Glory. Thou first didst make the Rein a Restraint to the Horse for these Cities, and the Ship well stor'd with Oars grasp'd by the Rowers Hands as swiftly rides upon the yielding Waves, as the ^f *Nereides* who have a hundred Feet.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Antigone, Oedipus, Chorus.

Ant.



Land commended with much Praise, now is it convenient for you to shew your Merit of that noble Praise.

Oed. What sudden Accident hath caused thy Transport, Child?

Ant. *Creon* approaches to us not without Guards.

Oed. Dear Strangers, lov'd old Men to me, now the Time of Safety approaches.

Cho. Be of good Courage, it will come; tho'

^f *Nereides who have a hundred Feet.*] They are the Daughters of *Nereus*, Son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, and are said to be fifty in number.

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I am an old Man, yet the Strength of this Land is not old.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Creon and Followers, Oedipus, Antigone, Chorus.

Cre. Ye noble Inhabitants of this Land, I see in your Eyes, that you are struck with sudden Fear at my coming. You need not fear me, or speak an ill-boding Word; I come not as though willing to do any violent Act, since I am an old Man, and know that, I am come to the most powerful City of *Greece*. I was sent to persuade this Man to follow me to the *Theban* Land, and not by one, but I was commanded by all the *Thebans* to undertake the Task; for my Affinity to him obliges me more than any other to lament his Misfortunes. But, O miserable *Oedipus*, hear me and come home, for the whole People of *Thebes* call thee as they justly ought, and I so much the more justly than all the rest, as I grieve the more for your present Evils, otherwise I were the worst of Men; for I see thee a miserable Stranger, a continual Wanderer, wanting all Support but such as a wretched Maiden can give. Alas poor Princess, I never thought she should fall into such an Abyss of Misery, into which the unhappy Maid is fallen, whose Lot is always to provide the Sustenance of Life for you with poor Diet, so big and yet unmarried,

ried, and is expos'd to the Injuries of every Stranger. Sad indeed is that Reproach! O wretched, I have reproach'd thee my self, and all our Race, but it is impossible to conceal Things that are so plain. Now thou by our Father's Gods, obey me, *Oedipus*, submit to me and willingly return to your City, the Palace of your Ancestors, bidding farewell to this City; for it is fit your Father's House have most of your Esteem, to which you owe your Education.

Oed. O thou who durst do all Things, and who concealest in every fair Word some subtle Contrivance, why dost thou attempt those Things, and wouldest a second Time plunge me into my former Miseries, that I might again renew my Grief? Before when I labour'd with so many domestick Evils, when it would have even been a Pleasure to me to depart the Land, you would not grant me that Favour tho' I desired it; but when oppress'd with Sorrow I panted for Ease, and would lay down the Weight and lead my Life at home, understanding my Rage proceeded too far; then you expelled me and drove me into Exile. Where was then this boasted Esteem for your Relation? But now again when you see this City and the People my Friends, you strive to draw me hence, and mildly speak the harshest Things: And thus in making Offers of your Love to those who slight it, you resemble him who will

H 4

give

give nothing nor assist thee at thy urgent Suit, but when your Mind is satisfied with those Things which you before desired, then should make Offers of his Gifts, when they can merit no Thanks; would you not call that a needless Favour? And such Gifts thou offerest me, in bare Pretences good, but bad in Fact. I shall lay before these the Proofs of thy Baseness: Thou comest to lead me away, not to my own Palace, but to place me near the Borders of the City, that it might be free from Harms from this Land, but you will never be so fortunate: But on the contrary, my evil Genius will always infest your Countrey, and my Sons will only have so much of my Land as will serve them to die in. Do I not better understand the Fate of the *Thebans* than you? Very much, by so much as those are wiser of whom I am informed, & *Apollo*, and *Jove* who is his Sire. Thou

[& *Apollo*, and *Jove* who is his Sire.] The Ancients thought that *Apollo* only delivered those Oracles to Men which he receiv'd from his Father *Jove*, as *Æschylus* saith in his *Suppliants*.

Στείλιν ὅπως τάχιστα ταῦτα δὲ παλιν
Ζεὺς ἰγχεῖν Λοξία.

Send quickly, send, for so my Jove inspired
Phœbus commands.

H. H.

On the same Account in the *Eumenides*, when he brings in *Apollo* commanding Men to reverence his own Oracles, he adds, they must also pay due Re-
comest

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comest hither prepar'd with a lying Tongue,
and much Violence of Speech, but thou shalt
gain more Harm than Safety by thy Talk.
Begone, for in those Enterprizes thou wilt
not prevail, and suffer me to live here, for
we do not live unhappy if we are content.

Cre. Dost thou think that thy Afflictions
fall more heavy on me than on thy self, that
thus thou talkest?

Oed. It would be my great Comfort if thou
wert neither able to persuade me, nor these
my Friends.

Cre. O unhappy Wretch, altho' advanced
in Age, thou shewest no Proofs of thy Under-
standing, but even in old Age maintainest thy
Folly.

Oed. Thou art bitter in Speech, but I
know no just Man that always speaks well.

Cre. These Things differ, to speak much
and speak seasonably.

Oed. How short but seasonable thou speak-
est this?

Cre. Not for them who are of your Mind.

Oed. Begone, for I will speak for these, nei-

spect to those of *Jupiter*, without mentioning any of
the other prophetick Deities; his Words are these:

Κ' ἐγώ τε χρησμός τις ἐμὸς τε ἔ Διὸς
Ταρχεῖν κελύω.

To mine and Jove's most sacred Oracles
Pay due Obedience.

H. H.

ther

ther regard me, nor stay any longer where I should dwell

Cre. I call these to witness, and not you, what Words thou shalt answer for to your Friends, if I take thee.

Oed. Who should take me by Force from these my Companions?

Cre. But when absent from them, then thou shalt suffer.

Oed. How dost thou think to execute what thou hast threatned?

Cre. Of your two Daughters I have just now taken one, and sent her away, and this likewise I will speedily take.

Oed. Wo is me!

Cre. Thou soon shalt have a greater Cause to lament. [*Takes hold of Antigone.*]

Oed. Hast thou my Child?

Cre. Ay, but I will not have her long.

Oed. O Strangers, what will you do? Will you betray me? Will you not drive this impious Wretch out of the Land?

Cho. Hence, begone quickly, Stranger; thou dost not justly these Things, nor what thou didst before.

Cre. Let it be your Business to take her away tho' against her Will, if she will not go freely. [*To his Guards.*]

Ant. Wo is me a Wretch, whither shall I flee? What help shall I find from God or Man? [*They take her.*]

Cho. What dost thou, Stranger?

OEDIPUS COLONEUS. 123

Cre. I will not touch this Man, but my own Niece.

Oed. O Governors of the Land.

Cho. O Stranger thou dost not justly.

Cre. Ay, justly.

Cho. How justly?

Cre. I lead my own away.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE.

Ant. O City.

Cho. What dost thou, Stranger? If thou wilt not let her go, thou shalt prove the Strength of my Hands.

Cre. Keep me off.

Cho. I will, so that thou shalt not discommend me.

Oed. Thou resistest the City, if thou injurest me.

Cho. Did I not foretel the Consequence?

Cre. Let the Maid go quickly from your Hands.

[The Chorus take Antigone from Creon and his Followers.]

Cho. Command not where thou dost not rule.

Cre. I tell thee let her go.

Cho. But I bid thee begone. Come forth, come Inhabitants; the City is destroy'd, my City by Force; come hither to my help.

Ant.

124 OEDIPUS COLONEUS.

Ant. I am drag'd away, a Wretch, O Strangers, Strangers.

[*Creon's Followers seize Antigone again.*]

Oed. Where art thou, my Daughter?

Ant. Taken away by Force.

Oed. O Daughter, stretch out thy Hands.

Ant. But I cannot.

Cre. Will you not lead her hence?

Oed. O me, unhappy Wretch!

Cre. No longer shall you walk by these Supporters. [*Antigone carried off.*] But since you will prevail against your Country and Friends, of whom commanded I do this, and being likewise a King, do, prevail; but in Time thou shalt know that neither thou dost now do well for thy self, nor what you did before against the Will of your Friends, gratifying thy Anger which is always hurtful to thee.

Cho. Stay here, Stranger.

Cre. I charge you touch me not.

Cho. I will not let you go, since you have deprived me of them.

Cre. You shall soon lay down a greater Ransom for the whole City, for I will not only take these.

Cho. What wilt thou enterprize?

Cre. I will take him and lead him away.

Cho. It is dreadful what thou sayest.

Cre. And that shall be now done, unless the King of the Countrey hinder me.

Oed. Base Slave, wilt thou touch me?

Cre. I command thee to hold thy Peace.

Oed,

OEDIPUS COLONEUS. 125

Oed. Let not the Goddeffes of our Land restrain my Tongue from cursing thee, who hast taken away my Child, the only Eye I have, by Force; that that Loss might be further added to my before lost Eyes. But may the Sun, the God who sees all Things, grant that thou and thy Kindred may lead such a Life in old Age as I do.

Cre. Behold this, Inhabitants of this Land.

Oed. They see both me and thee, and understand, that indeed injured, I defend my self by Words.

Cre. I will not restrain my Anger, but I will lead thee away by Force, tho' alone, and oppressed with Age.

ANTISTROPHE.

Oed. Wo is me a Wretch!

Cho. What Confidence hadst thou to come hither? Thinkest thou to effect thy cursed Designs?

Cre. I think so.

Cho. If thou dost, I count this no more a City.

Cre. In a just Cause the small overcome the great.

Oed. Do you hear what he saith?

Cho. But he shall not do so.

Cre. *Jove* may know that, not thou.

Cho. Is not this a Reproach?

Cre.

126 OEDIPUS COLONEUS.

Cre. A Reproach indeed, yet must be born.

Cho. Hoa! all the City, all the Leaders;
Leaders, come with Speed, since they proceed
too far.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Theseus, Oedipus, Chorus, Creon.

Thes. What Noise is this? What is the
Matter? Out of what Fear dost thou call me
^h from sacrificing Oxen at the Altar to the
marine God, the Guardian of this Hill? Speak,
that I may know all on Account whereof I
came hither, with quicker Steps than easie to
my Feet.

Oed. O most beloved Friend, I know your
Voice, I have suffered dreadful Things just
now from this Man.

Thes. What are they, who hath injured
thee? Speak.

Oed. This *Creon*, whom thou seest, comes,
and hath taken away of my Children the sole
Comfort of my Age.

Thes. What say'st thou?

^h *From sacrificing Oxen.*] The Contrivance of the
Poet is here admirable, in supposing *Theseus*, at the
Time of this Dispute, to have been at *Neptune's* Altar
offering Sacrifices, and to have heard the Clamour;
and this saves the Trouble of repeating to him the whole
Matter.

Oed.

Oed. Thou hast heard what I have suffered.

Thef. Therefore let some of the Servants with all Speed go to the Altars, and assemble all the People, both Horse and Foot, from the Sacrifices, that quitting all Affairs, they may hasten to the Place where two Roads meet, lest the Girls pass by; for I were a Laughing-stock to this Stranger should I be subdued by Violence. Go with Speed as I have commanded you; but this Man, since I came in Anger, of which he is worthy, I will not suffer to escape my Hands without a Wound. And now by the same Law by which he came hither, shall he be treated; thou shalt not go out of this Land before thou bringest them, and settest them before me. Since thou hast both dishonoured me, the Memory of thy Parents, and thy own Country: Who coming into a City which exerciseth Justice, and doth nothing contrary to Law; afterwards, despising the Laws of the Countrey, intruding into it by Force, didst take away what thou wouldest, didst use open Force, and suppose that my City was destitute of Subjects, or enslaved; and even my self am nothing in thy Eyes. *Thebes* did not instruct thee in these Principles, for it is not used to bring up unjust Men, nor would it commend you, if it understood you ravished what belongs to me and the Gods by Force, bringing away miserable Supplicants. If I were to go into your
Country,

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Countrey, though I had the most just of Reasons, without the King of the Countrey's Leave, whosoever he is, I would not draw away by Force nor take ought, but should know how a Stranger ought to behave himself among the Citizens. But thou shamest unworthily this City, and a Multitude of Years both makes you an old Man, and void of Understanding. Therefore I commanded before, and now I command, that somebody with the greatest Speed bring back the Maidens, unless by Constraint and unwillingly thou wilt be ⁱ an Inhabitant of this Land : And this I say to thee, my Mind agreeing with my Words.

Cho. Thou seest, Stranger, in what Case thou art; as to thy Ancestors thou appearest just, but by ill Deeds provest thy self base.

Cre. I neither thinking this City without Men, O Son of *Ægeus*, or without Counsel (as thou say'st) have done this Deed. But knowing this, that no Love for my Kindred

ⁱ *An Inhabitant of this Land.] Gr. μέτοικος. Upon which the Scholiast says, μετόικος καλεῖται τὸς ἀπὸ ἑτέρας πόλεως μεταβαίνοντας, καὶ κατοικῶντας ἐν ἑτέραις, i. e. they are called μέτοικοι, Metoicoi; Who come from one Country to inhabit in another. Yet they were more properly called μέτοικοι, who came from other Countries, and fixed at Athens. And Theseus instituted a Sacrifice for their Sake called μετοίκια, which was celebrated on the 16th Day of Hecatombæon.*

should

should possess you, so as to maintain them by Force against my Will; and I knew that you would not receive a Parricide and polluted Person, who in an incestuous Marriage begot an Offspring. And I knew likewise that there was such an ^k *Areopagus*, so well affected to the Citizens of this Land, as would not suffer such a Wanderer to live with them in the City. In Confidence of these Things I seized this Prey. And I had not done it, had he not cursed me and my Race with bitter Imprecations: Wherefore I suffering, thought fit to act thus in Return; 'for Anger is a Passion which Death alone can extirpate, since no Grief disturbs the Dead. Wherefore do thou what thou wilt; since Solitude, while I say what is just, makes me little; though of this Age I will endeavour to resist these Practices.

*being then
aged*

Oed. O shameless Confidence! whom dost thou think thou reproachest? Me, who am an old Man, or your self, who hast with much Freedom of Speech ran over Murthers, Marriages and Calamities, which I unfortunate unwillingly endured? For so it pleased the Gods I should, being angry on some Account with our former Race. But in my self thou

^k *Areopagus.*] Gr. "Ἀρειοπάγος, ὅς, ἀρειοπάγος, Literally, a Hill of *Mars*. It was a Council at *Athens* which consisted of Judges who determined capital Matters, and near it was a Temple of *Mars*.

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canst not find out any Offence, worthy Re-
 proach, by which I have offended against my
 self or my Kindred. For if any Oracle was
 delivered to my Father that he should dye by
 his Children, how can you justly reproach me
 with that, who was not as yet sprung from
 the Seed of my Father and Mother, but was
 then unborn? But if I was born miserable, as
 I was (for I fell into the Hands of my Father
 and killed him, not knowing what I did, or
 against whom) how canst thou justly blame
 an involuntary Crime? But art thou not a-
 shamed to force me to mention my Marriage
 with my Mother, she being thy Sister? Which
 I shall soon speak of, nor will I now be
 silent, since thou hast given a Loose to thy
 licentious Tongue: She bore me, O Mife-
 ries! being ignorant, yet she bore me, and
 bore to me an Offspring a Reproach to her
 self. But one Thing therefore I know, that
 thou willingly reproachest her and me with
 these Things, though unwillingly I married
 her, with Grief I mention it; but neither for
 this Marriage can I be justly reproached, nor
 for my Father's Murther, which you always
 object against me with opprobrious Language.
 Only answer me one Thing which I enquire;
 Imagine one should stand ready prepared to
 kill you, being a just Man, wouldst thou en-
 quire if he was thy Father who was about
 to kill thee, or wouldst thou immediately pu-
 nish him? I think if thou lovedst thy Life,
 thou

thou wouldst punish the Author of thy Danger, nor consider whether it is just or not. These Evils I my self ran into, the Gods driving me on; for which I believe my Father, were he alive, would not condemn me. But although thou art unjust, thou thinkest thou speakest every Word right, whether it be fit to be mentioned or not: Thou reproachest me before these, and art pleased to flatter the Name of *Theseus* and *Athens* thus, that it is well inhabited; but while thus thou praisest it, many Things thou forgettest, that this is the most religious of all the Cities wheresoever the Gods are worshipped, from whence thou stealest me a suppliant old Man, and makest a Captive of me, and goest away, taking my Daughters. Wherefore I come calling upon our Goddesses, and beseech them with Supplications, that they would come Assistants to me, and make you know by what Men this City is guarded.

Cho. This Stranger seems a good Man, O King! but his Calamities are miserable, and worthy to be pitied.

Thef. Enough of Words; those that went hence make Haste away, and do we stand still who have thus suffered?

Cre. What therefore dost thou command a weak old Man to do?

Thef. To lead the way, and I will go thy Companion, that if in these Places thou hast our Maids, thy self mayest shew me where

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they are; but if your Companions seized of them, escape, nothing can I do; for others shall hasten and apprehend thy Companions, who shall not be able to escape out of this Land, that they may pray to your Gods. But go before and know what State thou art in, and how Fortune hath caught thee in those Snares which thou didst lay for others. Possessions are not to be kept by unjust Frauds, nor shall you find me otherwise as to this Affair, since I have found thee neither come naked nor unprepared for so great an Affront, with all this Boldness. But there is something in which confiding thou hast offered this Violence, which I must find out, and not suffer the City to be overcome by one Man. Knowest thou ought of these Things? Or do they seem to thee now spoke in vain, as when thou first didst conceive this Fraud they would have seemed.

Cre. Thou hast spoken nothing to me worthy of Blame. But at home we shall know what is fit to be done.

Thef. Now go away and threaten, but thou *Oedipus* remain here quiet, being confident that unless I die, I will not cease before I make thee Master of thy Children.

Oed. May the Gods prosper thee for this noble Act, and for your just Care for me.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Chorus, Strophe.

Cho. ¹ I wish I were where Crowds of Enemies do mix together in loud roaring Battle, or ^m at the *Pythian*, or the ⁿ bright Shores, where the venerable Priestesses look after the Sacrifices of *Ceres* for Men, and whose Tongue the golden ^o Key of the *Eumolpian* Priests clo-

I wish I were where Crowds.] The *Chorus* supposing *Creon* to come with a Power, in Order to force away *Oedipus*, and that *Theseus* would defend him, concluded there would of Necessity be a Battle between them, therefore wishes he might be a Spectator of it.

^m *At the Pythian.] i. e.* At the Altar of *Pythian Apollo* in *Marathon*, which was about ten Miles from *Athens*, famous for *Theseus's* Victory over the *Marathonian Bull*.

ⁿ *Bright Shores.]* Shining from the Light of the Torches and mystick Fire, made Use of in the Rites of *Ceres* in *Eleusina*.

^o *Key of the Eumolpian Priests.]* Because those Mysteries are not to be revealed, the Tongue is, as it were, locked with Keys. They were sacred to *Ceres*, and her Daughter *Proserpine*. Some think they were instituted by *Ceres* her self: Others are of Opinion that the first *Eumolpus* introduced them, but *Acesodorus* assures us, it was a Fifth from him: For he writes that *Eleusis* was first inhabited by Natives, then by *Thracians*, who came in with *Eumolpus* to assist him in the Wars against *Erechtheus*, where he begat *Ceryx*; and he begat *Eumolpus* the Second, he *Antiphemus*, he *Musaeus* the Poet, and he *Eumolpus* the Third, who insti-

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seth up, where I suppose warlike *Theseus*, and the two unmarried Sisters, will join in Battle with a loud Clamour in these Countries.

ANTISTROPHE I

Will they approach at P the western Side of the Rock of *Niphas*, in the verdant Pastures of *Oeta*? They shall neither escape with Horses nor swift Chariots, but shall be taken: For terrible is the Violence of our Inhabitants, terrible the Vigour of the *Athenians*; every Rein displays its Lustre; all hasten to ascend the Horses well adorned with various Trappings, who honour *Minerva* the Rider, and *Neptune* the beloved Son of *Rhea*.

STROPHE II.

Do they now act, or delay? How doth my Mind presage, that *Creon* will quickly deliver the Maid who suffered sad Affliction for her Kindred? *Jupiter* performs something every

tuted the Mysteries of *Ceres* and *Proserpine*, and the Order of Priests called *Eumolpidae*. The same Author says they were observed every Year.

^a *Western Countries.*] He means here Mount *Ægaleos*, it being the utmost western Boundary of this People, dividing them from the *Messenians*. He sums up the Places where it is most probable the Fight should be between *Creon* and *Theseus*, at the Rock of *Niphas*, called the smooth Rock, or the Hill of *Ægaleos*.

Day.

Day. I am a Prophet of fortunate Wars. O that I were a nimble Dove, that with a speedy Flight, I might ascend the Clouds of the Sky, to see what my Mind presages concerning this Battel.

ANTISTROPHE II.

O *Jupiter*, Governor of all the Gods, who beholdest all Things, grant the Rulers of this Land with a victorious Power to overcome this Troop which is an easy Prey. Thee, venerable Maid *Pallas Minerva*, and *Apollo* the Hunter, I invoke, and his Sister *Diana*, the Pursuer of spotted nimble Deers, I beseech you to come with your divine Assistance both to this Countrey and the Citizens.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Chorus, Oedipus.

Cho.



Wandering Stranger, you will not say to me who see what I foretel, that I am a false Prophet, for I see the Maids now approaching near again.

Oed. Where, where, what say'st thou?

ACT III. SCENE II.

Antigone, Ismene, Theseus, Oedipus, Chorus.

Ant. O Father, Father, which of the Gods
1103 granted you to see the best of Men who sent
us hither to you?

Oed. O Daughter, are you here?

Ant. The Hands of *Theseus* and the dear
Companions of his Arms preserved us.

Oed. Come to your Father, Child, and
support this Body which had given up all
Hope.

Ant. You ask what you may obtain; this
Favour suits with our Desire.

Oed. Where therefore, where are you?

Ant. We both approach together.

Oed. Most beloved.

Ant. Every Thing suits with our Father's
Desire.

Oed. O Supporters of your Father.

Ant. But unhappy Supporters of an un-
happy Father.

Oed. I have now recover'd my dear Chil-
dren, nor should I be most unhappy though I
died, while you are near me: Support, my
Child, my right Side, keep by your Father,
ease me who was before a forsaken and mise-
rable Wanderer, and tell me all that was done
as short as may be, for a short Discourse suits
best your Age.

Ant.

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Ant. This is he who preserv'd us, it is fit to hear him, Father, and so will my Business be short.

Oed. O *Theseus*, wonder not ^{at my importunity} what pleases me, for my Children coming unhop'd for, I prolong my Speech. I know that this Satisfaction could not proceed to me from any other besides you; for thou hast preserv'd ~~her~~ ^{them} and no other: And may the Gods grant all the good I wish you and this Land, since by Experience I am taught to prove, that Piety with you alone of all Men dwells; and Equity and Truth: Knowing this therefore, with these Words I testify, that what I possess I possess by you and no other. Stretch forth to me, my Lord, thy Right Hand, that I may touch and kiss thee, if it be just: But what do I say? Why should I being a miserable Man, desire to touch a Man in whom there is no Spot of Guilt? I will not let you go, for it is fit those only of all Men who are experienc'd in Ills should grieve for others. But thou from henceforth partake my Joy, and hereafter let me feel the same good Effects of your Protection as to this Day I have.

Thes. I wonder not why thou hast enlarg'd thy Discourse, delighted with thy Children, nor that before me thou hast received the Tale from them which I had to tell. We conceive no Grief from thence, for we do not strive that our Lives should be famous more by Words than Deeds, and of this my Deeds have

have given good Proof, for we have been false to none of those Promises which we have sworn to execute, but come bringing them safe and pure from all Things which were threatned. — How that Contest was ended why should I boast, which you may know yourself from these? But revolve upon the Words which just now were told me as I came hither, which tho' they seem but trifling, yet deserve your Wonder, for Men ought to neglect nothing that is to be done.

Oed. What is it? Tell me, who know nought of those Things you inquire of.

Thef. They say some Man, no Countrey-man of yours, but a Relation, sits at the Altar of *Neptune*, where I was sacrificing before I came hither.

Oed. Who is he? What doth he desire by sitting down there?

Thef. I know but one Thing, as they tell me; he desireth some short Discourse with you, in no proud Manner.

Oed. What is it? For his sitting at the Altar is not on a small Account.

Thef. They tell you he comes to discourse with you, and desires the Liberty to retire safely the same Way again.

Oed. Who should it be who sits at this Altar?

Thef. Think if you have any Relation among the *Argives*, who should desire to obtain that Request of you.

Oed.

Oed. Most loved of Men, stay where you are.

Thef. What has happen'd to you?

Oed. Ask not.

Thef. Tell me what is the Matter.

Oed. I know, having heard of these, who he is that stands there.

Thef. Who is he? Him whom I have reprimanded?

Oed. My hated Son, O King, whose Discourse I could the worst of all Mens bear to hear.

Thef. How? Can you not hear and not act against your Inclinations? How can it be troublesome to you only to hear?

Oed. That Voice comes as the most detested to his Father's Ears. Put me not to the Necessity of submitting to your demand.

Thef. But if this Suppliant's Habit enforces it, consider if Reverence to the Gods is not to be observ'd.

Ant. Father yield to me, tho' I am young I will advise; suffer *Theseus* to gratify his Mind, and the God as he desires, and submit that my Brother should come: Be of Courage, he will not force you from your Opinion, tho' he should speak to you some unbecoming Speeches. What Injury is it to hear Words? For the most excellent Contrivances are first framed in the Mind, then Thoughts instruct the Tongue to utter them by Words. Thou didst beget him, so that it is not Justice for you

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you to repay ill to him, altho' his Deeds to you were most impious and vile. But admit him, for others have had bad Children, and Anger as fierce hath raged in other Breasts, yet moved by the Intreaties of their Friends they have been quite overcome. But thou regard not thy Father and Mother's Injuries, for which you have suffer'd; if you pass them by, yet I am sure you will discern how destructive is the Event of vile Anger: For you have a sad Evidence of this, too plain to be disputed, that you are depriv'd of your Eyes. But comply with us, for those who make but just Demands should not be forced earnestly to intreat, nor should your self be well treated, and not know how to repay the Kindness.

Oed. My Child, your Speeches overcome me by an uneasy Pleasure, but let it be as it pleaseth thee: Only, Stranger, if he comes hither, let none overcome me.

Thef. It is enough I hear you speak once, I will not boast, but know you will be safe if the Gods preserve me.

EPODICA STROPHE.

Cho. Whosoever desires more than a moderate Share of Life, he in my Judgment but indulgeth his Folly; since a long Series of succeeding Days doth only serve to multiply Misfortunes. It is not possible for him to see Delight who grasps at more than is convenient;

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nient; whose Desire is not perfectly accomplished before Death comes; when unmarried Destiny uncelebrated in Choirs, and final Death appears.

ANTISTROPHE.

Not to be born at all, overcomes all Arguments for Life; but since he is born to return thither whence he came as soon as possible, merits the second Praise. For when we are arriv'd at youthful Years, attended with vain Desires, who can escape many Sorrows? Who is not immers'd in Troubles, Murthers, Seditions, Strifes, Quarrels and Envies? Then detested, final, infirm, morose and unfriendly old Age oppresseth us, that we are plunged in numberless Evils.

EPODE.

Wherein I unhappy Man am not alone tormented; for as the northern Shore on every Side is battered by the Winter Waves, so terrible and tempestuous Storms of Fate, and perpetual Evils always torment *Oedipus*, some from the rising of the Sun, some from the Setting, others from the ^r dark *Riphæan* Mountains.


^r *Dark Riphæan Mountains.*] They are called dark, because they lye Westward where the Day closeth and Night comes in.

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Antigone, Oedipus.

Ant. ND now this Stranger comes
alone to us, and from his
Eyes dischargeth Floods of
Tears.

Oed. Who is he ?

Ant. *Polynices* is here hard by, according
as my Mind presaged.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Polynices, Antigone, Oedipus, Chorus.

Pol. ¶ Wo is me ! What shall I do ? Whether, O Children, shall I first mourn my own Evils, or my Father's, of which my Eyes are Witnesses, whom on a strange Land I have found with you here exposed, with such a Habit in which a Filthiness appears that testi-

¶ *Wo is me ! What shall I do ?*] Observe the Cunning of *Polynices*, who doth not begin with a Request, but to get Favour of his Father seems first to pity his Miseries.

fies

fies thy wretched State? But on thy yet more wretched Head deprived of Eyes, thy Hair is exposed to the Injuries of Wind and Sun; and, as it seems, the Food which he eats is like the Habit which he wears. This I a miserable Wretch too lately learned, and declare, that though the worst of Men, I came out of Care for your Preservation, lest you should see your Evils still increasing. But Reverence stands at the Throne of *Jove* in all Deeds which are done there, and before thee, Father, should it stand likewise; for there are Remedies for Offences, but no Defence. Why art thou silent? Speak something, Father, turn not away from me. Will you not answer me any Thing? But in Contempt, send me away without speaking, nor speak why you are angry? O Children of this Man, but my Sisters, try but to move my Father's morose and inaffable Aspect, lest answering never a Word he sends me away dishonoured, and a Suppliant of *Neptune*.

Ant. But speak thou Wretch, on what Account thou art here, for many Words causing Pleasure or Offence, or exciting our Pity, even extort Speech from the Dumb.

Pol. I will speak, for well thou admonishest me first, calling the God to my Assistance, from whom the Governor of this Land hath encouraged me to come hither, granting me Liberty to speak and hear, with Leave in Safety to depart hence; and the same Leave would

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I obtain from you Strangers, from my Sisters, and Father. But why I come, I will tell thee, Father; I am expelled my native Countrey as a Fugitive, because I thought fit I should sit in your all governing Throne, being the Elder. Wherefore *Eteocles* the Younger drove me from my Countrey, nor overcame me with Arguments, nor came to Proof of Hands or Deeds, but by persuading the City, of which Evils I think your Fury persecuting me is chiefly the Cause; for afterwards I heard the same from the Prophets. But when I came to *Dorick Argos*, bringing *Adrastus* my Father-in-Law, I joined to my self some sworn Friends, who are called the Chief of the distant Land, and are much honoured for their Skill in War; that assembling my Forces with seven Leaders against *Thebes*, I might either dye in the Cause of Justice, or cast out of the Land those who did these Things. But let this pass, I will speak why I am come, I address my suppliant Prayers to you and those of my Allies in War; who now with seven Ranks, and seven Files of Spears, surround the *Theban* Countrey, as warlike *Amphiaraus*, who bears the Prize in War, and the Art of Southsaying; the second is *Æteolus Tydeus*, the Son of *Æneus*; the third, *Eteoclus* an *Argive*; the fourth, *Hippomedon* his Father *Talaus* sent; the fifth, *Capaneus* boasts that he will quickly waste with Destruction the City of *Thebes*; the sixth is, *Parthenopæus*
Arcas,

Arcas, being named from his Mother, who was before a Virgin, the faithful Son of *Atalus*. I yours, though not yours, but Son of ill Fortune, but called yours, do lead an intrepid Army from *Argos* against *Thebes*. We all beseech you for your Childrens Sake, and their Safety, praying you to quit your grievous Anger against me, who am hastening the Punishment of my Brother, who expelled me, and deprived me of my Kingdom: For if there be any Faith in Oracles, to whom thou art joyn'd, to those it is said the Victory should belong. Now I beseech you, ^r by the Fountains which yield refreshing Draughts, and by our kindred Gods, to yield to me, and quit your Anger, for we are Beggars and Strangers; and thou a Stranger, and live here flattering others, thou and I having had the same Fortune. But he reigning supream in the Royal Palace (Wo is me!) sporting himself with our Miseries, lives delicately, whom, if you agree to my Mind, with little Pride and as little Labour, I will destroy. So I will lead thee back again, and place thee in thy Palace my self, casting him out by Force. And this if you agree with me I may boast that I will perform; but without you I have no Hope of Safety.

^r By the Fountains, &c.] As tho' he adjured him by the Waters which nourished him, saith the Scho-
last.

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Cho. Answer this Man what is convenient, for the Sake of him who sent him, then send him back again.

Oed. But unless the Governor of this Land had sent him to me, desiring me to hear his Words, he had never heard my Voice; but now since he is thought worthy by *Theseus*, he shall go hence, first hearing from me such Things as will not cheer him. When thou, base Man, didst possess the Sceptre and Throne, (which thy Brother now possesseth in *Thebes*) thy self didst drive out thy Father, and made me an Exile, and to wear those Garments which now thou weepest to see, because thou art in the same Affliction with me. This is not the Object of my Grief, but of my Patience, that I may live in Remembrance of thee, a Parricide. For thou hast made me accustomed to those Misfortunes; thou hast expelled me, it is through thee I wander, so that I am forced to ask of others my daily Food. And unless I had begat those two Daughters for my Nurses, I had not still been as to thy Part; but now they preserve me, they are my Nurses, they are Men, not Women, in bearing part of my Sufferings; but thou art begotten of another, and not of me. Wherefore, though no God yet lets loose his Vengeance against thee, it will not be long, if these Troops move towards the City of *Thebes*; for you will have no Reason to boast your overthrowing that City, but first shall fall all stained with Blood,
and

and your Brother likewise; for so the Curses import which I before pronounc'd against you; and now I likewise implore the same Curses against you, that you may learn to revere your Parents, and may not dishonour your blind Father, because you were begotten of such. These did not so, wherefore your Throne and Kingdom they will possess, if the antiently celebrated Vengeance sits on *Jove's* Throne, according to the Laws. But thou begone, contemptible Wretch, and forsaken of me; ^s taking with thee these Curses which I call for against you. May you neither possess your Father's Country by War, nor return to *Argos*, but die with your Brother's Hand, and kill him by whom you were expelled. Such Imprecations I pronounce, and call against you the hated Darkness of Hell that it may give you Room; and I invoke these Goddesses, and the God of War, to send mortal Hatred between you. Now having heard these Things, be gone, and tell all the *Thebans*, and your Friends likewise, and faithful Comrades, what Gifts *Oedipus* hath distributed to his Sons.

* *Taking with thee these Curses.*] The Scholiast tells us, that the Reason of *Oedipus* his laying these Curses on his Children was as follows: It being the usual Custom with them from every Sacrifice to send *Oedipus* a Shoulder, they through Negligence or Forgetfulness, sent him a Thigh; in which, thinking himself despised, like a passionate and rash Man as he was, he cursed them, wishing they might slay one another, which came to pass accordingly.

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Cho. O *Polynices*, I do not congratulate your Arrival here; now return back with all Speed.

Pol. Wo to my coming! Wo to my Companions unhappy Hour in which I came from *Argos*. Unhappy I whom none of my Companions may speak to, nor may I return again but without speaking! I perish in this Condition! O Sisters, Daughters of *Oedipus*, since you have heard the terrible Things which my Father hath imprecated, do not, by the Gods, those Imprecations relate to you? For which of you thinks to return home? Do not dishonour me, but place me in my Sepulchre, and perform my Obsequies; and this present Praise which you receive for those good Offices you pay my Father, will still be amplified by your kind Assistance to me.

Ant. O *Polynices*! I beseech you yield to this my one Request.

Pol. Dear Sister, what is it? Speak.

Ant. Lead back your Army with all Speed to *Argos*, and do not destroy thy self and the City.

Pol. But that is not possible, for how can I assemble again the same Army if once I flee?

Ant. Why should you again be angry? Or what Advantage will accrue to you from the Destruction of your Countrey?

Pol. It is base to flee, and that I, being the Elder, should be so ridiculed by my Brother.

Ant. Thou seest his Prophecies, how plain he utters them, who pronounces certain Death to you both.

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Pol. My Brother demands what I can never grant.

Ant. Wo is me a Wretch! who will dare to follow you, hearing what he hath prophesied?

Pol. I will not bring back ill News, since it belongs to a good Commander to speak the best, and not to say any Thing terrible.

Ant. Are you thus determined?

Pol. Do not detain me, but this Expedition will be my Care, though unfortunate and cross'd by Reason of my Father, and his Curses. But may *Jove* prosper you if you will pay me your last Offices being dead, since you can no more assist me alive. But let me now go, and fare you well, for hereafter you shall never see me more alive.

Ant. O miserable!

Pol. Do not bewail me.

Ant. Who would not bewail you, Brother, rushing upon Death?

Pol. If I must, I will dye.

Ant. Do not, but yield to me.

Pol. Counsel not what is not fitting.

Ant. O wretched me, if I am deprived of you!

Pol. It is in the Power of God to be born to this or that Fortune, but I pray for you never to fall into Troubles; for you are unworthy every Way to be unfortunate.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

STROPHE I.

Chorus, Oedipus, Antigone.

Cho. New and unfortunate Evils have happened to me from that miserable Stranger, unless they are what Fate decrees must happen; for I will not speak rashly of what the Gods decree. Time fees and disposes all Things increasing Mischief upon others. * The Air thundred, O *Jove*. [*Thunder heard.*]

Oed. My Children, will any of the Inhabitants bring me hither good *Theseus*?

Ant. What Design is it for which you call him? This swift Thunder will quickly send me to the Dead; but send as quick as may be. [*Thunder.*]

* *The Air thundered, O Jove!*] As *Oedipus* had said before there would be Signs of his Death, either Thunder, or Lightning, or Earthquake; so now while the *Chorus* speaks, Thunder is heard, as a Token of his approaching Death. In the unraveling of this Plot there is a Mechanism used, which is equal with that of the Descent of a God; for this Storm, which is sent by *Jove*, supplieth the Place of his personal Appearance. See the Notes upon *Ajax*, Act. I. Scene I.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Chorus, Oedipus.

Cho. Behold another hideous Thunder rends the Sky, an unutterable Sound sent by *Jove*, and Fear causeth my Hair to stand erected. Celestial Lightning flashes again. What End will it produce? I fear the Event, for it comes not in vain, nor without some dire Portent. O great Sky! O *Jove*!

Oed. O Children! the fatal Period of my Life approaches, and there is no Escape.

Cho. How knowest thou that? What Ground hast thou for that Conjecture?

Oed. I know too well; but as quick as may be, let some one go and conduct the King of this Countrey to me.

STROPHE II.

Cho. Alas! alas! behold again an immense Thunder sent by *Jove*, roars all around. Be favourable, *Jove*, be favourable. If thou art come to bring Adversity upon the Earth, may Happiness be my Lot; nor, because I have seen this miserable Man, let me sustain a Loss where Thanks are due. O *Jove*, I invoke thee.

K 4

Oed.

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Cho. What Matter of Secrefy would you commit to his Breast?

Oed. For the Benefits I have received, I would render him due Thanks, as I promised.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Cho. Ho; Son, approach, whether upon the utmost Shore of *Neptune* the Sea God, you worship the sacred Altar on which Oxen are slain, come; for this Stranger resolves to render due Thanks to you, this City, and his Friends, for the good Turns he received. Make Haste, my Lord. Fly.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Theseus, Oedipus, Chorus.



WHAT Noise is this again among you that echoes to my Ears? The Voice is yours, I know, and it is plainly for the Stranger's Sake. Hath not the Thunder-bolt of *Jove* or Rain fallen? For all Things, when the God thus raiseth Tempests, are to be dreaded.

Oed. But is *Theseus* near? Will he find me alive and in my Senses?

Oed.

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Oed. My Lord, thy coming answers to our Wish; and some God granted you the happy Fortune to come now.

Thef. What new Thing is this, Son of *Laius*?

Oed. This is the last Moment of my Life, and of what I have promised I would not defraud you and this City.

Thef. On what certain Sign of Death dost thou depend?

Oed. The Gods themselves who are never false, declare it me by certain Signs.

Thef. How sayest thou, old Man, these Things are declared?

Oed. By many continual Thundrings, and many Thunder-bolts hurled from the invincible Hand of *Jove*.

Thef. Thou prevailest upon me, for I see thee utter many unerring Prophecies. Teach what is to be done.

Oed. I will teach thee, Son of *Ægeus*, Things which are perpetually to be established to thee and this City. I will my self lead presently to the Place without a Guide, where I must dye; " but tell not that to any Man, nor where my Body is, for that Place will

" *But tell not that, &c.*] His Design was, in laying this Charge on *Thefeus*, that he concealing the Thing from all but one, as his eldest Son, to whom he is to reveal it, and he to his, and so for succeeding Generations, it might ever be a Defence of the *Thebans* against the *Athenians*,

supply

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supply to you the Strength of many Spears against the foreign Arms of the *Thebans*; but sacred Words and unutterable, thy self shalt know, when thou comest thither alone. I would not mention them to any of the Citizens, nor to my Children, though I love them; and when thou approachest the End of thy Life, declare them only to one, the most excellent Man, and let him always declare them to the next succeeding: So shalt thou always inhabit this City, invincible by *Theban* Power. For innumerable Cities, where first only Justice reigned, have often become unjust; but the Gods, tho' late, will surely punish the Crimes of such, who, forsaking the Ways of Piety and Justice, follow the Dictates of an unruly Will. But thou, Son of *Ægeus*, let not that be thy Case; and this I tell thee, which is no more than thou knowest already. But let us go to the Place, for the present Decree of the Gods urgeth me, nor need we dread the Danger. My Children, follow this Way, I am now become your Guide, as you were before your Father's. Be gone, touch me not, but suffer me to find out the sacred Tomb where it is my Lot to be interred. Go here, lead me here, *Mercury* my Guide leads me here, and the infernal Goddess. Oh! my dark Light, now where art thou? My Body now forsakes thee; now I go to breath out in the Grave my last vital Breath. But thou, most loved Stranger, thou and this Country, and thy
 Servants,

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Sevants, may you be happy in your Posterity, remembering me when dead, and may you be ever fortunate.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Chorus.

If it be lawful for me to worship thee, O
 * invisible Goddess, and thee, O *Pluto* King
 of the Dead, with Prayers I beseech you that
 this Stranger may reach the all concealing
 Regions of the Dead and the *Stygian* Shore,
 neither with a laborious or a dolorous Death:
 For since many Evils came upon thee wrong-
 fully, may the just God in return bless thee.
 O subterraneous Goddesses, and thee, y invin-
 cible Beast, who (as Fame reports) dost lye in
 the well fortify'd Gates and barkest from the
 Caves of the Dead, invincible Porter among
 the Ghosts below, and thee, O Son of Earth
 and Hell, I beseech, for this Stranger, that he

* *Invisible Goddess.] i. e. Proserpine.*

y *Invincible Beast.] Gr. σώματ' ἀνκήτη θνητός, Body of the invincible Beast, i. e. Cerberus, he is feigned to be the Porter of Hell, and is called by Horace, Bellua Centiceps, Lib. 2. Od. 13. Æn. 6. v. 417. Plutonis canem ærea voce, quinquaginta Capitem, Ἄδης τετρακεφάλου σκύλακα In the Trachiniæ his Office is to assign out the Places of the Dead. The Fiction of his three Heads is because all Men die one of these three kinds of Deaths, either natural, violent, or accidental.*

may

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may descend quietly to the inferiour Regions of the Dead; ^z and thee likewise I invoke, thou ever sleeping Death.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Messenger, Chorus.

Mess. O Citizens, in short I tell you *Oedipus* is dead; but what is done Speech cannot in short declare, nor how Things there were acted.

Cho. Is the Wretch dead?

Mess. Know that he hath forsaken his tedious Life.

Cho. How, by a gentle Accident caused by divine Power?

Mess. It is much to be admir'd, for how he went hence, by none of his Friends led, thou who wast present knowest; but when he came to a steep Way, paved on the Ground with brazen Steps, he stood in one Way which concurr'd with many near a hollow Sink, where lye ^a the faithful Pledges of

^z *And thee likewise I, &c.]* The *Chorus* invokes Death as the last of all the infernal Deities for an easy Death for *Oedipus*.

^a *The faithful Pledges, &c.]* *Plutarch* in the Life of *Theseus* tells us, that there was a strict Friendship between him and *Pirithous*, whom being in Love with *Proserpine*, he took with him to Hell to bring her from thence. But upon his Return, when he would like-

Piri-

Pirithous and *Theseus*. Standing between which Place and the *Thracian* Rock, and hollow *Acherdus*, he sat on a stone Sepulchre; then he put off his filthy Garments, then call'd to his Children and commanded them to bring him ^b Washings of flowing Water; who going into a high Hill where stood a ^c Temple sacred to *Ceres*, in a short Time perform the Commands of their Father: They adorn'd him with Garments, and wash'd

wife have brought him back, they were parted by an Earthquake, and *Pirithous* was detain'd, where he is bound with Chains.

————— *Amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.*

Hor.

But it is not certain that this was the Place.

^b *Washings of flowing Water.*] After the Body of the Person doomed to die was washed, the next Thing was to anoint it; and then it was adorned with a rich and splendid Garment. Hence we find *Socrates* wash'd himself before he took the fatal Draught, and *Apollodorus* brought him a Cloak with a Garment of great Value, it being the Philosopher's own Desire to prepare himself for his Funeral before he died. But ordinarily this, and almost all Offices for the Dead were performed by their nearest Relations; in Conformity to which Custom *Oedipus* prepares himself for his Funeral by washing and adorning his Body.

^c *Temple sacred to Ceres.*] Gr. *εὐχλόα Δήμητρος*, *flourishing Ceres*. She hath this Epithet by reason of the Greeness of Gardens over which she is supposed to preside; she had a Temple in the *Acropolis*, and her Sacrifice was a Ram generally offered on the 6th Day of *Thargelion*.

his

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his Body, as is usual. But when he had the Pleasure of having every Thing done, and no Slackness appeared, *Jove* thundered; but the Virgins trembled when they heard it, and falling down before their Father's Knees, wept, nor ceas'd from beating their Breasts, and tedious Lamentations. But he hearing their sorrowful Voice, folding his Arms round them said, O Children, this Day you have no more a Father; all Things to me are nothing, nor shall you take any more anxious Care for me, which I know was hard to you. But one Word only easeth you of all those Cares; there is no Man which had more Love for you than I, depriv'd of whom you will lead the remaining Part of your Life. Dividing such Things among each other all sadly wept, but when they made an End of their Mourning, and there was no more Clamour heard, a profound Silence succeeded and suddenly a Voice called him, which caus'd all People's Hair to stand upright with Fear. God's Voice call'd him much every where, ^d O thou *Oedipus*, why do we not depart? Thou hast caused much delay. When he understood he was call'd by God, he bids King *Theseus* come to

^d O thou *Oedipus*, why do we.] The Contrivance of the Poet is admirable here, in representing to the Mind what cannot easily be expressed in Words, i. e. the strange and surprising Manner in which *Oedipus* was taken away.

him,

him, and when he came he said, beloved Friend give me thy Hand, the Pledge of Friendship to my Children; and Children, give yours to him; and promise you will never betray them willingly, but that thou wilt do always what thou thinkest is convenient for them. Then he, as a generous Man, not out of Pity but his noble Mind, promised by Oath to execute the Stranger's Will : But when he had done this, presently *Oedipus* touching his Children with his feeble Hands, says, O Children, you must with couragious Minds depart these Places, nor desire to see what is not lawful to be seen, nor hear what is not to be heard. Begone therefore with all speed, but let *Theseus* come and know what is to be done. These Things we all heard him speak. Then dissolv'd in Tears we follow with the Maids, but when in a short Time we return'd, we saw the Man no where, but the King covering his Eyes having his Hands up to his Head, as if some new terrible Object were in View not to be seen. After that in a short Time we see him worshipping the Earth and *Olympus*, the Seat of the Gods, in the same Prayer : But by what Fate he fell no Mortal could declare, but *Theseus*; for neither the Fire-bearing Thunderbolt of *Jove* kill'd him, nor Waves of the Sea then rais'd by Storms, but either some Messenger of the Gods, or a gentle gradual Opening of the Earth caus'd by the infernal Gods. For the Man without
one

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one Tear free from the Power of consuming Disease, was snatch'd away: But if there be some strange Man who will not credit my Report, I will not assent to him to whom I seem to be mistaken.

Cho. Where are his Children and Friends who accompanied him?

Mess. They are not far off, for their shrill Voices of Lamentation discover their Approach.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Antigone, Chorus, Ismene.

Ant. Alas, alas, now it is Time for us greatly to lament the Loss of our dear Father, for whom before we endur'd much Labour. At last unutterable Sorrows, which our Eyes have witnessed, overwhelm us.

Cho. What are they?

Ant. My Friends, beyond compare.

Cho. Is he dead?

Ant. If any wish'd for *Oedipus's* Death, the Fates have granted his Desire.

Cho. What his, whom neither War nor Sea opposed, but the plain Earth invisible seized by an obscure Fate!

Ant. O wretched me, destructive Night hath overcast our Eyes. Shall we wandering in some foreign Land, or on the wide roaring Sea lead our sad Lives?

Ism.

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Ism. I know not ; may cruel *Pluto* seize me that I may die with my old Father ; for I have no desire of longer Life.

Cho. O thou two best of Children, what God hath ordain'd ought patiently to be born. Let not your Grief overcome you so ; your Condition is not so much to be complain'd of.

Ant. There is some Desire of Evil, for that which is no Way pleasing, was pleasing when we possess'd it. O my Father, thou art involv'd in perpetual Darkness beneath the Earth ; tho' an old Man, to me thou wast belov'd, and still with me thy Memory shall be precious.

Cho. He hath ended his Life.

Ant. As he desir'd to do.

Cho. How ?

Ant. On a strange Land, as he desir'd, he hath for ever his dark Bed beneath the Earth. Nor did he die unlamented, for this my weeping Eye for ever will lament thee, Father ; nor is it in the Power of Time to banish from my Breast such Grief. Wo is me ! thou shouldst not have died on a strange Land, but thou didst die here forsaken.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ism. Wo is me ! What Fortune waits me here poor and forsaken, and thee my Sister deserted of our Father ?

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L

Cho.

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Cho. But since he happily finished the Term of his Years, cease from Grief, for none is free from Evils.

Ant. Sister, let us be gone.

Ism. To do what?

Ant. A Desire possesses me.

Ism. What?

Ant. To see the subterranean House.

Ism. Of whom?

Ant. Of my Father. O wretched I!

Ism. How is that lawful? Dost thou not see?

Ant. Why dost thou reprimand?

Ism. And now.

Ant. What again?

Ism. He died without Sepulchre, separate from any Man —

Ant. Lead me, and kill me there.

Ism. Ah, unhappy I, where therefore shall I wander, and forsaken lead my Life?

Cho. Fear nothing, Friends.

Ant. But whither shall I flee.

Cho. Before you fled that no Ill should happen to you.

Ant. I think.

Cho. What dost thou think?

Ant. I know not how we shall get home.

Cho. Enquire not that: Sorrow hath overwhelmed thee.

Ant. Much before, now beyond Measure.

Cho. You are plung'd in wide Seas of Woe.

Ant.

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Ant. Great and unfathomable.

Cho. And that I likewise affirm.

Ant. Alas, alas, whither shall we go? O *Jove*, to what small hope hast thou reduced me?

Cho. Cease, Virgins, from these Lamentations; for those to whom desired Death hath happen'd, we ought not to lament; it is a Fault.

Ant. Son of *Ægeus*, we adore thee.

Thes. What would you have me to grant you?

Ant. * We would see our Father's Tomb.

Thes. But the Liberty is denied you of going thither.

Ant. What say'st thou, King of the *Athenians*?

Thes. Children, he forbid me either to approach to these Places, or to tell any Mortal of the sacred Tomb which covers him, which Command, if I obey'd, he said that I should for ever rule this Land secure from Ill; and this your God hath heard, and the Oath of *Jove* which hears all Things.

Ant. If then this be according to his Will,

* *We would see our Father's Tomb.*] Probably her Design in desiring to see the Sepulchre was that she might weep over it, which is customary with her Sex after the Death of their Friends, and agrees with the Tenderness of their Nature.

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it sufficeth us, but send us to the ^f *Theban* City, that we may prevent the Ruin which threatens our Brothers.

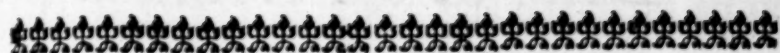
Thef. That I will do, and whatsoever else I can, to favour you and him who is lately deceas'd and lies in his Grave; I ought not to be tired by doing well.

Cho. But cease nor repeat again your Lamentation, for all those Things were preordain'd by a divine Decree.

^f *Theban City.*] Gr. Οἶκος Ὀγυγίης, i. e. *Ogygian Thebes*, so called from *Ogyges*, or, *Ogygus* the most ancient King of *Thebes*, who repaired and beautify'd that City. He is said to have been Contemporary with the Patriarch *Jacob*, but *Hieronymus* brings him down to *Moses's* Time. See Dr. *Potter's* *Archæol. Græca* on the Word Ὀγυγίη, Vol. I. p. 25.

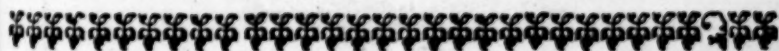


THE



THE

TRACHINIÆ.



Dramatis Personæ.

Hyllus.

Lichas.

A Messenger.

An old Man who followed *Hercules* from
Eubæa.

Hercules.

WOMEN,

Deianira.

Her Companion or Teutrefs.

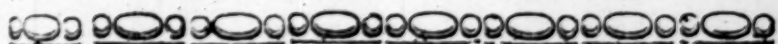
A Nurse, Maid to *Deianira.*

Chorus of *Trachinian* Ladies.

SCENE, Before *Ceyx's* Palace in *Trachin.*



T H E
TRACHINIÆ.



The ARGUMENT.

T HIS Tragedy hath its Title from the young Ladies of Trachis, Trachin, or Trachinia, which composed the Chorus. It is a small Countrey in Phthiotis, one of the four Parts of Thessaly, where Ceyx was King: There Hercules banished himself voluntarily, for the Murther of Eunomaus, Kinsman to his Host, and Father-in-Law to Oeneus. When he came to the River Evenus, with Deianira his Wife, Nessus the Centaur carried Deianira over; and having so done, attempted to ravish her. At which Hercules enraged, shot him with his Arrow, poisoned with the Blood of the Monster Hydra.

L 4


Nessus

Nessus expiring by his Wound, told Deianira, that if she would preserve his Blood, and dip therein a Garment for Hercules, it would for ever attract his Love to her from all other Women. The credulous Deianira believed the Centaur, and soon found Occasion to use this Philtre. For Hercules, captivated with the Love of Iole, Daughter of Eurytus King of Oechalia, and being denied her by Eurytus; to revenge the Affront, feigned some trifling Pretence to wage War against him, in which he destroyed Oechalia, put him and his Sons to the Sword, and brought away Iole. Deianira perceiving that she was like to be rivaled in the Love of Hercules, sent him a Garment dipped in the Centaur's Blood, by the Herald Lichas, to Cenæum, a Promontory in Eubœa, where Hercules was preparing to sacrifice to Jupiter Cenæus, for his happy Success in the War. Hercules received the Garment joyfully, but when the Poison began to work, immediately it stuck so to his Flesh, that it could not be parted from it. Then succeeded violent Convulsions, tearing his Flesh and Bones, and other sad Effects of the Poison. In this Condition he is brought to Trachinia, where Deianira bearing the sad News, stabbed her self; and Hercules having left a strict Command with his Son Hylus to marry Iole, was burnt on a Pile made for that Purpose on Mount Oeta.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Deianira, Tutress, Hyllus.

Dei.  T is an ancient Saying famous among Men, that ^a we can judge of no Man's Life, whether it hath been happy or miserable before he dies; but I know mine to be sad and unfortunate before

^a *We can judge of no Man's Life.*] This Saying was spoke by *Solon* to *Cræsus*, King of *Lydia*, who shewing *Solon* all his Wealth and Soldiers in golden Armour, and the golden Altar of *Apollo*, asked him, who of all Men he thought happier than he: *Solon* answered, that *Cleobis* and *Biton* were. At which the King grieved, asked whom he thought next in Happiness, but still *Solon* answered another. The King growing more and more uneasie, *Solon* told him, that a Man ought to wait until the last Day of his Life, before he can tell whether it be happy or miserable. For, added he, the Time will come when thou shalt wage War against the *Persians*, and shalt be sacrificed to their God. Accordingly, being overcome by *Cyrus*, he was thrown into the Fire. While he was burning, he cried out, *Solon, Solon*; wherefore a Shower sent by *Apollo* put out the Fire. *Cyrus* asked him the Reason of that Exclamation, who told him the Words of *Solon*; at which *Cyrus* wondering, dismissed him, and made him his Counsellor.

I reach

I reach my Grave, who living in my Father Oeneus's House in ^b *Pleuron*, suffered more grievous Trouble on Account of my Marriage, than any *Ætolian* Lady: For a River was my Suitor, *Achelous* I mean, who in his three Shapes desired me of my Father; now as he walked ^c he plainly seemed a Bull, another Time a twisted spotted Dragon, another Time in human Shape with a Bulls-Head: ^d For from his hairy Beard Floods of Fountain Water flows, and wretched I expecting such a Wooer, ever prayed to die, rather than approach his Bed. But after a long Time, yet to my great Satisfaction at last, came the famous Son of *Jove* and *Alcmena*, who engaging with him in a Combat, set me free. I

^b *Pleuron*.] Or *Pleurone*: It is a City in *Ætolia*, a Part of *Greece*.

^c *He plainly seemed a Bull*.] All Rivers by the Antients were compared to Bulls, by Reason of the Violence of their Streams, and roaring Noise caused by the Waters dashing against the Rocks, or Banks. *Her. Lib. IV. Od. 14.*

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus.

Or else because they divide and tear the Earth as Bulls: Or lastly, because of the fertile Pastures near the Sides of Rivers.

^d *For from his hairy Beard*.] There is an Image in *Virgil* like this, where he speaks of *Atlas* changed by *Perseus* into a Mountain of that Name. *Æneid IV. v. 250.*

————— *tum flumina mento*
Præcipitant senis, & glacie riget horrida barba.

cannot speak the Manner of the Conflict, for I know it not; if any fearless of the Spectacle sat by, he may tell; for I was amazed with Fear, lest my Beauty at last should cause my Grief. At last *Jupiter*, the Governor of Combats, ordered it well (if well it be) for enjoying the profered Bed of *Hercules*, I am ever tormented with succeeding Fears, and ever solicitous for his Welfare. In the same Night that I receive him, he departs again, one Labour still succeeding another; and I have bore Children, whom he, as a Husbandman taking a far distant Field, seeth only in Seed Time, and once in Harvest. Such a Life leads my Lord, still coming home, and still returning ^e to serve I know not whom; and when he is Victor in any Combat, then chiefly I dread, for since he took the Life of *Iphitus*, we live here in *Trachin*, Exiles ^f with a foreign King. But none knows where

^e To serve I know not whom.] She means *Eurystheus*, King of *Mycenæ*; for before he and *Hercules* were born, Fate had decreed that he who should be born last, must serve the other. *Juno* therefore being Stepmother to *Hercules*, and hating him, caused him to be born last: Wherefore he was subject to *Eurystheus*, and by him sent upon many laborious Expeditions, too tedious here to mention. *Virgil* charges all his Labours upon the Unkindness of *Juno*. *Æneid* VIII. v. 291.

Ut duros mille labores

Rege sub *Eurystheo*, fatis *Junonis* iniquæ,
Pertulit.

^f With a foreign King.] i. e. *Ceyx*. Thus *Hesiod*,

Τρηχίνα δὲ τοι παραλαύω
Ἐς Κήρυκα ἀνακτα

he

he is gone, yet hath he left me in sad Sorrows for him; and I almost know he hath received some Mischief, for it is not a little while, but these ten Months and five more, he hath continued absent without sending any Message of his Return. There is some sad Mischief happened to him. He went away, leaving me & such a Role, which I often pray to the Gods I received of him without any Harm.

Tut. O my Lady *Deianira*, I have seen you lament the Departure of *Hercules* with sorrowful sad Lamentations; but now, if it be just for those in Bondage to admonish the free, and it becomes me to speak so far, how comes it you abound with so many Children, but send none in Search of thy Husband, but chiefly *Hyllus*, whom it is fit should go, if he hath any Care for his Father's Safety? But now in Season he comes home, wherefore if you think I speak in Season, now is the Time to make use of his Help, and my Counsel.

§ *Such a Role.*] *Hercules*, at his Departure, left with his Wife a Tablet, wherein it was written, that if he returned not within fifteen Months, she might know that he was dead.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE II.

Deianira, Hyllus, Tutrefs.

Dei. O Son! good Speeches even from the Mouths of the Ignoble happen well; for this Woman, tho' a Servant, yet hath spoke what might become one who is free.

Hyl. What? Tell me, Mother, if it be ought I may hear with Decency.

Dei. That it is a Shame for you, your Father being so long a Stranger, not to enquire where he is.

Hyl. But I know, if one may believe Rumours.

Dei. In what Part of the Earth, my Son, do you hear he stays?

Hyl. They say, that for more than this whole Year past, he hath served a Woman of *Lydia*.

Dei. If it were so that he hath suffered this Bondage, some might have heard it all.

Hyl. But he is freed from thence, as I hear.

Dei. Where is he therefore now reported to be alive, or dead?

Hyl. They say he hath undertaken an Expedition against the Land of *Eubœa*, and City of *Eurytus*, or is about it.

Dei. But dost thou know my Son that he left me some certain Oracles concerning that Countrey?

Hyl.

Hyl. What, Mother, I know not a Word.

Dei. That he must either end his Life, or overcome in this Tryal, and for the future in Happiness lead the remaining Part of his Life: Wherefore, my Son, now in the very Precipice of Fate, wilt thou not go and help thy Father? Since we shall be safe or fall, but as he perishes or preserves his Life, we will go together.

Hyl. I go, Mother, and if I had known the Report of the Oracle, long since I had been with him: His accustomed Success suffers us not to fear, or be much concerned for him: Now since I know it, nothing I will omit, but search out the whole Truth in this Affair.

Dei. Go now, my Son; for to do well tho' late, when he is admonish'd, brings Advantage.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Chorus, Deianira.

STROPHE I.

Cho. O thou to whose Empire the starry Night gives Place, but whom, when return'd, she conceals in the dark Womb, bright Ruler of the Day, the Sun, I thee invoke to declare this to me, where the Son of *Alcmena* abides. O bright burning Flame, is he quarter'd on the Islands near the Sea, or between the Eastern

stern and the Western Continent? Speak, O thou who excellest in seeing.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For I hear that *Deianira* with a longing Mind for *Hercules*, and driven alternately from Hope to Fear, ^h as the miserable Bird, never composeth to sleep her weeping Eyes: But mindful of her Lord, dreads his Journey, and pining away thinks of her widowed Bed expecting some sad Fate.

STROPHE II.

As one seeth in the broad Sea many Waves ebbing and flowing, driven by the unwearied South-West and North Wind; so is *Theban* born *Hercules*, brought up and exercised in many Evils, as the *Cretan* Sea is toss'd: But still some of the Gods keep him, being unblameable, from the Mansions of the Dead.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Therefore I will blame thee, and speak

^h *As the miserable Bird.*] Gr. ἄλιον ὄρνιν, i. e. the Swallow. See the Notes on *Electra*, Act. I. Scene II. If you read ἄλιον ὄρνιν, then it is a *Halcyon*, which hatcheth her Young in the Rocks near the Sea, and weeps when they are flown, and her Eggs gone. The Comparison of *Deianira* to either of them is not improper.

Words

Words which shall be pleasing, tho' contrary what you would speak; for I say you ought not to lay aside good Hope: Nor hath King *Jove*, who governs all Things, given ought to Men without Pain, but Grief and Joy encircling flows on all as uncertainly as the Paths of *Arcturus*.

EPODE.

For neither doth the starry Night remain with Men, nor the Fates, nor Riches; but suddenly they are gone: To me it is allotted both to rejoice, and be again deprived of Joy. Which Things I say, O Queen, ought to support you in Hopes; for who thus ever saw *Jove* void of Care for his Children?

Dei. Thou seemest to have heard my Affliction, and therefore art come to me; but how I suffer, and how my Soul languishes, thou knowest not, but still art ignorant: For ⁱ Youth is fed in its own Pastures, nor doth the Fire of the God (*i. e.* Love) nor Rain, nor Winds disturb them: But in Pleasure chuseth a Life free from Trouble, until any

ⁱ *Youth is fed in its own Pastures.*] Nothing disturbs Youth, but as a mighty Wall it stands unhurt, nor feels the Ills which others suffer who are married. *Horace* makes the like Comparison of his Mistress *Lyde*:

*Quæ, velut latis equa trima Campis,
Ludit exultim, metuit que tangi,
Nuptiarum experts, &c.*

instead

instead of Maid is called the Youth's Wife, and in the Night partakes of his Cares, fearing for her Husband or her Children; then may she understand, seeing her own manner of Life, with what Ills I am oppressed. For many Sufferings I have lamented, but one such as never before, I shall mention: When *Hercules* my King went forth upon his last Journey from home, then he there left an ancient written Tablet, inscribed with certain Testaments, which before, tho' he went out to many Combats, he never mentioned to me; but went out as to perform some Exploit, not to die: But now, as tho' he were no more, he bid me take my Share of Wealth for a second Bed, and mention'd what Share of their Father's Land he divided to his Children; and appointing a Year and three Month's Time to be absent from his Countrey, said, he must either die in that Time, or by escaping to the End of it, lead a Life free from Sorrow. All this he said was what the Gods decreed should come to pass concerning the Labours of *Hercules*, as he said, the ancient ^kBeech Tree at *Dodona* spoke, and the two

^k *Beech Tree at Dodona, and the two Doves.*] Near *Dodona*, a City of *Chaonia* in *Epirus*, there was a Temple and Grove of Oaks and Beeches consecrated to *Jupiter Dodonæus*, and in it a particular Beech-Tree, upon which two Doves sat and prophesied: Others say they were rather ancient Priestesses, and called Pidgeons by Reason of the Greyness of their Hair: For

Doves. And certainly this Day hath seen the Accomplishment of this Oracle, and all is past. This makes me, O my Friends, in my sweet Sleep trembling start out for Fear, that I must live deprived of the best of Men.

Cho. Good Words, I pray, for I see some Man coming crown'd to speak with Joy.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Messenger, Deianira, Chorus.

Mess. O *Deianira*, my Queen, I the first Messenger free you from Fear; for know the Son of *Alcmena* is alive and victorious, and hath brought from the Fight ¹ First-Fruits worthy the Gods.

the *Molossi* of *Epirus*, called all ancient People Grey, or *πολινγ*. *Herodotus* gives another Reason why they were called Doves, viz. Because they being *Barbarians* spoke like Birds. *Euripides* says they were three, others two, and that one of them came from *Thebes* to the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon* in *Libya*, and the other to *Dodona*. See *Dr. Potter's Archæol. Græc.* Vol. I. p. 266, &c.

¹ *First Fruits worthy the Gods.*] i. e. Spoils perhaps which were to be offered to *Ζωὶ τρεπαιφ*, for the ancient Heroes always offered up the chief and most valuable Part of the Spoils to the Gods, to whose help they thought the Victory was due. Thus in the *Philoctetes*, *Hercules* charged that Prince to offer at his Altar the First Fruits of the Spoils which they took from *Troy*, as a Tribute due to him, for the Assistance of his Arrows in taking that City.

Dei.

Dei. What Speech is this, old Man, thou talkest to me?

Mess. That your much loved Lord will soon appear at home with a victorious Army.

Dei. Say'st thou so? And hast thou learnt this of Citizens or Strangers?

Mess. *Lichas*, the Herald, in yon verdant Pasture declared it, and hearing it of him I flew, that first telling you this pleasant News, I might both gain some Reward, and enjoy your Favour.

Dei. If he be well, why therefore is he absent?

Mess. It is not with much Pleasure to himself, my Lady, for all the People of *Melia* standing round examine him; nor hath he Power to hasten his coming, for every one desiring to know what they hop'd for, suffered him not to go, e're they were satisfy'd with hearing; and he, tho' unwillingly, stays with those who are desirous to keep him: But soon thou wilt see him.

Dei. O *Jove*, who presidest over *Oeta's* verdant Pastures, thou hast given us Joy, tho' after a long Time: Ye Matrons shout for Joy, both you who are in your Houses and who are without, for an unhop'd-for Light of Fame is risen which I now enjoy.

EPODICA STROPHE.

Cho. Ye Batchelors, let the Voice of Joy be heard in your Houses; and ye Husbands, join your Voices in the Concert. *Apollo* well arm'd with a Quiver, the great God of *Pæans*.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ye Virgins, celebrate with Hymns, and his^m *Ortygian* Sister likewise, the Huntress of Dears, Fire-bearing *Diana* and her neighbouring Nymphs. O I am transported with ecstasick Joy, nor will I refuse the Sound of Musick, O Sovereign of my Breast.

EPODE.

Behold Rapture disturbs me, and sends me to join the Troop of *Bacchanals*, *Io Pæan*, *Io Pæan!* Behold, dear Lady, now may you plainly see Joys, contrary to your former Fears.

^m *Ortygian Sister.*] *Ortygia* is the same with *Delos*, the Place where *Diana* was born and worshipped; whence she is called here *Ἀρτέμις Ὀρτυγία*.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Deianira, Chorus.

Dei.



See, dear Ladies, nor is the Vigour of my Eyes so far decay'd, that I cannot see this Troop; wherefore Joy to the

Herald who late appears, if he brings any good News.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Lichas with a Train, Deianira, Messenger, Chorus.

Lich. Well are we come, and joyfully speak, O Lady, according as the Matter requires; for the Man who prospers ought to speak joyful Words.

Dei. Most loved of Messengers, teach me what I first would know, whether I shall receive *Hercules* alive or not.

Lich. I left him alive, strong and in health, nor grieved with any Disease.

Dei. Where? In his Father's, or any Barbarian Land? Speak.

M 3

Lich.

Lich. There is a Shore in *Eubæa* where he hath set up Altars, and hath sacrificed First Fruits to ⁿ *Cenæan Jove*.

Dei. Is it to perform some Vows, or by Decree of some Oracle?

Lich. Vows: For he overcame in War the rebellious Countrey of Women, which you see with your Eyes.

Dei. Now, by the Gods, who is their rightful Lord, and who are they? They are miserable unless their Fortunes deceive me.

Lich. These he, having destroy'd the City of *Eurytus*, took, Slaves for himself, selected for the Gods.

Dei. Was he at this City so long Time since his Departure hence?

Lich. No, but the most Part of his Time he spent in *Lydia*; as himself says, himself not free, but sold: Nor ought you to blame that of which *Jove* was the Author, for he being bought by *Omphale* the Barbarian, compleated a Year in her Service, as himself says. He was so stung by that Reproach, that with an Oath he swore he would bring into Bondage with his Wife and Children him who was the Author of his Sufferings: Nor did his Words prove vain, but when he was pure

^m *Cenæan Jove.*] *Cenæum* was a Promontory in *Eubæa* sacred to *Jupiter*, as indeed were all Mountains, he being *Ὀψις* *Ὀψις*, the supreme God; and there it was usual to sacrifice to him.

from the Slaughter of *Iphitus*, taking an Army which he had raised on purpose, he came to the City of *Eurytus*: For he said that he of all Men was the only Cause of his Affliction, who, when he came to his House an old Guest, provoked him with many Reproaches, speaking with a malicious Mind, and saying, that tho' he had inevitable Arrows in his Hand, yet he was muchⁿ inferior to his Children in Judgment in the Art of casting Darts; and said, that as a Servant he was afflicted by a free Man. And when he was drunk with Wine, he cast him out of the Company; at which enraged, when *Iphitus* came to celebrated *Tirynthia*, seeking Horses among the Herd, when his Mind was one Way and his Eyes another, he cast him down the high Battlements of a Tower: And for that Deed his Father *Olympian Jove* the universal King, being angry, sent him sold away, nor endured him, because he had slain by Fraud only one

ⁿ *Inferior to his Children.*] The Scholiast says that *Eurytus* made an Offer of his Daughter *Iole* to *Hercules*, if he overcame his Sons in the Art of shooting Arrows. There are different Opinions concerning the Number of *Eurytus's* Children; *Hesiod* speaks of five, viz. *Δηίων*, *Κλύτιος*, *Τοξεύς*, and *Ἰφίτης*. And in the following Verse he mentions *Iole*:

Τὴνδε μὲν ἔπλοιάτῳ τέκετο ξανθὴν Ἰόλειαν.

It is a Mistake therefore of the Scholiast to say he mentions but four. *Aristocrates* mentions only three, viz. *Toxæus*, *Clytius* and *Deïon*.

Man; for had he openly revenged himself, *Jove* had forgiven him for his just Revenge in punishing him; for the Gods above do not favour Oppression. But the Sons of *Eurytus* who insulted him with reproachful Language, are all now Inhabitants with those below, the City is in Bondage, and those whom you see, who from Prosperity lead a miserable Life come to you; for so your Lord commanded, and I being faithful to him, perform his Command. But when he hath performed pure Sacrifices to his Father *Jove* for the taking the City, you will receive him safe, for that, after a long Speech well spoke, affords most Pleasure to your longing Ears.

Cho. Now, Queen, have you received true Delight both from this present State of Affairs, and from the News this Herald doth report.

Dei. Why should I not rejoice hearing his fortunate Success, and justly gained? It is very fit I should rejoice with him, yet those who rightly judge of Fortune's Inconstancy, should fear least he who prospers at last should miscarry. For sad Pity invades me, O my Friends, seeing these miserable Ladies in a strange Countrey, absent from home, Captives, and bereaved of Parents; who probably before descended of free Parents, but now lead a servile Life. O *Jove*, our Defender, let me never see thee turning
thus

thus thy Rage against my Offspring, or if you will do ought against them, let it not be while I am alive; for so I fear you will, beholding these unhappy Wretches. What Youth art thou? [*To Iole.*] Art thou a Virgin, or a Mother? For as to your Age, you seem to be unskilled in all Marriage Affairs, and nobly born. O *Lichas*, whose Daughter is this Stranger? Who is her Mother? And who her Father who begat her? Speak, for I pity her more than the rest: For she seems to me in Wisdom to excel them all.

Lich. What do I know? Why dost thou ask me? Perhaps she is born of some who are none of the meanest of the City.

Dei. Is she of Royal Race, the Daughter of *Eurytus*?

Lich. I know not, nor did I much enquire.

Dei. Nor have you learnt her Name from any who came with her?

Lich. Not at all, for silently I did my Work.

Dei. Thou wretched Lady, speak thy self to us; for this is some Misfortune that we know not who thou art.

Lich. If now she is silent, she will do no otherwise than before; for she hath spoke nothing yet, neither much nor little; but ever lamenting her sad Calamities, the wretched Lady wept since the Time she left her Father's

ther's Country. This is her Fortune, sad to her, so that her Silence merits Pardon.

Dei. Let her alone, and let her go in quietly, so that her present Evils may receive no more Increase from these sad Grievs with which my Mind is oppress'd; for the present are enough. But let us all go home, and you hasten where you will, I will prepare every Thing within that is convenient for the Reception of my Lord.

[*Exit Lichas, and Train.*]

ACT II. SCENE III.

Messenger, Deianira, Chorus.

Mess. But first stay here a little while, that you may learn whom you bring in, and what besides you never heard, and so know all that is needful; for I have perfect Knowledge of every Thing.

Dei. What is it? Why do you my stop going?

Mess. Stand still and hear; it is not in vain you listened to what I said before, nor do I think it is now.

Dei. Shall we therefore call them again? Or will you speak to these present and me.

Mess. To you and these, nothing hinders. But let them go.

Dei. They are gone, now let the Tale be told.

Mess.

Mess. This Man was true in nothing that he spoke, but either now he is a wicked Man, or before he was no true Messenger.

Dei. What sayest thou? Tell me plainly all thou knowest. For what thou hast said I know not.

Mes. I heard *Lichas* say, many Witnesses being present, that for the Sake of this Maid he took *Eurytus*, ° and *Oechalia* adorned with lofty Towers, and that Love only induced him to do it; not the Bondage he underwent among the *Lydians*, or with *Omphale*, or the Fate of *Iphitus* cast down, which he pretending, speaks contrary to what he did before. For when he could not persuade her Father to give him the Maiden, to enjoy her secret Embraces, devising a small Accusation against him, and trifling Reason, he made War against the Country of this Maid, wherein he said that *Eurytus* ruled the Kingdom, slew the King her Father, and destroyed the City. And now as you see, he comes home, sending them before, not carelessly; nor doth

° *Oechalia adorned with lofty Towers.*] *Pherecydes* saith, that *Hercules* came into *Oechalia*, a City of *Arcadia*, and desired *Iole* of *Eurytus*, for his Son *Hyllus* to Wife: Which Request being refused, *Hercules* destroyed the City, and slew all his Sons but *Iphitus*, who fled into *Eubœa*. But *Menecrates* saith himself was in Love with her, that *Eurytus* refused to yield her to him, but that he would have enjoyed her Embraces, had he not been prevented by the *Argians* coming into *Eubœa*.

he

he send her as a Servant, think not so; nor is it likely he should, since he is fired with the Love of her. I have thought fit, O Queen, to shew thee every Thing which I have learnt of him; and this, many in the Middle of the *Forum* of the *Trachinians* heard as well as I, so that he may be disproved. But if I speak not pleasing News, I am not rejoiced at that, yet have I spoke the Truth.

Dei. Woe is me a Wretch! What do I, what private Mischief do I receive under my Roof. Wo is me! But was her Name unknown, as that Commander swore? Certainly she is vey beautiful, both in Person and Disposition.

Mef. She is descended of her Father *Eurytus*, and was called *Iole*, nor mentioned he her Pedigree; for truly he enquired nought of it, false Man!

Cho. Let not all vile Wretches perish, but him, whosoever he be that exerciseth himself in secret Frauds.

Dei. What must be done, O ye Virgins? How I am amazed with these Discourses?

Cho. Go and enquire of himself, who will soon declare the Truth, if you will extort it from him by Violence.

Dei. I will, for your Dissent, not from my Opinion.

Cho. And shall we stay here, or what must we do?

Dei.

Dei. Stay, for the Man, though not called by any Messenger, but of his own Accord, comes out.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Lichas, Deianira, Chorus.

Lich. My Queen, what must I say to *Hercules*? Tell me, for you see me going.

Dei. Quickly depart from *Trachin*, unless thou wilt have me repeat again my Words.

Lich. If you would enquire any Thing of me, I am here.

Dei. Wilt thou speak the Truth without Disguise?

Lich. Witness great *Jove*, I will, as far as I know.

Dei. Then who is this Lady whom thou hast brought?

Lich. One of *Eubæa*, but I know not of whom she descended.

Dei. Look here, you, to whom do you think you are talking?

Lich. To what Purpose do you thus examine me?

Dei. Now be of Courage, speak what I ask you?

Lich. Ay, Since it is to Queen *Deianira*, Daughter of *Oeneus*, Wife of *Hercules* (unless my Eyes deceive me) and my Mistress.

Dei.

Dei. That was what I would know of thee.
Dost thou own I am thy Mistress?

Lich. And lawfully.

Dei. What therefore, what Punishment do
you think you deserve, if you are found un-
just to me?

Lich. How, unjust? What is this you mean
by your various Questions?

Dei. Nothing; but you mean very much.

Lich. I go hence, I was a Fool to hear thee
thus long.

Dei. You shall not, before you tell me in
short what you are asked.

Lich. Speak what you would have, for you
are not sparing of Speech.

Dei. Do you know that Captive whom you
have brought into the Palace?

Lich. I say I know. Why do you ask?

Dei. Did not you say, that she whom you
pretended to be ignorant of, is *Iole*, the Daugh-
ter of *Eurytus*?

Lich. Unto whom? Who will come and
witness to you that he was by and heard me?

Dei. To many of the *Trachinians*; and
great Crowds of People heard you.

Lich. Ay; did they say they heard me? But
it is not the same to speak ones Opinion, and
to tell what is certainly true.

Dei. What Opinion? Did you not swear
you brought her as the Concubine of *Her-
cules*?

Lich.

Lich. I said so; by the Gods, tell me, dear Madam, who this Stranger is?

Dei. He who was by, and heard you say, that for the Love of *Iole* the whole City was laid waste; and that the *Lydian* Woman did not destroy it, but apparently the Love of her.

Lich. Let this Man be gone, ^p for to trifle with a sick Patient, is not the Part of a wise Physician.

Dei. Do not, by *Jove*, who thunders on the high Forest of *Oeta*, conceal this Matter: For you will not speak to an ill Woman, nor one who knoweth not the Dispositions of Men, that they are not always delighted with their own; for whosoever strives against Love as a Champion with his Hands, thinks not wisely; for he rules the Gods as he pleaseth, and me, and why not another of my Disposition. So that if I blame my Husband for being possessed with this Disease, I should be mad beyond all Cure; or this Lady, who is not to be blamed for any Fault, nor for any Harm she ever did to me. It shall not be so, and you, if from him you have learnt to lie, you have had an ill Master; but if you thus instruct your self, while you would seem good, you

^p For to trifle with a sick Patient.] *Lichas* seems to speak this as a proverbial Speech, therefore the *Greek* is, *νοστής*, a jealous, or sick Man, not willing to charge her flatly with Jealousy, though he obscurely hints it.

will

will shew your self the contrary : Therefore tell me all the Truth, for it is a base Character for a free Man to be reckoned a Liar. If you think you may act concealed, it cannot be, for many to whom you have spoke it, will discover to me the Truth. If you fear, that is without Reason, for not to know might grieve me, but in knowing what should grieve me ? ^a Did not my Husband *Hercules* marry many more Wives ? And none of them ever received of me a reproachful Word : Nor shall this, tho' she pine never so much with Love of him ; for while I behold I pity her whose Beauty hath wrought her Ruin, and she unwillingly hath wrought the Destruction and Captivity of her Countrey. But I talk to the Winds ; you I command impose your Frauds on others, but always speak the Truth to me.

Cho. Listen to her for she speaks right, and it shall gain my Favour ; and Time which brings all Things to light, will prove you blameless.

Lich. Therefore, O lov'd Mistress, since I perceive you mortal, and understand all mortal Things, and not unwise, I will tell you all the Truth, nor will I conceal ought. As he hath said, the violent Love of *Iole* captivated *Hercules*, and for her Sake wretched *Oecha-*

^a Did not my Husband *Hercules* marry many more Wives ?] viz. *Meda*, *Auge*, *Megara*, and others.

lia was destroyed by the Sword: And this (for I should speak for him) did he neither bid me conceal, nor did he ever deny it. But I my self, my Queen, fearing lest I should disturb your Mind, have done a Fault, if you account it so. And now since you know all, respect this Woman, both for your own and Husband's Sake, and make good your Words which you spoke concerning her: For he who with a victorious Hand overcomes all other Things, is quite overcome with Love of her.

Dei. So far I know my Duty, and not to bring upon my self a voluntary Distemper, by making War against the Gods; but we will go into the Palace, that you may there receive, and bear to him my Commands; and those Gifts which we in Return for his shall prepare, you shall likewise take; for it is not just you should go away empty, who came hither with a great Train.

ACT II. SCENE V.

STROPHE.

Chorus.

Cho. *Venus* hath ever great Power of Victory, for to pass by the Deeds of the Gods; and how she made her Sport of the Son of *Saturn*, I shall not mention, or *Pluto* mighty King, or *Neptune*, the Earth-moving God:

But to have her their Bride, some armed went to the Field before her Marriage, to bloody Battles, and unseen for Clouds of Dust.

ANTISTROPHE.

One was a River's Might in the Shape of a high horned four footed Bull, *Acheloüs*, ^r who proceeded from *Oeniadæ*: Another came from *Thebes*, sacred to *Bacchus*, bearing a crooked Bow and Arrows, and a Spear, brandishing his Sceptre; the Son of *Jove*, who joining, went to Battle for to marry her. But *Venus* the Goddess of Marriage, alone being present, ruled the Fray.

EPODOS.

Then was there Noise of Hands and Bows, and of Bulls Horns mixed together, ^s a confused Battle and deadly Blows of meeting Foreheads, and loud roaring on every Side. But the fair tender Maid sat looking on at the

^r *Who proceeded from Oeniadæ.*] *Oeniadæ* was a City of *Acarnania*, through which the River *Acheloüs* ran.

^s *A confused Battle.*] Gr. ἀμφίπλεκτοι κλίμακες. The Word κλίμαξ signifies, 1. Either the Steps of a Ladder, or Stairs; or 2. It signifies a Kind of Weapon, which the Antients made Use of in Fighting: Or 3. The Fight it self. As the Scholiast witnesseth, κλίμακας ἢ αἰὶ παναβάτει, ὡρᾷ τὸ ἄνω καὶ κάτω αὐτὰς γρίφιας ἐν τῇ μάχῃ ἔστι δὲ ἕδος παλάστρου καὶ κλίμαξ.

refulgent Shore, expecting who should be her Lord; but (I as a tender Mother speak) the miserable Bride for whom they contended sat waiting, and presently was parted from her Mother, as a Calf forsaken of her Dam.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Deianira, Chorus.

Dei.



WHILE he, my Friends, stood talking to those captive Girls, as upon his Departure; then I came out privately, partly to tell you what I have invented, and that I may condole with you the Misery which I bear for the Maid, (but I suppose not so now, but a Wife); I have received, as a Sailor receives a Cargoe, unpleasing Store to me; and we must both receive him to our Arms: These Gifts the faithful *Hercules* once called, for the long keeping his House, hath sent me. I know not how to be angry with him, infected with this Disease. But to live with *Iole*, what Woman could endure it, and partake of the same Bed with her? For I see the Vigour of her Age increases, mine decays; on such gay Objects Men love to feed their Eyes, and not on

us: But this I fear, lest *Hercules* should † forsake me, and fix his Affections on her. But as I said, it is not the Part of a prudent Woman to be angry, but what Kind of Remedy I have for this Disease, I shall tell you. I have a former Gift of an ancient *Centaur* hid in a brazen Chest, which while I was young I received of *Nessus*, just expiring by his Wounds; who carried Men over the deep River *Evenus* for Hire, using his Hands instead of Oars and Sails; and who carried me, (when I followed *Hercules* my Husband, and my Father's Family was there) bearing me on his Shoulders. When he was in the Middle of the River, he touched me with his impious Hands, and I cried out: Anon the Son of *Jove* turning about with his Hands, sent forth a swift Arrow, which rattled through his Throat and Breast. The dying *Centaur* said thus much: Daughter of old *Oeneus*, since I have born you the last over this River, you shall profit by this Passage, as you pursue my Counsel. If you take the Blood flowing from

† *Forsake me and fix his Affections on her.*] I hope I have given here the true Sense of the Author, though I have not literally translated his Words, which is impossible: For though the two Words *πρότερος* and *ἀνὴρ* differ in the *Greek* and *Latin*, there are not two different *English* Words for them. The real Difference is this, *πρότερος* comes from *ἀπώσας*, and means one who is much absent from his Wife. But on the contrary, *ἀνὴρ* is one who is seldom absent.

my Wound, where the Arrows poisoned with the Blood of the Monster *Hydra* of *Lerna* were fixed, it will be a Reconciliation of the Love of *Hercules* to you; so that he will never love any other Woman whom he shall see, above you. When I understood this, O my Friends, (for it was well preserved at home after his Death) therewith I dipped this Coat, and did all which he commanded when alive, and this is done; would I had never either learned or known such vile Enterprizes, which while I undertake, I hate. But if we can by Love Potions overcome this Maid, and by these Blandishments win *Hercules*, this Business is well contrived; if you think I do not work in vain, otherwise, I will cease.

Cho. If thou puttest any Faith in that Deed, thou seemest not to have acted inconsiderately.

Dei. This is all the Faith, it seems so to me, but I have not yet made Tryal.

Cho. But you ought to know in Fact, nor are you so sure of the Effect, unless you make the Tryal.

Dei. But we shall soon know, for I see him coming out, who will be here, only do you conceal this Thing; for if you act an ill Deed in Darkness you will not fall into Re-
proach.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Lichas, Deianira, Chorus.

Lich. Command what I must do, for we have long waited here.

Dei. That was my Care, *Lichas*, while you talked with those strange Women within; it is that you should bear for me this fine woven Garment, a Gift to my Husband, made by my Hands; and give it, desiring him, that no Man else besides himself should put it on, nor to let the Light of the Sun behold it, nor the sacred Altar, nor domestick Fire, e're he appearing in Publick, shews it before the Gods in the Day of sacrificing; for so I vowed, if I should see or hear him safe returned, that with that Coat arrayed I would present him to the Gods, a new Suppliant in a new Garment. And bear to him this Token, which he will easily know, when he casts his Eyes upon the Seal. But be gone, and first observe this Rule, since you are a Messenger, not to desire to go beyond your Orders; that then his Favour added to mine, may doubly descend upon you.

Lich. If *Mercury's* Office rightly I discharge, I will not fail in your Business; but I will bear this Vessel, sealed as it is to him, and faithfully add those Words thou hast said.

Dei.

Dei. Go therefore; knowest thou how Things are at home?

Lich. I know, and will tell him they are well.

Dei. Thou knowest, and hast seen how kindly I have received this strange Damsel.

Lich. So that my Heart is amazed with Joy.

Dei. But what else wilt thou say? For I fear lest thou shouldest mention my Love for him, before I know that I am beloved by him.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE.

Cho. O you who inhabit near the rocky warm Baths by the Sea, the Rocks of *Oeta*, and about the " Middle of the Bay of *Melis*, and Shore of *Diana* armed with a golden Bow, where there is a *Grecian* Council held, * which takes its Name from *Thermopylæ*.

" *Middle of the Bay of Melis.*] The Bay of *Melis* was near *Trachinium*, otherwise called the *Magnesian* Bay, where, near *Artemisium* was a Sea Fight between the *Grecians* and the *Persians*. Near it was also a Temple sacred to *Diana*: Whence χρυσιαλαπάτω ἀκλάν κόρυς.

* *Which takes its Name from Thermopylæ.*] This Council was first instituted by *Amphietyon*, the Son of *Helenus*, from whom the Presidents of it were called *Amphietyones*, and the Council *Amphietyonium Concilium*: But *Sophocles* calls it here ἀγοραί πυλάτιδες, from πύλαι *Ports*, or Θερμόπυλαι, *warm Ports*; because the Waters of those Streights were warm near which this

ANTISTROPHE I.

Let the Pipe's shrill Note upon this joyful Day be heard, whose Sound is most agreeable to the divine Muses; for the Son of *Jove* and *Alcmena* comes bringing noble Spoils, the Rewards of all his Virtue home.

STROPHE II.

He, whom absent from home whole twelve Months we waited for, being on the rough Sea, knowing nothing of him. But his dear miserable Wife, the wretched Lady, with ever streaming Tears afflicted her sad Heart. But now raging *Mars* hath finish'd the Term of his Labours.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Let him come, nor let his Ship stand still e're he arrives at this City, leaving this Island Habitation, where he is said to Sacrifice; whence let him come hastening all the Day, clad with this well besmeared Coat of Recon-

Council was held. *Agathon* says, that it was called *πυλαία*, from *Pylades*, the Son of *Strophus*, who there was judged pure after his assisting in the Murder of *Clytæmnestra*; or, because that Place is the Gate or Entrance into *Greece*.


ciliation

ciliation of his Love to *Deianira*, as the *Centaur* directed her.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Deianira, Chorus.

Dei.  y Dear Ladies, how I fear lest what I have done now be more than what I ought.

Cho. O Queen, what is it?

Dei. I know not, but I fear lest presently it should appear I have done some harm, in hope of doing good.

Cho. Dost thou speak of those Gifts thou gavest *Hercules*?

Dei. Yes: Infomuch that I would I had never gone about to persuade any to meddle with a Thing they know nothing of.

Cho. Tell me if it may be told: Whence proceeds your Fear?

Dei. Thus it is as I shall tell you, Ladies, a wonderful and unlook'd-for Accident hath happen'd, for the Wool with which I anoin-

y O dear Ladies.] Here *Deianira* too late begins to repent of that imprudent Act which was the Occasion of her own and Husband's Ruin.

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ted the Garment taken from the white Fleece of a Sheep, hath vanish'd away, although consumed by nothing but itself, and dissolved into a Liquid it flows on the Top of the Stones. But that you may know how every Thing was done, I shall farther enlarge my Discourse. I omitted to do none of those Things which the *Centaur* commanded me, when he languished with Pain, his Side pierced * with an invenomed Dart, but observed all as a written Law preserved on a brazen Table; and as it was commanded me that I should keep the Medicine, and in a Corner untouch'd by the warm Rays of the Sun, until a proper Time should come when I must use this Ointment, so have I done: And when I thought it a proper Time to put in Practice this Device, I anointed a Coat at home privately in my Chamber, and for that Use pulled a Fleece from a Sheep of the Flock; and I have laid it aside folded up, untouched by the Rays of the Sun, in a hollow Chest, and sent it a Gift for *Hercules*, as you see. But going in I saw an unutterable Accident, which no Man could ever think; for I happen'd to throw away some Part of the Wool which I had stained, in a Place where the Sun's Rays

* *With an invenomed Dart.*] The Greek Word is γλαχιν, or γλαχίς, which signifies a Point of a Dart, but by a Figure the whole is comprehended in the part.

were fiercest ; but as soon as it grew warm it flow'd about, but how none could discern, and dries upon the Ground ; which to behold was like Saw-Dust when Wood is saw'd, as it lay on the Ground. From the Ground where it lay, there boil'd up frothy Bubbles, as from rich Wine in Autumn poured on the Ground, from *Bacchus's* Vine ; so that I know not what to think, a Wretch, for I see I have done a horrid Act. For why should the dying *Centaur* do me an Act of Kindness, for whom he dyed ? It cannot be. But desiring to kill him who shot him, he flatter'd me, and this too late I have learnt when that Knowledge is of no Use. And I alone, a Wretch, unless my Thoughts deceive me, shall be his Murtherefs. For I remember how with his Dart he wounded *Chiron*, and whatsoever Animals it hits it kills : And why should not the black Poyson mingled with the Blood which issued from *Nessus's* Wound, kill *Hercules* likewise ? It seems to me but Justice, and I am resolved, if any unexpected Misfortune befalls him, with the same Violence I will die likewise : For to live in Infamy is intolerable to me, whose Care was ever to be good.

Cho. It is necessary to tremble at cruel Deeds, but not to judge beforehand what hope we may have from the Event.

Dei. In wicked Counsels there is no hope to give any Encouragement.

Cho.

Cho. But against those who unwillingly have offended, Anger is mild; so should it be toward you.

Dei. One who is Partner in Evil, cannot say so, but he to whom no domestick Evil ever happen'd.

Cho. It is proper for you, Madam, to continue silent for a while, unless you would declare to your Son all the Story, for he is here, who went to seek his Father.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Hyllus, Deianira, Chorus.

Hyll. O Mother, how could I wish one of these three Things were true, that you were no more, or could be safely called the Mother of some other Son, or were endowed with a more honest Mind.

Dei. What have I done, my Son, thus to deserve thy Hate?

Hyl. Know, that thou this Day hast slain thy Husband and my Father.

Dei. Ah me! my Son, what News is this thou bringest?

Hyll. Of a Deed that is impossible to be undone; for what is done, who can undo?

Dei. What say'st thou, my Son? From whom didst thou hear that I should commit such a horrid Act?

Hyll.

Hyll. I my self with these Eyes beheld my Father's sad Calamity, and heard it from his Mouth.

Dei. Where did you meet with him that you know this?

Hyll. If you must know, then I must tell you all: When he departed after destroying the famous City of *Eurytus*, bringing with him the Spoils and Trophies of Victory, near the Shore of *Eubæa* there is a Promontory called *Cenæum*, where he built up Altars to his Father *Jove*, and consecrated a green Wood; where I with Pleasure first beheld him. When he was about to offer his usual Sacrifice, a Herald came from home, *Lichas* his Domestick, bearing thy Gift, that fatal Garment, which he putting on as you before had commanded, slew whole twelve Bulls, the first Fruits of the Spoils; then after that brought all his hundred together, a mingled Flock. At first the wretched Man with a merry Mind rejoiced in his Finery and his Garment, and prayed for you; but when the Flame of the sacred Victims and gross Trees was kindled, then Sweat dropped from his Body, and the Coat stuck to his Sides and all his Parts, as tho' it were glewed on by an Artificer. Then succeeded a convulsive tearing of his Bones, then the Poyson of the bloody cruel Viper *Hydra* fed upon him; then did he call unhappy *Lichas*, who was not guilty of your Crime, and asked him by whose vile
Frauds

Frauds he had brought this infected Garment. The Wretch ignorant of all, said it was your Gift alone and sent by you. As soon as *Hercules* heard that, tortured with Pain, for he was seized with tearing of his vital Members, taking hold of his Foot at the Place where it bends, he threw him against a Rock standing out of the Sea: Then was his white Brains, together with his Blood, scattered thro' his Hair; his Head being split. Then with a lamentable Voice the People cried out, because *Hercules* was tortured with a Disease, and *Lichas* slain; but none dare to oppose him. Now did he rowl along the Plain, now rising, roars and bawls out, so that the Rocks on every Side, and * *Locris* Mountain-tops and the Promontories of *Eubæa* echoed his Voice back; but when his Strength was gone, then the miserable Man throwing himself against the Ground, uttered many dreadful Speeches, cursing your unhappy Bed, and his Nuptials with the Daughter of *Oeneus*; whom he chose the Destruction of his Life. Then raising his distorted Eyes from his enclosing Smoak, he saw me weeping amidst the great Army, and seeing me, he calls me, O my Son said he, avoid me not in

* *Locris Mountain tops.*] *Locris* is a Countrey adjoining to *Phocis*, of which *Ajax Oïleus* was King, according to *Homer* :

Δοκρῶν δ' ἠγεμόνδου Ὀϊλῆος ταχὺς Αἴας.

my Calamity, not altho' you should die with me; but bear me hence, and place me there, where no Man shall behold me. If thou hast any Compassion, speedily bear me out of this Country, lest I dye here. When he had thus spoke, we placed him in a Ship, and with much Labour brought him roaring with convulsive Pains, and presently you will see him, either alive, or newly dead. Mother, all this you have contrived against my Father, for which I pray if it be just, may great Justice and his avenging Fury punish thee; but it is just, for thou hast made it so, who hast slain the best of Men that ever your Eyes beheld.

Cho. Why dost thou silently go hence? Know you not that this Silence speaks you guilty of the Charge? *[Exit Deianira.]*

Hyl. Let her go, and may the Wind be fair for her Departure, that I may never see her more. Why should she boast a Mother's Name, who hath done nothing worthy of a Mother? But let her go and prosper, and the same Delight as she gave my Father, may she enjoy. *[Exit Hyllus.]*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE III.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE I.

Chorus.

Cho. ^b You see, Maidens, how soon the divine Oracle which was delivered in *Dodona's* Grove is come to pass on us, by which it was decreed, that when the twelfth Year was perfected, the Son of *Jove* should find Rest from Toils. All this is inevitably now come to pass; for how should he, who beholds no more the Light, being dead, endure more this toilsom Bondage?

ANTISTROPHE I.

For if Love necessitated *Deianira* deceitfully to anoint a Coat for *Hercules* with the poisonous Gore of the *Centaur*, into whose Side the Arrow stuck, poisoned by Death, and the spotted Dragon *Hydra*: How should he even see another Sun, who is consumed with the Poison of the terrible Monster *Hydra*, and the deceitful burning Stings of *Nessus* tormenting him likewise? Wherefore *Deianira* see-

^b *You see Maidens how soon.*] Here the *Chorus* reason among themselves, concerning the Oracle delivered about *Hercules* at *Dodona*.

ing a great and speedy Evil threatening her House from this new Marriage, partly being ignorant, and partly persuaded by the Voice of another, with pernicious Arts to gain her Husband's Love. Surely she alone laments, surely she pours forth Floods of Tears, for the approaching Fate of *Hercules* declares that another private Evil will shortly be committed by her.

ANTISTROPHE II.


Cho. A Fountain of Tears breaks forth; I have caught the Infection. Alas! this is such an Affliction as never happened to glorious *Hercules*, even from his Enemies, and worthy our Pity. O fatal Dart with which he fought, and too soon brought a Bride from lofty *Oechalia*, by the Right of War. Yet *Venus*, although silent, was an Assister, and evidently the Cause of all.

Cho. I am deceived, or I hear a general Cry spread through the Palace. What shall I say! Somebody cries with no low Voice within, but with a mournful Howl. What sudden Change hath happened in the Palace? But observe this ancient Woman, who comes to tell some News, knitting her Brows beyond her wonted Custom.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Nurse, Chorus.

Nur.  Daughter, how was that Gift sent to *Hercules*, the Beginning of mighty Evils?

Cho. What new Tale is this, old Woman, which thou tellest us?

Nur. ^c *Deianira* is gone the last of all her Journeys, with Feet unmoved.

Cho. What is she dead?

Nur. Thou hast heard all.

Cho. Is the miserable Lady dead?

Nur. Thou hearest it again.

Cho. Miserable undone Wreth! But in what Manner did she dye?

^c *Deianira is gone the last of all her Journeys.]* Because Death is a Journey which every one must take once, and no more. *Hor. Lib. Car. I. Od. 28.*

Et calcanda semel via lethi.

In the last Act is introduced a Woman who attended upon *Deianira*, giving the *Chorus* an Account of her Death, and being unwilling at first to strike them with too much Grief, says she is gone. Which Word, as it bears a twofold Sense, may be understood either of any one's moving to a Place, or the Soul's departing out of the Body, the *Chorus* asks again, *Deianira? Is she dead?*

Nur.

Nur. In a most lamentable Manner.

Cho. Tell me by what Death she expired?

Nur. She slew her self.

Cho. What Rage, or what Disease drove her to that desperate Act?

Nur. The Point of a fatal Sword slew her.

Cho. How could she contrive thus to add one Death to another?

Nur. By the Wound of a lamentable Sword.

Cho. And didst thou, simple Woman, see this Mischief done?

Nur. I did, for I stood by.

Cho. Who was it? How? Tell me.

Nur. She acted it on her self with her own Hand.

Cho. What sayest thou?

Nur. What is true.

Cho. Alas! this Bride who is lately come, hath brought forth a great Fury for this House.

Nur. Ah too much, but chiefly if thou hadst been by, and hadst seen what she did, sadly thou wouldst have mourned.

Cho. And could any Female Hand bear to do this?

Nur. Most cruel indeed it was; and when you hear, you shall attest the Truth of what I say. When she alone went into the Palace, and saw her Son in the Hall, ^d making the

^a Making the Funeral Bed. Cr. δέμναι.

Funeral Bed, again to meet his Father, she hid her self where none should see her, and falling down before the Altars, cried out, that she was now forsaken; and wept as often as she touched any of those Instruments which the miserable Woman used before. And turning her self every Way about the House, if she saw any Favourite of her Family, beholding him, the wretched Woman wept, exclaiming against her sad Fortune, crying that hereafter she must be ever destitute of Comfort and Child-bearing. But after she ceased from Weeping, presently I saw her falling upon *Hercules's* Bed. I hiding my self, watched her with an undiscerned Eye; then did I see her on the Marriage Bed of *Hercules*, strewing the Cloaths, and having done this, she leaped upon it, sat in the Middle of the Bed, and pouring forth warm Floods of Tears, she said: O Bed, and my Nuptials, farwell for ever! for never hereafter shall you receive me lying on these Cloaths. Having thus spoke, with a quick Hand she loosed her Garments, where a Gold Button covered her Breast, uncovered her whole Side, and her left Arm. Then I ran as fast as I could, and told her Son what she was meditating; and whilst we are running here and there, we see her wounded through the Heart, with a two edged Sword. Her Son then wept beholding this, for he understood, unhappy Youth, that thro' Rage she had done this; having too late learnt of those about the

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the

the House, that deceived by the *Centaur*, unwillingly she had committed this Crime. Then the miserable Youth dissolved in Tears, prostrate embraced her, and his Side joined with hers, lay lamenting much, that without Cause he had accused her of a Crime; lamenting likewise, that at once he is deprived of both Father and Mother. This is our present Case; so that if any reckons upon two or more future Days, he is a Fool: Nor should we regard what Accident to Morrow will produce, but consider how we may provide for our Safety the present Day.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Chorus.

Cho. Which Misfortune shall I now lament? Which of these fatal Deeds? Alas, it is hard for me a Wretch to judge; one is before our Eyes, the other we expect: To have, and certainly to expect, is equal.

STROPHE.

I wish some favourable Wind would blow from home, to bear me from this Palace, lest I die with Fear, seeing the brave Son of *Jove* alone: For they say that this great Miracle draws near the Palace, overwhelmed with Grievs incurable.

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ANTISTROPHE.

He is near, and not far off, as the shrill Nightingale they weep. Here is a Company of Strangers coming, and every one helps to bear him as a Friend, and without Noise walking with silent Tread. What can I judge? That he is asleep or dead?

ACT V. SCENE III.

Enter Hercules, born in a Chair, followed by a Company weeping for him, which Hyllus meets.

Hyll. Wo is me a Wretch! Father, Father, wo is me! What shall I do? What Course shall I take? Wo is me!

Old Man. Be silent, Child, nor move the fierce Pains of thy raging Father, for he lies asleep looking downward: but forbear to bite thy Lips.

Hyll. What sayest thou, old Man, is he alive?

Old Man. Raise him not from his Sleep, nor stir him, lest thou likewise raise his furious raging Distemper.

Hyll. O but my sad Heart doth cause me endless Woe.

Her.

Her. O *Jove*, whither shall I go? Among whom do I lie afflicted with never ceasing Pains. Wo is me a Wretch! Now again the Infection rages, alas! [*Hercules awakes.*

Old Man. Did you not know that it was better to be silent, and not to chase soft Slumbers from his Head and Eyebrows? [*To Hyllus.*

Hyll. How could I rest seeing this sad Evil?

Her. O *Cenæan* Hill, where sacred Altars are placed, what Thanks hast thou returned me now? And for how great Sacrifices? O *Jove*! what Disgrace hast thou brought on me? I would I had never seen with my Eyes such an implacable Rage of Madness. What Enchanter or experienced Physician can appease it, except *Jove* alone? O that I could see that Miracle, though never so far approaching. Let me lie still an unhappy Man as I am, let me lie still. Where dost thou touch me! Thou killest me! Where wouldst thou thrust me? Thou hast raised that, which otherwise had slept. My Disease is disturbed, and again rages. Where are you the most unjust of all the *Grecians*, whose Woods and Seas I, who so often have scoured, thus miserably perish, and none of you will turn against me Fire, or friendly Sword, and cut off my Head to rid me of this hated Life.

Old Man. O thou who art Son of this Man, that is too great a Task for my Strength, but

do thou assist; thou hast a nimbler Eye to assist him than me.

Hyll. I touch him, but neither at home nor abroad can I find a Remedy for this Life consuming Disease.

Her. O Son, Son, where art thou? Hold me here, hold me here, and raise me up. O my sad Fortune, it comes on me again, it comes on me, the terrible fierce Disease which destroys me. O *Pallas*, it again torments me, pity your Father, draw your Sword, which none will blame, and stab me to the Heart, and heal this Pain which your impious Mother hath inflicted on me; whom O that I could see lying in the same Torment which she hath given me. Brother of *Jove*, dear *Pluto*, lay me asleep; and with a speedy Death destroy an unhappy Man.

Cbo. O my Friends, I tremble to hear of the sad Calamities in which so great a Man as the King is overwhelmed.

Her. Many great and unutterable Toils my Body hath endur'd, and many Exploits I have with my Hands perform'd, yet neither *Juno* nor *Eurystheus* ever impos'd on me what the deceitful Daughter of *Oeneus* hath. For she hath bound my Shoulders with a Net spun by the Furies, by which I die, for it sticking to my Sides, feeds on my Flesh, sucks up my Spirits, and drinks my corrupted Blood; and my whole Body is consumed and bound in
with

with this abominable Garment. This neither the hostile Sword, nor the Earth-born Host of Giants, nor the *Centaur's* Power, nor *Grecian* nor *Barbarian*, nor all the Countries I cleared of Monsters, ever before effected. But ^e a weak Woman of no Man-like Disposition slew me without a Sword. O my Son, be ready to shew thy self truly my Son, nor honour more thy Mother's Name. Bring her out with your own hand, and deliver her to me, that I may know whether you more lament my suffering Body, than you will her injurious Form, when you shall see it justly punished by me. Go my Son, behold, pity me who am pitied by many thus weeping as a Virgin; and that no Man that ever lives can say he saw me do before, for without murmuring I ever bore my Evils: But now from such a one I am all turn'd Woman, and now come near and stand by thy Father, and behold what Calamities I endure, and all caus'd by this Garment. Look all of you and be-

^e *A weak Woman of no, &c.*] Gr. γυνή ὅ, θήλυς ἄσθε. Mr. *Johnson* in his Notes upon this Passage says, that the Word γυνή in general signifies a Woman of what Disposition soever, but θήλυς, in a stricter Sense means a timorous Woman, weak in Body and Mind. This he confirms by ὕ. 1083.

Νῦν δ' ἐκ τοιούτου θήλυς εὐρημαί.

From such a brave Man I am quite turned Woman, or am emasculated.

hold

hold my miserable Body; behold a miserable Man how I suffer. Now the Convulsions rage, they pierce me asunder; nor doth the consuming Disease leave me free in any Part. O infernal King receive me; O Thunderbolt of *Jove*, strike me, O strike me down with Thunder. Now the Convulsions again devour me, now they revive and rage furiously. O my Hands, Back, Breast and Arms, it is you who once slew the immense, inaccessible Lyon of *Nemæa*, the Destroyer of the Cattle, and the Monster *Hydra* of *Lerna*: It is you who slew the pernicious mighty Army of *Centaurs*, who partook the Natures both of Men and Horses, and the Boar of *Erymanthus*, and brought from Hell ^f the three headed Dog, that resistless Monster begotten of the Viper. It is you who slew the Dragon, Keeper of the golden Apple in the Borders of *Libya*, and many other Toils I have endured, nor was ever any Power victorious over me, but now am I torn and disjoyned, and by a secret Pestilence am consum'd: I who am Son of the best of Mothers, and of celestial *Jove*. But be well assured of this, that tho' I perish and become very nothing, she who is the Author of these vile Deeds shall feel the Severity of my Hand. Let her come only, and

^f *The three headed Dog.*] i. e. *Cerberus*. See our Notes upon *Oedipus Coloneus*, Act V. Note 7.

she shall be taught by Experience to declare to all, that alive or dead I will punish the wicked.

Cho. O wretched Greece, in what Grief shall I see you overwhelm'd, if you are deprived of this Man?

Hyll. Father, since you permit me to speak, keep Silence and hear me, tho' you are in Pain, for I will ask that which it is but just I should obtain. Listen to me, nor let your Anger thus prevail, for you know not what just Reason you have to rejoice, nor why you grieve thus vainly.

Her. Say what thou wilt, then cease; for I being grieved with this Disease, understand not perplex'd Discourses.

Hyll. I am going to speak concerning my Mother, and to shew how her Case is, and wherein she unwillingly offended.

Her. Villain, dost thou again mention thy murderous Mother that I should hear thee?

Hyll. For so the Case is, that it were unfit for me to be silent.

Her. No, because of her Crime against me committed.

Hyll. But presently you will not say she hath offended.

Her. Speak, but beware lest you shew yourself an unnatural Son.

Hyll. Then I will speak. My Mother is just now dead.

Her.

Her. By whom? Thou speakest of monstrous Evils.

Hyll. By her own Hand, and none else.

Her. Wo is me, would she had died by mine.

Hyll. You would change your Mind, did you know all.

Her. Thou hast now begun to say somewhat more wonderful; but speak as thou knowest.

Hyll. She did every Thing amiss, while conscious of no Ill.

Her. Conscious of no Ill, when she hath slain thy Father?

Hyll. Thinking to reconcile your Love to herself by a Philtre she erred, when she perceived your other Marriage.

Her. Who was so great a Sorcerer among the *Trachinians*?

Hyll. *Nessus* the *Centaur* once persuaded her to secure your Love by that Philtre.

Her. § Alas I am undone, nor shall hereafter behold the Light. Wo is me! I see my sad Calamities. Go, my Son, thou hast no more a Father, call hither all your Brothers, call wretched *Alcmena*, vainly called Wife of *Jove*, to hear the final Answer of

§ *Alas I am undone.*] He breaks out into this Exclamation, remembering the Oracle delivered concerning him at *Dodona*.

the

the Oracle concerning me, which I have learn'd.

Hyll. She is not here, but is gone to *Tyrrhina* near the Shore to dwell. Some of her Sons she hath taken and keeps with her, others inhabit the City of *Thebes*; but as many of us as are here, are ready to hear and to assist thee.

Her. Therefore hear this: Now is it Time for thee to shew of what Father thou art born, since thou art mine. It was formerly told me by my Father, that I should die by none living, but one who is dead, and an Inhabiter among the infernal Shades: Therefore this *Centaur*, as the divine Oracle foretold, tho' dead, hath slain me. But now will I tell you new Prophecies like those old Ones which I received of my Father's ^h prophesying Oak, and wrote down ⁱ when I went into the Fo-

^h *Prophecying Oak.*] Gr. πολυγλώσση δρυός. The Oaks and Beeches of this Grove were according to Fiction endowed with human Voice, and a prophetical Spirit, for which Reason they were called προσηγορίαι, and μαντικαί, and πολυγλώσσοι δρύες, i. e. *Speaking*, or *prophecying Oaks*. This Fiction seems to be grounded upon a Practice of the Prophets, of placing themselves when they gave Answers in one of the Trees; for *Sophocles* seems here to allow this Faculty only to one of them, and so the Oracle was thought to be uttered by the Oak, which was only pronounced out of its hollow Stock, or from among its Branches.

ⁱ *When I went into the Forest of the mountainous Selli, who lye on the Ground.*] Gr. χαμαικοιτῶν Σελλῶν. Others
rest

rest of the mountainous *Selli* who lie on the Ground. These answer'd me, that after I lived to this present Time, there would be an End of my Toils; and then I thought I should live happy: But that was nothing else but I must die, for the Dead have no Trouble. Now since these Things are plainly come to pass my Son, you ought to be my Assistant, nor wait until my Anger rises, but do what is your Duty, since it is a good Law, that you should obey your Father.

write their Names *Helli* without σ . They were those Persons who deliver'd the Oracles at *Dodona's* Grove. *Homer* gives them the Epithets of ἀνιλόποδες and χαμαιῦναι, whence *Strabo* concludes they were barbarous and uncivilized. *Eustathius* tells us they were called χαμαιῦναι (and consequently χαμαικοῖτοι) because they slept upon the Ground in Skins, and in that Posture expected prophetical Dreams from *Jupiter*. Others will have them so called, because they did not lye on Beds, but on the bare Ground; and that they were called ἀνιλόποδες, because they never went out of the Temple, and therefore had no occasion to wash their Feet. Others will have those Names to be understood only in a figurative Sense thus: Their Bodies indeed did lie on the Ground, but their Minds by the Assistance of prophetical Philosophy soar'd above these lower Regions. There are other Reasons given for these Titles by the old Scholiast on *Homer*, II. π. p. 1074. Edit. *Basil.* Lastly, others thus, that all the Oracles were delivered by Women, and that the *Selli* were only Inhabitants of the neighbouring Countrey, who were employed in the Temple, and published the Oracles to other Men which they received of the Prophetesses.

Hyll.

Hyll. O Father, I fear to contend against that Law; in every Thing therefore I will obey thee.

Her. Then first lend me thy Right Hand.

Hyll. For what End dost thou so earnestly desire that Pledge of Faith?

Her. Wilt thou not give it me, nor come near?

Hyll. Here I give it, nor shall it be denied thee.

Her. Swear now by *Jove*, my Father.

Hyll. What shall I swear to do, and I will do it?

Her. That you will do what I shall say.

Hyll. I swear therefore by *Jove*, the Punisher of Perjury.

Her. But if you should be false, implore Vengeance against yourself.

Hyll. I shall not suffer Vengeance, but will do it, yet I implore.

Her. Knowest thou the Top of the high Mountain *Oeta*, sacred to *Jove*?

Hyll. I know, for there I often sacrificed.

Her. Then must thou now with thine own Hands, with some of thy choice Friends, bear my Body there; then cutting down much Wood, both of the deep rooted Oak, and likewise the male wild Olive-Tree, raise a Funeral Pile, and lay my Body on; then taking a bright burning Torch of Pitch, set it on Fire: Let no Lamentation be heard, nor

shed one Tear; but without both, if truly thou art my Son, do this; but if not, I will continue for ever to curse thee among the Dead.

Hyll. Wo is me, Father, what hast thou said? What hast thou bid me do?

Her. What thou must do, otherwise thou art born of another Father, thou shalt not be called my Son.

Hyll. Ah me! Again dost thou bid me be a Parricide and thy Murtherer?

Her. Not I, but my only Physician and Healer of those Evils which I suffer.

Hyll. But how by burning your Body shall I heal it?

Her. If you abhor that Office, do the rest.

Hyll. I will not refuse the bearing of the Wood.

Her. Meanest thou to get ready the Pile?

Hyll. As far as I am able, so I touch not your Body with my Hands to burn it; every Thing else I will do, you shall not want my Assistance.

Her. This will be enough, add this small Kindness to other great ones thou hast done me.

Hyll. Though it be great, yet it shall be done.

Her. Knowest thou the Virgin Daughter of *Eurytus*.

Hyll. Thou meanest *Iole*, as I suppose.

Her.

Her. Thou art right, this I desire of thee, my Son, when I am dead, if thou wilt act piously, remembring the Oath by which thou art bound to me, make her thy Wife: Do not oppose thy Father, nor let any other Man beside you take her who lay by my Side, but take her to thy own Bed. Obey me, for since thou hast obeyed me in great Matters, if thou disobeyest me in small, thou forfeitest all thy former Thanks thereby.

Hyll. Ah me! It is base to be angry with a sick Man, but who can bear to see one thus disposed?

Her. Say'st thou so, that thou wilt do nought which I command thee?

Hyll. Who could endure her, who alone was the Cause of my Mother's Death, and of your Disease? Who, I say, could endure this but one who is persecuted by the Furies? It is better for me to die, than to cohabit with my worst of Foes.

Her. This Man, I think, respects not his dying Father, but the Curse of the Gods waits on thee for disobeying thy Father's Commands.

Hyll. Ah me! thou seemest to talk as thy Distemper dictates.

Her. Dost thou again awake my ceasing Pains?

Hyll. Ah me! how many Doubts distract my Soul?

Her. Dost thou not think it is just to obey thy Father?

Hyll. But, Father, shall I learn to be impious?

Her. It is no Impiety to gratify my Mind.

Hyll. But dost thou command Things altogether just?

Her. I do, I call the Gods as my Witnesses.

Hyll. Therefore I will do them, nor will I disobey, and protest before the Gods that this is your Work; for I can never seem wicked, while I obey thee, my Father.

Her. Thou hast well concluded, and add this speedy Favour to thy former, before my Fury and Convulsions tear me; place me upon the Pile, go hasten and bear me thither: This is my final Rest from Sorrows.

Hyll. Nothing hinders but I may do this, since thou commandest and forcest me.

Her. Go now before my Disease is again awaked. O hard Heart! Cease thy Clamour as though shut up with Steel: For even a most ungrateful Thing is acceptable.

[They bear Hercules to the Pile.]

Hyll. Support him, my Companions, and herein give me Pardon, knowing in these present Calamities, how I am unpitied of the Gods; who, having begot me and been called my Fathers, overlook these Sufferings. What is to come

come none can foresee, the present Misfortunes are lamentable, to others sad, but most intolerable to him who bears the Loss.

Cho Thou Maid, go not from home, [*The Chorus to each other.*] who hast seen the Funerals of great Men, and all the Calamities which of late we have born: And there is none of them which *Jove* was not the Cause of,

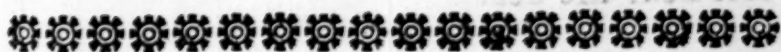


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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
PHILOCTETES.



(185)

Dramatis Personæ.

Ulysses.

Neoptolemus.

Philoctetes.

A Merchant.

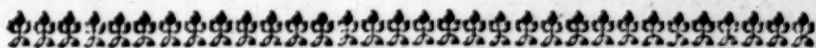
Chorus of old Men who accompanied *Neoptolemus* in his Ship.

Hercules.

SCENE, The Island of *Lemnos* near the Cave of *Philoctetes*; where are many craggy Rocks, Precipices, and Promontories near the Sea.



PHILOCTETES.



The ARGUMENT.



PHILOCTETES having discovered the Altar of Hercules in the Island Chrysa, was stung in the Foot by a Serpent which guarded it, when he would approach too near it. This biting caused a desperate Ulcer to arise in his Foot, for the Anguish of which he could rest neither Day nor Night, but disturbed the Grecian Army with his perpetual Cries. Wherefore he was by Ulysses and Diomedes exposed on the Island of Lemnos, where he continued ten Years forlorn and comfortless. When the ten Years were near

expired, one Helenus was taken from Troy by the Fraud of Ulysses; who declared to the Grecians, that (according to the Prophecy of Calchas) it was impossible that Troy should be taken without the Arrows of Hercules, which were in the Possession of Philoctetes, and the Assistance of Neoptolemus, Son of Achilles. Neoptolemus and Ulysses went therefore to Lemnos to bring him from thence back to the Camp at Troy: But when neither the Frauds of the latter, nor the Persuasions of the former could prevail upon him to return, Hercules is supposed to descend from Heaven, and command him to go with them, who tells him the two Advantages he would gain thereby: Namely, the Reputation of Conqueror of Troy, and to be healed of his old Sore. Whereupon, after bidding adieu to his old Place of Habitation, he goes with them.


We have in the Person of Philoctetes, a Representation of the Miseries of Man; and the Moral deducible is, that we ought to bear with Patience our lighter Afflictions, when we see a miserable Prince, tho' guilty of no Crime, suffer the worst of Ills.

ACT



ACT I. SCENE I.

Neoptolemus, Ulysses.

Ulys.  *Neoptolemus, Son of Achilles,*
the bravest *Grecian* that ever
fought at *Troy*, ^a this is the
Shore of Sea-incompass'd *Lem-*
nos, by Men untrodden and uninhabited:
Where by the Order of the *Grecian* Com-
manders I expos'd *Philoctetes* the *Melian*, Son
of *Pæan*. The Reason why they gave me
that Command was this : His Feet were
wasted away by a consuming Sore, this made
him cry and bawl, and with dire Imprecations
so to fill the Camp perpetually, that we

^a *This is the Shore.*] The Prologue of this Tragedy
is spoken by *Ulysses* as in *Euripides*, only herein they
differ, that as *Sophocles* joins *Neoptolemus* with him,
Euripides lays all on *Ulysses*.

The Prologue of the ancient Tragedy is that Part
of it which precedes the Entrance of the *Chorus*, and
makes a true Part of the Tragedy. Not as it is in our
modern Tragedies, where the Prologue is only to ex-
plain to the Audience what concerns the Subject of
the Poem, which is therefore entire without it.

could

could neither pour out Libations, nor offer Sacrifices in Quietness for him. But why should I at present talk of that? This Juncture admits of no tedious Discourses, lest he should learn that I am come, and so I ruin the whole Plot by which I think to take him. I have another Task demands thy Aid: First look if thou can'st find the Rock I thus describe. It hath two Doors which in the Cold receive the Rays, both of the rising and the setting Sun; and in the Summer the gentle Gale which blows in at the Cave, on both Sides open, provokes soft Sleep. A little below on the Left Hand you may see a Fountain Stream, if it be there still. Go and silently signify to me whether he continues in the same Place, or if he hath mov'd his Quarters, that you may hear what I have else to say. Thus we'll assist each other.

Neop. The Task, *Ulysses*, which you impose is not hard; for methinks I see the Den you mentioned.

Ulyf. Above or below? For I understand you not.

Neop. Above, nor is there Track of Foot.

Ulyf. But see, if he be not laid asleep.

Neop. I see a Habitation forsaken of its Dwellers.

Ulyf. Nor is there within any domestick Food?

Neop. Bruised Leaves, as if some lay there.

Ulyf.

Ulys. Are other Places empty? Is there nothing else?

Neop. A wooden Pot, the Work of some bad Workman, and a Fire Pot likewise.

Ulys. You mention all his Treasure.

Neop. Alas! And here are Rags dry'd, full of Filth and Matter.

Ulys. Certainly the Man inhabits here, nor is he far off, for how should a Man distemper'd in his Feet with an old Sore, go far? He is gone to the Way from the Pastures, or hath found out some wholesome Herb; send this Servant to spy, lest he should come upon me privately, for he would rather take me than all the *Grecians*.

Neop. He is gone and will watch his Way. [*Servant sent out.*] But thou, if thou wouldst say any Thing, now say it.

Ulys. In this Business thou art come about, thou must not only be stout in Body, but in Mind; if thou hearest any strange Thing which thou never didst hear before, be by to assist me.

Neop. What therefore dost thou command?

Ulys. You must deceive *Philoctetes* with Words, when he shall ask you who, and whence you are. You must say you are the Son of *Achilles*, that must not be concealed: Feign that you are sailing home, leaving the *Grecian* Fleet, hating them with most bitter Hatred; who after they had beseeched you
with

with many Intreaties to come from home, when they could not by other Means take *Troy*, gave not the Armour of *Achilles* to you, when you came and justly demanded them; but gave them to *Ulysses*, saying the worst of Ill you can imagine against me; you will not thereby grieve me, but if you do it not, you will grieve all the *Grecians*; for unless his Darts are taken, it will be impossible to take *Troy*. Understand therefore how you may easily have free Conversation with him, but I cannot. Thou hast failed hither bound by Oath to none, nor through Necessity; nor in the Beginning of the War wast thou a Companion: But nought of this can I deny, so that if he, possessing the Darts, shall perceive me, I perish, and shall likewise kill you. This therefore must be contrived, to steal those Arms you cannot overcome. I know that you are not of such a Disposition to invent and say all your self, yet were it a pleasant Thing to obtain the Victory. Be bold, at another Time we will be just; but now give your self up to me, and for a short Time be impudent, and afterwards the most religious of all Men.

Neop. O Son of *Laertes*, those Things I hear with Grief, I hate to act. ^b I can do

^b *I can do nothing by base.*] *Sophocles* in this Piece gives *Neoptolemus* Manners something like those of his Father; for he supposeth him a Person brave, and ha-

nothing by base Arts, nor could he who begat me; but I am prepared to compel him by Force, and not by Fraud: For with one Foot he will never overcome us by Force, being so many. Since I am sent as an Assister, I would not be called a Traytor; for I had rather miscarry in my Enterprize while I do well, than basely to overcome.

Ulys. Thou Son of a noble Father, when I was a Youth my self, I had a slow Tongue, but a couragious Hand; but now by Experience I find, it is the Tongue, not the Hands, which governs all Things.

Neop. What else dost thou command me, besides lying?

Ulys. I say that you must take *Philoctetes* by Craft.

Neop. But why rather by Craft, than by Persuasion?

Ulys. He will not submit, nor can you take him by Force.

Neop. Hath he this prodigious Strength?

Ulys. He hath inevitable mortal Darts.

Neop. Nor is it safe to come near him?

Ulys. No, unless you take him by Fraud, as I say.

Neop. But thinkest thou it is not a vile Thing to lie?

ting fraudulent Contrivances; one who would not do a base Thing, though he should gain by it: For he puts in his Mouth the Words of *Achilles*,

Ἐχθρὸς γὰρ μαι κείνῳ ὁμῶς αἶδω πύλητι.

Ulys.

Ulys. No, when to lie is the safest Way.

Neop. With what Face dare any one say this?

Ulys. ^c When you do any Thing for your Profit, you ought not to be afraid.

Neop. But what Profit is it for me, that he should come to *Troy*?

Ulys. His Arrows alone will take *Troy*.

Neop. Did you not say that I should take it?

Ulys. Not you without them, or they without you.

Neop. They must therefore be taken, since it is so?

Ulys. If you do it, you will have two Rewards.

Neop. Which are they? If I know them, I shall not refuse to do it.

Ulys. You will be called both wise and brave.

Neop. Go, I will do it, laying aside all Modesty.

Ulys. Dost thou remember therefore what Counsel I gave thee?

Neop. Be assured of it, since once I have approved of it.

^c *When you do any Thing for your Profit you ought not.]* But those of *Ulysses* on the contrary are fraudulent and self-ended, and shew he would stick at nothing for his Advantage; yea, he plainly declares it. For he says, ὅταν τι δεῖς ἐς κέρδι' ἐν ἐνὶ πρίναι.

Ulys.

Ulys. Therefore do thou stay here to wait for him; but I will go hence, lest I should be seen, and will send again the Spy to the Ship; and if I think you delay too long, I will send him back again in the Disguise of a Sailor, changing his Habit, as if he met with you by Ignorance, whom you shall observe speaking mystically, whatsoever he says for your Advantage. I go therefore to my Ship, leaving these Instructions with you; ^d and may *Mercury* that subtil Commander conduct us, and victorious *Pallas*, Guardian of the City, which always defends me.

ACT I. SCENE II.

STROPHE I.

Chorus, Neoptolemus.

What should I a Stranger do in a strange Land? Shall I be private? Or what shall I speak before the Man, when he suspects us? Tell me? For ^e his Counsel exceeds all other

^d *May Mercury that subtil Commander.]* See the Notes on *Eleëtra*.

^e *His Counsel exceeds all other Counsels and Opinions, by whom the divine Sceptre.]* So in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

ὁ πλῆτε, καὶ τύραννοι, καὶ τέχνη τέχνης.

————— ὑπερφίεστα.

Counsels

Counsels and Opinions, by whom the divine Sceptre of *Jove* is swayed. To thee, O Son, the antient Power belongs; then tell me wherein I should assist thee?

Neop. Now would you see the utmost Bounds of the Place, where he inhabits, look boldly. And when this terrible Traveller comes, from his Covert thou still approaching to my Hand, endeavour to assist in the present Affair.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Cho. Thou tellest me, my Lord, what I thought before, to observe the Motions of your Eyes, and to watch your Occasions which demand my Help. Now tell me his usual Haunts, the Places of his Abode; it is fit I know them, lest I should not know him when he comes. What Place doth he inhabit? Where is his Seat, and what Way does he pass out or in?

Neop. You see this Dome, and the double Doors, and rocky Bed.

Cho. Where is the Wretch himself absent?

Neop. To seek for Food he somewhere walks, this Way, hard by. The Report is, that this is his wretched Mannner of Life, to shoot with swift Arrows, and not to seek any Remedy for his Disease.

STRO-

STROPHE I.

Cho. I pity him that he hath none to take Care of him, nor any Relation to regard him; but the Wretch, ever alone, endures a cruel Disease, and is in Sorrow in every Time of Need. How alas! how doth the Wretch endure himself? O the Toils of Mortals! O miserable Race of Men! who in their Fortunes enjoy no middle State.

ANTISTROPHE II.

This Man, perhaps in Birth, second to none, the most unhappy of all Men in his Life, lies alone apart from all others, with the spotted and hairy Beasts, afflicted with Pains and Hunger, oppressed with most intolerable Cares; and the mournful Echo with open Mouth, resounding far off, repeats his sad Complaints.

Neop. Nothing of this seems wonderful to me; for if I understand ought, these Afflictions are sent by a divine Hand; by ^f Means of

^f *By Means of cruel Chryse.] Chryse was a City near Lemnos, where Philoctetes was bit by the Serpent in his Foot, while he was looking for the Altar on which Hercules sacrificed, when he went to fight against Troy. But there was likewise a Nymph of that Name, who being in Love with Philoctetes, because he slighted her, she prayed these Evils might befall him; and therefore the Poet calls her Cruel.*

cruel *Chryse* : And now that he suffers without Friends, it is not without the Providence of the Gods, that he should no sooner cast his invincible Arrows against *Troy*; then that Time comes wherein it was foretold, that it must be overcome by them.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE.

Cho. Be silent, Child.

Neop. What is that?

Cho. Methinks I hear the Voice of an afflicted Man.

Neop. Which Way? This Way or that? The Voice of one salutes my Ears, which though it sounds from far, I can discern it is the Voice of Sorrow.

ANTISTROPHE.

Cho. But take my Son.

Neop. What?


Cho. New Cares, for the Man is not far distant, but hard by, nor delighted with Voice of Pipe as a Country Shepherd; but either he having struck against something, roars out with a loud Voice; or seeing our Entrance into this sad Port, bawls thus terribly.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Philoctetes, Chorus, Neoptolemus.

Phil.  Strangers! who are you, who have put in at this Land, neither fit for your Reception, nor inhabited? Of what Nation or Kindred shall I call you? For I see a kind of *Grecian* Habit which I most of all admire; I desire to hear your Voice: Nor trembling with Fear, stand amazed beholding me thus fierce, but pity me a Wretch, who am alone forsaken and friendless. Speak, if you are come as Friends, and answer me; for it is not fit that I should fail of that Kindness from you, or you from me.

Neop. First then, Stranger, know that we are *Grecians*; it is that thou desirest to know.

Phil. O most loved Voice: Ah! that I should hear a *Grecian's* Voice, after so long Time. Who brought thee hither, Son? What Necessity? What Violence forced you hither? Or what most friendly of all the Winds? Tell me plainly the whole Matter, that I may know who you are.

Neop. I am of the Land of *Scyros*, and am sailing home. I am called *Neoptolemus* the Son of *Achilles*. Now thou knowest all.

Phil. O Son of a Father most beloved by me, darling of *Lycomedes*; with what Fleet didst thou sail into this Land? And whence art thou come?

Neop. I have sailed with my Fleet from *Ilium*.

Phil. How? Thou didst not sail with us to *Ilium* in the Beginning of the War.

Neop. And did you partake in that Service?

Phil. O Son! knowest thou not whom thou seest?

Neop. How should I know him whom I never saw before?

Phil. Didst thou never hear my Name, or the Fame of my Sufferings, with which I have been oppressed?

Neop. I know none of them.

Phil. Oh me, a Wretch! detested of the Gods! of whom, tho' suffering thus, no Report ever reached home, nor *Greece*; they who impiously banished me, deride me silently, but this my Distemper still increases. O Son! born of *Achilles*, I am he who probably thou hast heard, am Master of the Darts of *Hercules*: *Philoctetes* the Son of *Pæan*, whom the two *Atridæ* basely exposed, to perish by the cruel Wound of a Viper. And when they had exposed me here, in their Voyage hither from *Chryse*, when gladly they saw me
asleep

asleep upon a Rock, tired with sailing, they then went away and left me; and, as to a poor Wretch, they gave me a few Rags, and a little Food, such as they had. But how do you think I awaked from my Sleep when they were gone, and how deplored my Sufferings, when I saw that my Ships were sailed away, that I had no Neighbour, and none was present to assist me, labouring under this Distemper? Considering all Things, I found no Relief was near, but I must lie in Pain, and I had Opportunity enough for that. My Time passed on, and I must seek for my self some Nourishment in this mean Habitation, and that my Bow found out by shooting of fleet Doves; and whatsoever else my Arrow shot, I crawled along to seize it: Moreover, if I wanted Drink, or to break Wood in the frosty Winter, that I crawled out and did. Then there wanted Fire; so knocking the Stones together, with Difficulty I produced the Fire which lay concealed in them, which preserves me: A Habitation therefore with Fire, furnishes all Things besides Health. Now learn concerning this Island. No Sailor willingly puts into it, for there is no Harbour here, nor any Gain to be had by Trading; nor is any Entertainment here; therefore no skilful Sailors steer their Course this Way. Perhaps some against his Will might put in here, for many such Things happen in long Time. They comfort me with their Speeches when they

come, and, out of Pity, give me some Food and Cloathing; but none will bring me home when I make that Request, but miserably I perish for these ten Years with Hunger and Sorrows, feeding a devouring Distemper.

And all this I have suffered from the *Atridæ* and *Ulysses*, to whom may the celestial Gods repay condign Punishment.

Cho. I pity you, as well as other Strangers who come hither.

Neop. I can attest the Truth of thy Words, for I know by Experience that they are wicked Men, and that *Ulysses* is violent.

Phil. And hast thou an Accusation against the vile *Atridæ*, that thy Sufferings have thus enraged thee?

Neop. O that my Hands had Power to shew my Resentments against them, that *Mycenæ* and *Sparta* might know *Scyros* brings forth brave Men.

Phil. Therefore thus enraged art thou come to accuse them.

Neop. I will tell, but scarce can I tell, how I have been injured by them; For after Fate had decreed that *Achilles* should die ---

Phil. Alas! say no more, e're first I learn if *Achilles* be dead.

Neop. He died by no Man, but by the Arrows of the God *Apollo*, as they say.

Phil. He was glorious both in Life and Death; I doubt whether I shall first talk of your Sufferings, or deplore him.

Neop.

Neop. I believe thou hast Sufferings enough of thy own to lament, without those of thy Friends.

Phil. Right, therefore tell me that Deed, wherein they have injured thee.

Neop. *Ulysses* and *Phænix* came to me attended with a numerous Fleet, saying (whether it was true or false) that it was not possible, since my Father was dead, *Troy* could be taken without me. When they had said this, they suffered me not to tarry long, e're I sailed away speedily; and I was ready to comply with their Desire for this Reason, chiefly, the Longing I had to see my dead Father, for I had not seen him living; besides, it were a glorious Act, could I take *Troy*. After I had sailed two Days, and with a prosperous Voyage arrived at *Sad Sigeum*, the whole Army standing round saluted me, and swore that *Achilles*, although dead, yet lived in me. He lay dead, but after unhappy I had lamented him a little while, going to the *Atridæ*, as it was fit I should, I demanded the Armour of my Father, and all Things besides which belonged to him, but they returned me a most miserable Answer: Son of *Achilles*, whatever else belonged to thy Father thou mayest take; but another Man, the Son of *Laertes*, hath his Armour. Then I weeping, rise up, incensed with dismal Wrath, and grieving say: O hated Wretches, dare

[*Sad Sigeum.*] He calls it *Sad Sigeum*, because it was the Place where his Father met his Fate.

you give my Armour to any else besides me, without my Leave? But *Ulysses* (for he was near) replied, They adjudged them to me, ^h for I preserved both them and him. I presently enraged against them, wished the saddest Evils might befall them, leaving nought unsaid, if he robbed me of my Armour. But he coming to me, though not in Anger, yet pricked with what he had heard, answered: Thou wast not with us, but wast absent where thou shouldst not have been; and since thus boldly thou sayest all this, thou shalt never carry them with thee to *Scyros*.

When I heard all this, I was vexed at the Reproaches, and sailed home, deprived of my own by impious *Ulysses*. Nor do I accuse him as I do the Chiefs, for the whole City and Army belongs to Governors, and Delinquents, and are made wicked by their Examples. I have said all. But he who hates the *Atrida*, is beloved both by the Gods and me.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE.

Cho. ⁱ Mountainous *Rhea*, Earth, Mother

^h *For I preserved both them and him.*] It was said that *Ulysses* took the Body of *Achilles*, and his Armour, after he was slain, away from the *Trojans*. And *Ovid* brings him in boasting.

His humeris ego Corpus Achillis, &c.

ⁱ *Mountainous Rhea.*] *Rhea* is the same with the Earth, who, because her sacred Rites are performed in the Mountains, is therefore called *ὄρεσις*, or *ὄρεία*.
of

of *Jove*, who nourishest all Things, who governeſt ^k great *Paſtolus* which ſlides on golden Sands, thee, venerable Mother, I invoke to revenge the Injuries *Neoptolemus* hath ſuffered from the *Atridæ*; ſince from the *Atridæ* all his Afflictions proceeded, when they gave away his Father's Armour. O happy Goddeſs, whoſe Chariot is drawn by Lyons, ſupream Deity.

Phil. You have ſail'd hither, Friends, with a certain Token of your Sorrow, and agree with me in acknowledging, that all theſe Things come from the *Atridæ*, and from *Ulyſſes*; for I know him to have a Tongue expert in uttering all deceitful Counſels and Frauds, whereby he never deſigns to do Juſtice: Wherefore that is no Wonder to me. But I wonder that *Ajax* the Elder, (if he were by) ſhould ſuffer that.

Neop. He is no more: For had he liv'd I had not been deprived of them.

mountainous Goddeſs. *Homer* calls her *Ζεῖδος*. She had ſeveral other Names, as *Ops*, *Cybele*, *Dindymene*, *Bericynthia*, *Veſta*, &c. She was worſhipped by the *Phrygians*. The *Chorus* here invokes her to revenge the Injury which *Neoptolemus* received of *Agamemnon*, and his evil Counſellors, in depriving him of his Father's Armour.

^k Great *Paſtolus*, which ſlides on golden Sands.] *Paſtolus* is a River of *Lydia*, which with the Force of its Streams brings down golden Sands from the Mountain *Tmolus*, from whence it flows. Whence *Παζτωλὸν ἱνυχεύουσιν*. By the Sands of this River *Cræſus* was ſaid to have enrich'd himſelf.

Phil.

Phil. What say'st thou, is he dead?

Neop. No more he sees the Light.

Phil. Ah me! Nor the Son of *Tydeus*, nor *Ulysses* sold by *Sisyphus* to *Laertes* are dead: For it is not fit that they should live.

Neop. No, but they flourish greatly in the *Argian Army*.

Phil. How does my good old Friend, *Nestor* King of *Pylos*? For he forbid their wicked Arts and gave good Counsel.

Neop. He is now unhappy, for *Antilochus* his Son is dead.

Phil. Who is me, thou hast told me two Misfortunes, that they are dead whom I above all wished to have lived; alas what shall I now think since they are dead, but *Ulysses* lives, whom it was fitter should have died for them.

Neop. *Ulysses* is a prudent Warrior, but wise Counsels are often overcome.

Phil. Speak: Tell me, by the Gods, where was *Patroclus* then, who was your Father's most beloved Friend?

Neop. And he is dead: For, as in short I shall inform thee, unless it be by Chance, the War destroys no wicked Man, but always the good.

Phil. I agree with thee, therefore I will enquire of that unworthy Man, but prudent and grave in Speech; how is it with him?

Neop.

Neop. Who is he but *Ulysses*, of whom thou speakest?

Phil. I say not him, but there was one¹ *Thersites*, who often used to speak when none endured to hear him: Knowest thou if he still lives?

Neop. I have not seen him, but have heard he is still alive.

Phil. So it was to be, since nothing that is Ill is gone. Ill Things the Gods take Care of: But if there be ought that is subtle and fraudulent, that they gladly preserve from Death; but whatsoever Things are just and good, those they always deliver to her. What can we judge in these Things, or how commend the Deeds of the Gods, ^m since we find them bad?

Neop. Wherefore thou Son of an *Oetæan* Father, I for the future looking at a Distance, will avoid both *Ilium* and the *Atridæ*, for among whom a bad Man can do

¹ *Thersites, who often used.*] He was slain by *Achilles* at the same Time when he slew *Penthesilea*, Queen of the *Amazons*: For after *Achilles* had slain her, *Thersites* struck her in the Eye with his Spear, for which *Achilles* was so enrag'd that he beat out his Brains with his Fist.

^m *Since we find them bad.*] It is no great Wonder they should charge their Gods with Evil, since they were so familiarly conversant among them, even as to be present in their Battles, and even direct those Arrows which were cast by others. See *Homer's Il. σ.*

more than a good, and every Thing is oppress'd that is good, and Violence rules, I will no more respect such Men. But rocky *Scyros* hereafter shall suffice for me, and I will content my self at home. Now I go to my Ship; and thou farewell, may all Prosperity attend thee, and may the Gods free thee from thy Disease, as thou desirest; but we will go, when God grants us a seasonable Gale, then we will launch forth.

Phil. Dost thou now prepare for going?

Neop. Season now is near, and calls us to sail away.

Phil. Now, by thy Father and thy Mother, if there be ought dear to thee at home, humbly I beseech thee leave me not thus alone; forsaken in these Ills in which thou seest me, and in those wherein thou hast heard I have been conversant; but lay me down in any mean Place. I know I am troublesome, but then nevertheless bear with me; for generous Minds hate any Thing that is base, but delight in what is honourable. If you forsake me it will be a bad Reproach to you; but if you take me, much Glory will be your Reward, when I come safe to *Oeta*. I shall not be the Burthen of a whole Day: Venture it, take me and lay me where thou wilt on the Jakes, or on the Prow, that I may as little as possible disturb others that are present. Yield to me, by *Jupiter*, Guardian of Suppliants;

be

be persuaded; I prostrate my self, and grasp your Knees, tho' I am weak, miserable and lame; leave me not thus destitute without Footstep of Mankind, but either lead me safe into your Countrey, or into *Eubæa*, and from thence my Way to *Oeta* is not far, and the Borders of *Trachinium*, and gently flowing *Sperchius*, that you may restore me to my beloved Father, whom I have long fear'd lest he be dead. For I have sent him many suppliant Prayers by those who came hither, that he would send a Ship and bring me safe home; but either he is dead, or, which is most probable, the Messengers making small Account of my Business, hasten'd home. But now I come to you as my Conductor and my Guardian Angel, do thou save me, seeing how Men lye expos'd to many Dangers, now they are in Prosperity, now in Adversity: But it becomes him who is free from Troubles to look upon the afflicted. And when any one lives happily, then ought he to look to himself lest some unforeseen Accident destroy him.

ANTISTROPHE.

Cho. Pity him, O King, for he hath mentioned Tryals of many sad Sufferings, which none of my Friends ever did: But if thou hatest the fierce *Atridæ*, I, turning their Evil

vil to his Advantage here, since he eagerly urges it, in a well rigg'd nimble Ship will go home, avoiding the Vengeance of the Gods.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Neoptolemus, Chorus, Philoctetes.

Neop.



Beware lest thou art over easy, for when thou art tyred with his Distemper thou wilt not be the same.

Cho. By no means, thou shalt never have that to reproach me with.

Neop. It is a Shame that I should seem behind thee in Readiness to assist a Stranger; therefore, if thou thinkest fit, we will sail, let him come quickly, the Ship shall receive him, nor shall he be deny'd. Only may the Gods conduct us safe out of this Land, to whatsoever Place we desire from hence to sail.

Phil. O joyful Day! And thou most beloved of all Men, and dear Sailors, how shall I shew my self sufficiently grateful to you? Let us go and salute my familiar Habitation, that you may know upon what I have liv'd, and how patient I have been; for I think that

no

no other but me, who only takes a View of it with his Eyes, would endure all this which I have done, but I am taught by Necessity to bear it.

Cho. But wait that we may learn farther.

— Two Men, our Ship Companion and another, approach, whom when you have heard, afterwards you shall go in.

ACT III. SCENE II.

One of the Chorus, one disguised like a Merchant sent by Ulysses, Neoptolemus, Philoctetes.

Merch. ⁿ Son of *Achilles*, I commanded this my Companion who was the Keeper of your Ship, to tell me where you were, since I have met with you contrary to my Expectation as by Accident I came to this Countrey, sailing from *Ilium* ° home to *Pepareth* with Vines well planted, not with a large Fleet;

ⁿ *Son of Achilles.*] Here entereth the Servant of *Ulysses*, dress'd in the Habit of a Merchant, as they had agreed upon before, who, feigning himself to come to the Place by Accident, alarms him with a false Account of some Pursuers, and whom he warns him to avoid; but his Design was to bring him and *Philoctetes* to *Ulysses's* Ship.

° *Home to Pepareth.*] *Peparethus* is one of the Islands of the *Cyclades* in the *Aegean* Sea.

when

when I heard these were your Sailors, I resolv'd since I had met with my Brother Sailors, not to sail by in Silence, e're I desired thee to sail away. Thou knowest nought of what concerns thee, what Consultations the *Argians* have had about thee, and not only Consultations, but some Things have been acted.

Neop. Thanks to thee for thy kind Admonition, and if I am no ill Man, my well deserv'd Grace attends thee. But speak, that I may know what new Consultation of the *Argians* about me this is thou hast told me of.

Mer. Old *Phœnix* and the Sons of *Theseus* are gone out with their Fleet, in pursuit of thee.

Neop. To bring me by Force, or Persuasion?

Mess. I know not, but what I have heard I tell thee.

Neop. Doth *Phœnix* and his Companions do this to gratify the *Atridae*?

Mer. Be assured these Things are now in hand, nor is there any Delay.

Neop. Why doth not *Ulysses* take it in hand himself? Was he ready to have sail'd hither, or would not his Fear alone let him?

▼ *The Sons of Theseus.*] Their Names were *Acamas* and *Demophon*. *Homer* mentions them not in his Catalogue of Heroes.

Mer.

Mer. He and *Diomedes*, when I came hither, fail'd after another.

Neop. Whom?

Mer. It was one; but tell me first who this is, but speak not loud.

Neop. He is noble *Philoctetes*.

Mer. Now ask me no more, but with all speed launch forth, and convey thy self out of this Countrey.

Phil. What says he? Why doth he privately betray me by his Discourse to you?

Neop. I know not what he said, but he ought to say clearly what he says before thee, my Friends, and my self.

Mer. O Son of *Achilles*, betray me not to the Army, since I speak what I ought not; for I have receiv'd of them much Kindness.

Neop. I am an Enemy to the *Atridæ*, but this my greatest Friend because he hates them. You ought therefore to conceal nothing from us of all you have heard, if it be acceptable.

Mer. Consider what you do.

Neop. I do consider.

Mer. I shall blame you for all this.

Neop. For what?

Mer. Those two Men, as thou hast heard of, *Diomedes* and *Ulysses*, bound by Oath, do sail against this Man, to bring him away either by Persuasion or by Violence; and this all the *Grecians* heard *Ulysses* plainly say; for he

of the two hath most Boldness to do that Deed.

Neop. On what Account do the *Atridae* after so long Time regard *Philoctetes*, whom long before they rejected? Whence comes this their Desire of him? Is it from the Gods, and *Nemesis* who revenges vile Deeds?

Mer. I will inform thee of all (for probably thou hast not heard it): There was a noble Prophet Son of *Priam*, his Name was *Helenus*, whom this fraudulent *Ulysses* (who never hears ought of himself but what is base and dishonourable) going out alone by Night seiz'd and bringing him Prisoner, shew'd all the *Grecians* his fine Prey. This Prophet, with many other Things, prophesied to them, that they should never overcome *Troy*, unless prevailing upon this Man by Persuasion, they lead him out of this Island wherein he dwells. When the Son of *Laertes* heard the Prophet say this, immediately he promised he would bring him, he thought he could bring him by his own Choice, but if not, to use Violence, and promised that his Head should pay the Forfeit if he fail'd: Thou hast heard all, therefore I advise you both hasten away, and if there be any other whom thou carest for.

Phil. Wo is me! Did that Villain, that Abstract of all Ill, swear that he would persuade me to go to the *Grecians*? As soon I will be persuaded

persuaded ^a that when I die I shall return again to Life, as his Father *Sisyphus* did.

Mer. That I know not, but I go to my Ship, and may God grant you all good Things.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Philoctetes, Neoptolemus, Chorus.

Phil. Is not this most unjust, that the Son of *Laertes* hopes with deluding Words to bring me to the *Grecians*? No, I would sooner hear my most bitter Enemy, the Viper who made me lame: But he says and dares all Things, and now I know he will certainly come. Wherefore, O Son, let us go, that the broad Sea may divide us from *Ulysses's* Ship: Let us go, for seasonable Diligence at last brings Ease and Rest from Labour.

^a *That when I die I shall return.*] To what was said before of *Sisyphus*, the Father of *Ulysses*, this farther Account is added, that upon his Death-Bed he charg'd his Wife to leave his Body unburied, which accordingly she did; whereupon he accus'd her to *Pluto* and *Proserpine* for not performing due Funeral Obsequies to his Body, and obtain'd of them Leave to return to Life and revenge on her the Affront; but when he came to Life, he never return'd back until he was constrain'd by Necessity.

R 2

Neop.

Neop. When there is a fair Wind; now it blows against us.

Phil. When you fly from Evils, there is always good sailing.

Neop. Fear not, the Winds oppose them too, (*i. e. Ulysses and Diomedes.*)

Phil. The Winds never oppose Pyrates, when their Time is for robbing and plundering.

Neop. If thou thinkest fit then, we will go; and bring with thee what thou hast need of and desirest.

Phil. There are some Things that I have need of.

Neop. What is that which is not in my Ship?

Phil. I have a Leaf wherewith I always ease my Wounds, and mitigate my Pain.

Neop. Bring it out; what other Thing dost thou desire to take?

Phil. Alas! I suspect that I have left something that belongs to those Bows: But leave it not for another to take.

Neop. Meanest thou those excellent Bows?

Phil. The same, for I bear no other.

Neop. But may I take a View of them nearer and carry them, and adore them as some God?

Phil. That shall be granted thee, and any Thing else in my Power that will be for thy Profit.

Neop.

Neop. I love this Bow, but my Love is thus; if it be just for me I will, if not excuse me.

Phil. Thou speakest piously; it is just for thee, by whose Providence alone the Light of the Sun I see, the Land of *Oeta*, my ancient Father and my Friends; and who, being under the Power of my Enemies hast freed me from thence. Be confident you may both touch these, return them to the Giver, and boast that you alone of all Men may touch them, for your Virtue's Sake: For it is for my good Deeds I got them, nor am I griev'd to see you touch them who art my Friend; for he who hath been well us'd, knows how to use well his Benefactor, and a Friend is more precious than the greatest Wealth.

Neop. Go in.

Phil. And I will introduce thee, for being distemper'd I have need of thee to assist me.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Chorus.

STROPHE I.

I have heard but never saw it, that formerly ^r mighty *Jove* took *Ixion* who attempted to corrupt his Bed, and bound him a Prisoner to a Wheel to be whirl'd round; but never heard or saw any other who suffered a more cruel Fate than this Man, who neither injur'd nor rob'd any one, but a just Man unworthily perishes: And I wonder at that, how alone as a Ship immerfed in Waves beating on every Side, he endured this lamentable Life.

* *Mighty Jove took Ixion.*] He was the Son of *Phlegyas*; the Crime for which he is thus punish'd was his boasting he had corrupted *Juno*, but it was only a Cloud in her Shape on which he begat the *Centaurs*. *Tibul. Lib. I. Eleg. III.*

*Illic Junonem tentare Ixionis ausi
Versantur celeri noxia membra rotâ.*

The offensive Members of *Ixion*, who dar'd to tempt the Chastity of *Juno*, are turn'd about on a nimble Wheel. And *Pindar Pyth. Od. II.*

————— Ἰξίωνα
ἐν πτόρει τῶν πάντων κυλιδόμενον.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE I

Expos'd to Winds, having no Power to go, nor any, even bad Neighbour, to whom he may publish his sad and cruel Grief, again to be repeated; nor any to assuage with soft Leaves the warm Ulcer of his wounded Foot, or if any there should happen to be, to bear him his Food from the fruitful Earth; but he creeps forth every where dragging himself along, as a Child without his beloved Nurse, where the Ways are smooth, when his torturing Pain will suffer him: Nor unless with Arrows and trusty Bow, gets he any Food to eat; who for this ten Years Time hath not been delighted with one Draught of Wine, but looking where he can spy any standing Water, he creeps to it to quench his Thirst.

ANTISTROPHE II.

But now meeting with noble *Neoptolemus*, will lead a happy Life, and from his past Troubles will become great; who taking him into a Sea-crossing Ship, after many Months will bring him into his Father's Countrey to the Nymphs of *Melis* and the Banks of *Sperchius*, where *Hercules* pass'd to the celestial Gods, burnt in a Pile on the Bank of *Oeta*.


R 4

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Neoptolemus, Philoctetes, Chorus.

Neop.  O on, if thou wilt; why art thou thus silent for no Cause, and thus amaz'd? .

Phil. Alas! alas!

Neop. What is the Matter?

Phil. No harm, but go on.

Neop. Do you restrain the Violence of your approaching Disease?

Phil. No, but I think * it is easier with me; O the Gods!

Neop. Why thus lamenting dost thou invoke the Gods?

Phil. That they would come to us as our kind Deliverers; ah! ah!

Neop. What is that thou sufferest? Wilt thou not speak, but still continue thus in Silence? Thou seemest to labour under some Evil.

* *It is easier with me; O the Gods!]* While he rejoices at the Thoughts of his returning home to his Countrey, still the Pain of his Distemper interrupts his Joy.

Phil,

Phil. O I am lost: Nor can I conceal my Sorrow from you. Woe is me, it pierces me; alas! alas! I am undone, I am destroy'd, &c. by the Gods, if thou hast a Sword ready at Hand, smite my Foot, cut it off with all speed; nor spare my Life, go my Son.

Neop. What sudden Thing is this? Why dost thou make all these Clamours and Lamentations?

Phil. O Child, thou knowest.

Neop. What is it?

Phil. Thou knowest.

Neop. What is the Matter with thee?

Phil. I know not.

Neop. How dost thou mean thou knowest not?

Phil. Alas! Alas!

Neop. How terrible is the coming on of this Disease?

Phil. So terrible it cannot be utter'd. O pity me.

Neop. What shall I do?

Phil. Forsake me not, for fear of my Disease: It comes by Intervals, as wandering Beasts for Prey return home when they are filled.

Neop. Thou miserable Man, thro' many Toils thou art miserable: Permit me to take hold of, and carry thee.

Phil. By no means, but take my Bow as thou didst ask me, until the present Violence
of

of my Disease abates, keep and preserve these; Sleep seizeth me when this Disease comes on me, nor doth it cease before I sleep. Therefore you must let me rest quietly; but if they come in that Time, I beseech you, by the Gods, neither willingly or unwillingly, or by any Art be overcome to yield them up to *Ulysses*, lest you kill both your self and me, who am your Suppliant.

Neop. Fear not, for by my Consent they shall be common to none but thee and me, Therefore give them me, and the good Fortune too that attends them.

Phil. Behold, receive them, and beseech Envy, that they may not be to you the Occasion of so much Woe as they have been to me, and him who before me possess'd them.

Neop. O the Gods grant it be so, and grant us a prosperous Voyage wheresoever God pleases to bear us, and where our Ship arrives.

Phil. I fear you pray in vain: The Blood pours from my Wound afresh: I expect some sudden Accident will happen: Wo is me! and wo again! O Foot, what Misery dost thou cause me. It comes, the Pain approaches, wo is me, the Disease continues, forsake me not. Alas! I wish this Pain were fix'd deep in thy Breast, *Ulysses*. O ye two Chiefs, *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, how could you so long bear this Distemper for my Sake, nor banish

nish me before? Wo is me: O Death! Death! why thus perpetually call'd upon every Day can'st thou not come? O noble Youth, consume me with this Fire that burns in *Lemnos*, as once I did the Son of *Jove* that Service for this Armour. What say'st thou Son? Why art thou silent? Where do thy Thoughts wander?

Neop. I mourn and lament thy Sufferings.

Phil. O Son, be of good Courage, as it comes quick so it returns, but I beseech you leave me not alone.

Neop. Fear not, we'll stay.

Phil. Wilt thou stay?

Neop. Assure your self of it.

Phil. Then I think it is improper to bind thee by Oath.

Neop. It is not just that I go away without you.

Phil. Give me thy Hand for a Pledge of thy Faith.

Neop. I do engage my Promise I will stay.

Phil. This Way, now this Way.

Neop. Which Way say'st thou?

Phil. Upwards.

Neop. Why dost thou rave again? Why dost thou look toward the Sky?

Phil. Let me go, let me go.

Neop. Whither?

Phil. Let me go.

Neop. I say I will not let thee go.

Phil.

Phil. Thou wilt kill me, if thou touchest me.

Neop. I let thee alone, now how much wifer art thou?

Phil. O Earth, receive a dying Man as I am, for my Disease [*He falls asleep*] suffers me no more to raise my self.

Neop. It is likely that Sleep will soon seize the Man, his Head is reclined, Sweat bedews all his whole Body, and in the Sole of his Foot a black Vein is broke: But let us suffer him, Friends, so to lye quiet, until he falls asleep.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Chorus, Neoptolemus.

Cho. O Sleep, whom no Pain nor Grief can hurt; mayest thou, O King! who makest our Life happy, now favour us, and close his Eyes in that Darknes which now covers him. Come now, thou Physician Sleep. O Son consider now where you will stay or go, or what Counsel dost thou think to take? Or what shall we stay for, Opportunity which overcomes the best Counsels, now gives us great Power.

Neop. He hears nothing, but I perceive that in vain we pursue our Prey with Arrows, without him to sail with us; the Crown of Victory must be from him, the God commanded
to

to take him away; to make vain Promises even to the false, is a reproachful Thing.

ANTISTROPHE.

Cho. The Gods will see all, but of whatsoever you would answer me again, let your Discourse be short; for in a Distemper all Mens Sleep is fleeting, so that they may look behind. Consider then what is the most convenient Thing you can do, and ponder with your self what you will resolve upon. Knowest thou of whom I speak? If thou hadst the same Opinion with him, (*i. e. Ulysses*) thou wouldst take him away. Even the Prudent find some Difficulties to know what to do in doubtful Cases.

EPODOS.

The Wind blows fair, his Eyes are closed, he hath no Power to help himself, but lies involved in Darkness: This warm Sleep is good for us, and he is neither Master of his Hands or Feet; but he looks, he sees, he speaks like one drawing near his Death; it is my Care to take him. A Deed done without Fear is the noblest.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Neoptolemus, Philoctetes, Chorus.

Neop. Be silent, nor let your Courage fail.
He moves his Eyes, and raises his Head.

Phil. O Light, Sleep's Successor, faithless Guardian of my Hopes, and these Strangers; I never had thought it, that you could with Pity bear my sad Sufferings, continuing and assisting me. The *Atridae*, those good Princes could not easily bear that; but thou art of a generous Nature, and art born of generous Parents, therefore easily didst bear it, though infected with my Noise and ill Savour. But now, since there is some Intermission and Rest from the Disease, thou raise me up, and set me standing; that since my Weakness hath left me, we may go to the Ship, and not delay our Sailing.

Neop. I rejoice that I see you, beyond my Hope, free from Pain, alive and breathing; for there were some Signs of thee which appeared and signified thy Death; but now raise thy self. But if it please thee better, these will bear thee; the Labour will not grieve them, since it pleaseth both of us that they should do it.

Phil. I like that: Then raise me up, since it is thy Pleasure; but let them go, lest they be
offended

offended with the ill Savour too soon; for it will be trouble enough for them to live with me in the Ship.

Neop. Be it so; then stand up and support thy self.

Phil. Fear not, I will raise my self according to my usual Manner.

Neop. † Wo is me! what shall I do?

Phil. What is that? What Speech was it thou hast dropped?

Neop. I know not how to direct my doubting Judgment.

Phil. What dost thou doubt of? Wilt thou not tell me?

Neop. It is there I am perplexed with Doubting.

Phil. Doth the Difficulty of bearing my Disease thus move thee, that thou wilt not take me a Companion of thy Voyage?

Neop. All Things are difficult, when any forsaking his own Nature, doth Things that are unseemly.

Phil. Thou neither dost nor sayest ought unworthy of thy Father, while thou dost assist a good Man.

† *Wo is me! what shall I?*] Here *Neoptolemus* is uneasy, knowing with himself that he was about to deceive *Philoctetes* contrary to his natural Disposition, and bring him to *Troy*, not to his Country, as he had promised to do.

Neop.

Neop. I shall shew my self vile; it is that disturbs me.

Phil. But not in what you say or do; yet I doubt.

Neop. O *Jove!* what shall I do? I shall be twice caught in my Vileness, in concealing what I ought not, and speaking most wicked Words.

Phil. This Man, unless I am mistaken in my Opinion, thinks to betray me, and, leaving me, to sail away.

Neop. I will not leave thee, but rather left with Grief to thee, I take thee, it is that which grieves me.

Phil. What sayest thou? I understand thee not.

Neop. I will conceal nought from thee; thou must sail to *Troy*, to the *Grecians*, and the Army of the *Atridae*.

Phil. Ah me! What hast thou said?

Neop. Do not lament before you know.

Phil. Know what? How dost thou think to do with me?

Neop. First to ease you of your Disease, then to go and destroy the *Trojan* Land.

Phil. And dost thou think to do so?

Neop. Great Necessity enforces it; wherefore be not angry, though now thou hast heard this.

Phil. I am undone a Wretch, betrayed. O Stranger, what hast thou done to me? Deliver me my Bow with Speed.

Neop.

Neop. But it is not fit I should; both Law and Interest obliges me to obey those in Power.

Phil. "O Fire and every Terror, most odious fraudulent Contrivance, what hast thou done to me? How hast thou deceived me? Art thou not ashamed to see me thy Suppliant prostrate at thy Feet? O cruel Man, in taking away my Bow thou hast taken my Life. Restore me them I beseech thee, restore me them, by my Father's Gods, * take not away my Life. Ah me a Wretch! thou answerest me not, but he looks as if he would never restore them. O ye Ports and Promontories! O Commerce with mountainous Beasts, and uneven Rocks, I speak this to you; I have none else to speak to. I complain to you, you who were wont to hear my Complaints, what the Son of *Achilles* hath done to me. After he hath sworn to bring me home, he prepares to bring me back to *Troy*; and after he gave his Hand in Pledge of his Truth, hath taken away my Bow, which *Hercules* the Son of

"O Fire and every Terror.] Gr. ὁ πῦρ σὺ. Spoken in Allusion to *Pyrrhus*, one of *Neoptolemus's* Names.

* Take not away my Life.] Gr. τὸ βίον μὴ μ' ἀφείλῃς. A pretty Allusion in the *Greek*, though it is not discerned in any other Language: For βίος, Life, is likewise *Greek* for a Bow, the Accent being changed thus βίος. Yet this is scarce grave enough for this kind of Poem, as I have noted in the Tragedy of *Ajax*.

Jove hath given me, and will deliver me to the *Grecians*, as though he had overcome me a brave Man by Force: Nor doth he know that he kills one already dead, or a vain Shadow, a mere Image. He could not have taken me had I my Strength; since even as I am, he took me not but by Fraud. But now unhappy Man I am deceived, what must I do? Restore them to me. Still be like thy self. What sayest thou? Art thou silent? I am undone a Wretch! O Rock with a double Door, again I return to thee naked, and destitute of Food: Alone I shall die in this Cave, nor shall I kill any winged Fowl, or wild Beast of the Mountains with my Bow; but dead my self, a Wretch, I shall be Food for those I fed upon; and those I hunted before, will hunt me now, and I shall repay my Death as a Recompence for theirs. This I have from him who seemed to think no Ill. Yet perish not, before I know if thou wilt change thy Mind; but if not, mayest thou miserably die.

Cho. What shall we do, O King? It is in thy Power either to sail away, or obey his Words.

Neop. Much Pity for this Man invades my Breast, not now the first Time, but before likewise.

Phil.

Phil. Pity me, by the Gods, nor make thy self a Reproach to Mankind by deceiving me.

Neop. Wo is me! what shall I do? Would I had never left *Scyros*; these Things so afflict me.

Phil. Thou art not bad thy self, but art instructed by base Men for these vile Deeds; but now exercise those Arts upon others who deserve it. Deliver me my Armour, then sail away.

Neop. What must we do, my Companions?

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Ulysses, Philoctetes, Neoptolemus, Chorus.

Ulyf. Thou worst of Slaves, wilt thou not leave this Bow with me?

Phil. Ah me! who is this? Do I hear *Ulysses*?

Ulyf. It is him, be well assured of that, him whom you see.

Phil. Wo is me! I am sold, I am lost, undone. This is he who circumvented me, and stripped me of my Armour.

Ulyf. It was I, and none else, I own it.

Phil. O Son, quit my Bow, return it to me.

Ulys. Thou shalt not do that, though thou should'st desire it; [*To Neoptolemus.*] But thou must go with thy Armour, or they will take thee by Force.

Phil. Thou most vile audacious Slave, will they take me by Force?

Ulys. Ay, unless thou goest freely.

Phil. O Land of *Lemnos*, and thou invincible Light of *Vulcan's* Fire! Are such Things tolerable, as that he should bear me hence by Violence?

Ulys. That you may know it, it is *Jove* who rules this Land, by whom this was decreed; I am but Minister of that Decree.

Phil. O Villain, what hast thou found out to say? Dost thou pretend the Gods, and make them Liars.

Ulys. No, but true, thou must go this Way.

Phil. But I say I will not.

Ulys. But I affirm it, you must obey.

Phil. Wo is me! it is plain then, my Father begat me a Slave, not a free Man.

Ulys. No Slave, but equal with the greatest Princes with whom thou must take *Troy*, and destroy it by Force.

Phil. It shall never be, though I suffer the worst of Evils, while I have this deep Cave to contain me.

Ulys. What wouldest thou do?

Phil. I will dash my Head in Pieces against this Rock, then fall down headlong from it.

Ulys.

Ulys. Lay Hands upon him, let not that be in his Power.

[*Ulysses's Followers bind Philoctetes.*]

Phil O Hands! what you endure for want of your beloved Bow, bound by this Man! O thou who in thy Thoughts contrivest nothing, either good, or worthy a free Man. Thou hast deluded me; how hast thou caught me, by sending this Youth suborned by thee, to me unknown, unworthy to be like thee, but rather me; who knew how to do nothing, but as he was ordered: And now he seems to bear it with much Grief, that he offended me, and that through him I have suffered. But thy base Mind, always looking through Coverts, hath well instructed him against his Will, unexpert before in Frauds, to be wise in contriving Wickedness. And now having bound me, thinkest thou to take me from this Shore, where before thou didst cast me, destitute of Friends, forsaken, an Exile, among the living, Dead. Ah! mayest thou perish, and this I often wished might be thy Fate; but the Gods grant nothing pleasing to me. Thou livest joyfully, but I am overwhelmed with Woe; and for this Reason, that I live in many Troubles derided by thee, and the two Generals, Sons of *Atrous*, whom thou servest in these Deeds. Thou for thy Craftiness, which they respected, and by Necessity their Subject, didst sail with them. They, as thou sayest, cast

me out a Wretch, who willingly failed hither Commander of seven Ships. But they accuse thee. And now why do you bring me hither, and then take me away? For what Cause, who am no more, and, as for your Part, am dead long since. Wherefore now, thou most hated of the Gods, am I not lame, and ill favoured to you? How will you pray to the Gods to consume the Sacrifices, if I fail with you? How will you make Libations? For these were your Pretences to cast me out. O may you perish who thus have injured me, if the Gods respect Justice: But I know they do, for you had never failed hither for the Sake of a miserable Man, unless some divine Instigation for my Sake had urged you to it. But O my Father's Countrey and guardian Gods, punish them all at last, if you commiserate me, who miserably live; for if I saw them perish, I should think my self free from my Disease.

Cho. This Stranger, *Ulysses*, is violent, and hath spoke a violent Speech, nor doth he sink under his Afflictions.

Ulys. I could say many Things to him again, if it were convenient for me; but now one Thing I will say: When there needs such Words, I am he that will speak them; and when there is a Trial of just and good Men, you shall find none a more righteous Judge than me. I am used to overcome in every
Dispute

Dispute wherein I am concerned, unless it be against thee; and now willingly I will submit to thee. Set him free, nor touch him more; let him stay here: We have no Need of thee, since we have these Arms. y We have *Teucrus*, who hath Skill to use them; and my self, who think I am not behind thee in handling them, or directing them against a Mark. What Need therefore is there of thee? Farewell; do thou tread the Land of *Lemnos*; but we will go, perhaps thy Gift may gain me the Honour which is due to thee.

Phil. Wo is me! what shall I do? Wilt thou, clad in my Armour, appear among the *Grecians*?

Ulys. Contradict me no more, I go my Way.

Phil. O Son of *Achilles*, shall I not hear thy Voice? Dost thou go hence?

Ulys. Go thy Way, nor look towards him, tho' thou art noble, lest thou spoil our Fortune.

Phil. And am I thus forsaken of you, O Stranger? Shall I be left, nor will you pity me?

y We have *Teucrus*.] *Teucrus* was particularly famous for his Art in throwing Darts, as appears both by this Place and another in the *Ajax*: although *Meneleus* calls him there *τοξότης* in Derision, when he contended with him about the Burial of *Ajax*, in these Words: *This Archer seems not to think meanly of himself.*

Cho. This is the Governour of our Ship; whatever he saith to thee, we say the same likewise.

Neop. I am blamed by him, *i. e.* *Ulysses*, that I am compaffionate: Yet stay, if it please him, for so long Time while the Sailors get all Things ready for the Ship, and we sacrifice to the Gods; perhaps he in that Time may change his Mind for the better, then we will launch our Ship, and do you come quickly when we call you.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

ANTISTROPHICA STROPHE I.

Philoctetes, Chorus.

Phil. O Cave in the hollow Rock, by Turns hot and cold! I never must leave thee, but thou must serve me as my Habitation, until I dye. O Habitation filled with my Woe, what shall I do in my remaining Days? What Food shall I get? What Hope will ever cheer me? O! I would the ravenous Birds would in a mighty Wind bear me up through the Air, for longer I cannot sustain my self.

STROPHE II.

Cho. Thou thy self, unhappy Man, hast brought upon thee thy Misfortune; it comes not
any

any other Way: When it is in thy Power to be wiser, and enjoy a better and happier Fortune, thou hadst rather be more unhappy.

Phil. O wretched me, worn out with Sorrow; who live alone here forsaken of all Men, and shall perish in this Den: Nor shall I get more Food, or shoot more Birds with my Bow, and stout Hands. But he imposed upon me with the secret unseen Fraud of his trayterous Mind. Would I could see him who contrived this, for as long Time sharing like Pains with me.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Cho. It was the Fate of the Gods, not the Contrivance of my Hands overcame you; forbear your inauspicious odious Execrations against others: For that is my Care, that you reject not my Benevolence.

STROPHE III.

Phil. Wo is me! now sitting somewhere on the hoary Sand of the Sea-Shore, he laughs at me, brandishing in his Hands my Sustenance, whom none ever before carried. O lovely Bow extorted out of my Hands, sure now if thou hast any Thought, thou thinkest it a miserable Case, that I should never hereafter use thee as *Hercules* did. The Case
is

is altered, thou art now put into the Hands of a deceitful Man, see'st all his Frauds, and a Man most hated to me; and who, born of vile Parents, hath done me innumerable Wrongs.

STROPHE IV.

Cho. It is the Part of a good Man to say the Truth, and not to express malicious Sorrow with his Tongue: For he, being one who was from the Army appointed to this Business by the Counsel of *Ulysses*, only lent his Assistance to his Friends.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Phil. O ye Birds, winged Prey, and chearful kind of Mountain-wandering Beasts, which this Country contains, no more approach me with Terror at these Dens; for I have not in my Hands the Strength of my Bow, which I had before. Ah me a Wretch! now this Place is free and unregarded, and no more terrible to you. Approach, and fill your selves with my Flesh, for Recompence of the Wounds your Flesh received of me. I shall soon leave my Life; for whence shall I have necessary Food? Who can feed upon the Air, who hath nothing which our Mother Earth affords?

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Cho. Now by the Gods, if thou respectest Strangers, receive *Neoptolemus* with all Benevolence who joins himself to you; and know well, thou mayest avoid this Calamity: He is unwise who chuses to live miserably, and endure perpetual Sorrow.

Phil. Again thou puttest me in Mind of my former Misfortunes. Why dost thou kill me? why dost thou so?

Cho. Why dost thou say so?

Phil. Because thou thinkest to bring me back to hated *Troy*.

Cho. But I think that to be the best.

Phil. From henceforth leave me.

Cho. With Joy I receive thy Commands, and shall execute them: We will go to our Ship, as we are ordered.

Phil. Now I beseech you by ^z *Jove* Revenger of those who supplicate in vain; depart not hence.

Cho. Then be more gentle.

Phil. O Strangers, by the Gods, stay.

* *Jove Revenger of those who supplicate in vain.*]
There were among the Antients, as hath been noted, as many *Joves* to pray to, as their several Circumstances which they were in: So *Jove agaios*, was he whom they invoked, when they desired a Thing earnestly of another.

Cho.

Cho. What sayest thou?

Phil. Alas! alas! I am undone a Wretch.
O my Foot, what shall I do with you the remaining Part of my wretched Life. Generous Strangers, return again I beseech you.

Cho. What shall we do, besides what you have already ordered? Is your Mind changed?

Phil. It is not a Fault for him that is afflicted with tumultuous Sorrow, to roar like one besides himself.

Cho. Go with us now, thou Wretch, as we desire thee.

Phil. By no Means, that shall never be made good, though thundering, fire-bearing *Jove*, with his Thunderbolts should consume me. May *Troy* perish, and all those who are at it, who could bear to reject me for the Ulcer of my Foot. But, O Strangers, grant me this Petition.

Cho. What is that thou sayest?

Phil. If thou hast any Sort of Armour, give it me.

Cho. What Slaughter wouldest thou commit?

Phil. I will cut off my Head and Feet with my Hands; the Pain of my Disease requires it.

Cho. How?

Phil. I will seek my Father,

Cho. Where.

Phil.

Phil. Among the Dead; for he sees the Light no more. O my Father's City! O that I could but behold you, who forsaking your sacred Religion, went an Assister to the hostile *Grecians*.

Cho. I had gone before to my Ship, only that I saw *Ulysses*, the Son of *Achilles*, coming to us.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Ulysses, Neoptolemus, Chorus.

Ulys.



ILL you not tell for what Reason you return back so quick?

Neop. To expiate my Offences, which before I committed.

Ulys. You tell us a sad Thing, but what was the Offence?

Neop. My obeying thee, and the whole Army.

Ulys. What Act hast thou done unworthy of thy self?

Neop. I deceived the Man with vile Fraud and Tricks.

Ulys. What, alas! do you design any new Thing?

Neop.

Neop. Nothing new but for *Philoctetes*.

Ulys. What wilt thou do? How Fear comes upon me?

Neop. From whom I have received this Bow, again to him —

Ulys. O *Jove*! what sayest thou? Dost thou think to return it?

Neop. I received it basely, and not according to Justice.

Ulys. By the Gods, dost thou say this only to torment my Heart?

Neop. Ay, if it be a Torment to thee to speak Truth.

Ulys. What sayest thou?

Neop. Will you have me twice and thrice repeat the same Words?

Ulys. I had rather hear them not once.

Neop. Assure thy self thou hast heard all.

Ulys. But there is some body who will hinder thee from doing that.

Neop. What sayest thou? Who is there that will hinder me?

Ulys. The whole *Grecian* Army, and my self.

Neop. Though thou art a wise Man, thou speakest not wisely.

Ulys. Thou neither speakest, nor actest wisely.

Neop. But if justly, my Actions are better than the most wise Contrivances.

Ulys. How is it just to return those Things again, which you got by my Counsel?

Neop. I have committed a base Fault, and that I will endeavour to undo.

Ulys. Dost thou not fear the Army of the *Grecians* that thou darest do this?

Neop. When I do Justice, I fear not like thee; nor do I think they will make me fear by your Power.

Ulys. Therefore we will not fight with the *Trojans*, but thee.

Neop. Come what will.

Ulys. Seest thou my right Hand upon the Hilt of my Sword?

Neop. And thou shalt see me do the like without Delay.

Ulys. But I will let thee alone, and tell this to all the *Grecians*, who will punish thee.

Neop. Thou art wise, and if hereafter thou will always be wise, thou mayest lead a Life free from Sorrow. But thou, O Son of *Pæan* come out, and leave thy rocky Cave.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Philoctetes, Neoptolemus, Ulysses.

Phil. What clamourous Noise is this before my Den? Why do you call me out? What, Strangers, do you want? Alas! why will you add more Evils to my former?

Neop. Be of good Courage, hear what I say to thee.

Phil.

Phil. I fear alas! for I have suffered before by fair Speeches, when I was persuaded by thee.

Neop. But may not one repent?

Phil. Such a faithful Man before thou didst feign thy self to be; but privately wast my Enemy, when thou didst rob me of my Bow.

Neop. But now I am not, but would know of thee whether thou wilt stay here, or sail along with us.

Phil. Cease, speak no more, for whatsoever thou say'st will be said in vain.

Neop. Art thou so determined?

Phil. And beyond what I speak.

Neop. I would have thee be persuaded by my Words; but if I speak not seasonably, I will be silent.

Phil. It will all be said in vain, thou wilt never find my Mind well disposed towards thee, who hast taken away my Life by Frauds, and now thou comest to admonish me, the most traytorous Son of the best of Fathers. First may the *Atridae* perish, then the Son of *Laertes*, and lastly thou.

Neop. Curse no more, but receive these Arrows of my Hands.

Phil. How say'st thou; am I deceived a second Time?

Neop. I have sworn it by the supreme Deity of *Jove*.

Phil. Most sweet Words, if what thou say'st be true.

Neop. The Truth shall be made appear; extend thy Right Hand, and take hold of thy Armour.

Ulys. I forbid it (witness the Gods) in the Name of the *Atridæ*, and the whole Army.

Phil. O Son, whose Voice is this? Do I hear *Ulysses*?

Ulys. Be assured of it, thou seest him near who will bring thee to *Troy* by Force, whether the Son of *Achilles* will or not.

Phil. But thou shalt have no Reason to rejoice, if this Arrow be rightly directed.

Neop. Ah! by no means, I beseech thee, by the Gods, cast not forth thy Arrow.

Phil. I beseech thee let go my Hand.

Neop. I cannot let thee go.

Phil. Why wilt thou hinder me from killing with my Arrows one who is my Enemy?

Neop. That would be neither for my good, nor yours.

Phil. This be well assured of, that the Chiefs of the *Grecian* Army are vain Talkers, bold in Words, but Cowards in Fight.

Neop. Be it so, thou hast thy Bow, and can'st not accuse or be angry with me.

Phil. I own it, thou hast shewn thy natural Disposition, that thou art not descended of a deceitful *Sisyphus*, but *Achilles*; who, while he was among the Living, was always prais'd, and now is prais'd among the Dead.

Neop. I am glad thou praifest my Father and me. Now hear what I would have thee

do. It is necessary that all Men should bear those Fortunes which are allotted them by the Gods; but those who are oppress'd by voluntary Sufferings, as thou art, deserve no Pardon nor Pity. But thou art so fierce, that thou wilt admit of none to counsel thee. And if any one out of Benevolence admonishes thee, thou hatest him, and lookest on him as thy cruel Enemy. Yet will I speak: I call *Jove*, the Punisher of Perjury, for my Witness; know this, and write it in thy Mind, it is by divine Appointment thou sufferest this Disease, when thou didst approach the unseen Serpent, who guarded the open Temple of *Minerva*; and know that thou wilt never find a Remedy for this grievous Disease, as long as this Sun riseth here and sets again, e're thou goest to *Troy*, and there meeting with the Sons of *Æsculapius*, who are with us, thou art healed by them of thy Disease; and with me and those Darts overthrowest *Troy*. I will tell thee how I know this to be true: There is a certain *Trojan* taken by us, his Name is *Helenus*, an excellent Prophet, who plainly says it must be so: And moreover added, that of Necessity this Summer *Troy* must be taken, and freely gives us leave to kill him if he speaks false. Therefore since thou knowest this, submit freely; it is a noble Treasure to be reckon'd most excellent of all the *Grecians*: Then by a Physician, to be
heal'd

heal'd of thy Disease; then by taking miserable *Troy* to obtain supreme Glory.

Phil. O hated Life, why dost thou suffer me to live here, nor wilt dismiss me to my Grave? Ah me! What shall I do? How shall I distrust his Words who in benevolence exhorts me? Shall I submit? But if I do, how shall I ever hereafter behold the Light? To whom shall I call? O ye celestial Orbits who encompass and behold all Things, can you endure this, that I should be with the Sons of *Atreus* who have undone me, and the pernicious Son of *Laertes*? For the Grief of those Things that are past do not so much torment me; but what I must still suffer from them, my Imagination represents before my Eyes. For those who have a corrupt Mind do every Thing agreeably thereto. But I wonder at thee, for thou neither oughtest to go to *Troy* thyself, but to hinder me from going, since they have injur'd thee, robbing thee of thy Father's Honour, and in the Tryal for his Armour, rejected wretched *Ajax*, and judg'd them to *Ulysses*. Such are they thou goest to help, and wouldest force me to it: No, my Son, but lead me into my Countrey as thou hast sworn; and thyself resting in *Scyros*, suffer them miserably to perish: So shalt thou receive double Thanks of me, and of my Father, and not by helping base Men seem yourself to be like them.

Neop. Thou say'st right, yet I would have thee believe the Gods, and my Speeches, and together with my present Friend, sail out of this Land.

Phil. What to *Troy*, and the hated Son of *Atreus*?

Neop. To them indeed, but yet to those who will heal thy corrupted Foot, and free thee from thy Disease.

Phil. O most afflicting Words, what say'st thou?

Neop. What is convenient for both of us.

Phil. In saying thus dost thou not reproach the Gods?

Neop. I reproach not those whom I assist.

Phil. Say'st thou it is an Advantage to the *Atridae*, or to me?

Neop. To thee, since I am thy Friend, and so are my Words too, friendly.

Phil. How? Since thou wouldest betray me to my Enemies.

Neop. O my Friend, learn in Adversity to be humble.

Phil. Thou killest me, I understand thee and thy Words.

Neop. Nay, but I say thou dost not understand.

Phil. I know that the *Atridae* have banish'd me.

Neop. But what if they have banish'd thee, they will again restore thee.

Phil. Not by willingly returning to *Troy*.

Neop.

Neop. What then shall I do? If my Words are of such small Force in persuading thee, nought remains but that I hold my Peace, and suffer thee to live as thou dost without Cure.

Phil. Let me suffer my allotted Portion of Afflictions; but what thou didst Promise, and to confirm thy Promise didst give me thy Hand, that thou wouldest safely conduct me to my Countrey, that I would have thee perform. Nor think more of *Troy*; for I have lamented enough.

TROCHÆ.

Neop. If that please thee then, let us go.

Phil. O sweet Words.

Neop. Now stand firmly on thy Feet.

Phil. As well as I can.

Neop. But how shall I escape the Accusation of the *Grecians*?

Phil. Regard not that.

Neop. But what if they destroy my Countrey?

Phil. I will help.

Neop. How wilt thou assist?

Phil. With the Arrows of *Hercules*.

Neop. What say'st thou?

Phil. I will hinder them from invading thy Countrey.

Neop. If thou wilt do as thou say'st, come and salute the Earth.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE *the last.*

Hercules descends and hangs in the Air born upon a Cloud.

Her. O Son of *Pæas*, go not hence e're thou hearest my Words, and knowest that it is the Voice of *Hercules* thou hearest, and his Presence which thou seest: It is for thy Sake I come, leaving my celestial Mansions, to speak to thee great *Jove's* Decrees, and to hinder thee from going the Way thou art in: Therefore hear my Words.

First of all I will tell you the whole Series of my Fortunes. After many Toils and Labours I have at last obtain'd immortal Honour, as thou may'st see: And be well assured it is ordained, that thou must suffer the same, and by thy Toils gain a glorious Life, by going along with this Man to the City of *Troy*. First thou shalt be heal'd of thy sad Disease, and for thy Virtue shalt be honoured above all the rest of the Army; shalt with my Darts slay *Paris*, who was the Cause of all these Evils; shalt lay *Troy* waste, and shalt send home the Spoils thereof, the Purchase of thy Virtue, chosen out for thee in the Army, to thy Father *Pæas*, to the Land of *Oeta*. But some of the Spoils thou receivest from the Army, thou shalt bear and lay them as Monuments at my Funeral Pile. More-

over, Son of *Achilles*, I give thee this Precaution, that thou neither can'st take *Troy* without him, nor he without thee; but as two Lyons that pasture together, do thou guard him, and he shall thee. I will send *Æsculapius* to *Ilium*, who will heal thee of thy Sore; it must be overcome the second Time with my Arrows.

But when thou layest waste the Land,
 * remember to revere all sacred Things.
Jove esteems all Things inferiour to them,
 for the Piety of Men dies not with them, but
 whether they live or die, that is immortal.

Phil. O charming Voice, which now after
 long Time appearing, thou hast sent me, I
 will not disobey thy Counsels.

Neop. And I will submit to thy Opinion.

Her. Delay not therefore; the proper Season calls, and at the very Ship's Stern provokes your Sailing.

* *Remember to revere all sacred Things.*] This Precept was broke by *Neoptolemus*, who slew *Priamus* when he fled for Sanctuary to the Altar of *Jupiter Herkies*, as likewise by *Ajax Oileus*, impiously violating *Cassandra*, Daughter of *Priamus*, at the Altar of *Pallas*, wherefore in his Return from *Troy*, his Ship was split by a Tempest, and himself after he had swam to a Rock, was struck Dead with Thunder. *Horace* says that *Pallas* was so enraged at the Impiety of that Act, that she turn'd all her Anger which she had before bore against *Troy*, against *Ajax's* Ship.

*Cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Illo,
 In impiam Ajacis ratem.*

Her.

Phil. Go therefore salute this Land. Farewell, O House, my constant Keeper, the Nymphs of the Marshes, and the hideous Noise of the rising Seas, where oftentimes my Head within my Cave was wet with the battering Wind-driven Showers, and oftentimes the Mount sacred to *Mercury* echoed back to me my reiterated Mourning Voice, when I was Tempest-beaten. And now, O Fountains and sweet Waters, I forsake you, which Thing I never thought of. Farewel, O Land of *Lemnos* near the Sea, dismiss me with a prosperous Voyage, where resistless Fate calls me, the Will of my Friends, and the invincible God which brought these Things thus to pass.

Cho. Now let us go all together, beseeching the Nymphs of the Sea, safely to conduct us in our Voyage.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 17. l. 3. after *Enyalios*, insert *not having received the first Fruits of your Spoils* p. 30. l. 6. for *Fame*, read *Face*. p. 34. l. 4. for *may*, r. *my*. p. 50. A & IV. Scene V. l. 1, 2. read thus. *Tec. Who is me? Cho. Whose Voice is that, which sounding from the Forest, is heard as near us? Tec. Ah me a Wretch!* p. 64. STROPHE I. l. 4. insert, *A miserable Reproach to the Grecians*. p. 88. l. penult. for *pia*, r. *pia*. Several Places for *Triclinus*, r. *Triclinus*. p. 138. l. 14. for *Athenens*, r. *Athenans*. p. 144. l. ult. r. *Than one made by any Foreign*, &c. p. 152. l. 7, 8. read, *Mercury the Son of Maia surrounds him*. p. 191. l. 11. these Words, *Shewing his Sceptre, &c.* are part of the Text. Vol. II. p. 7. l. 7. for *Peripetis*, r. *Peripetie*. p. 37. l. 2. r. *nor doth he Sufferings*. p. 88. l. 14. r. *in the Action*. 152. ANTYSTROPHE, l. 1. for *whether* r. *if*. p. 248. l. 19. r. *Delinquents are made wicked*.



